AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ME

NEW ZEALAND $3.00*
MAY 1982 $2.50*

LYNDA STONER
GOES ANIMAL

THE COMING
POWER CRISIS:
WHAT WILL
HAPPEN WHEN
THE LIGHTS
GO OUT?

PLAYBOY'S
MUSIC AWARDS

PLUS:
BILLY JOEL
INTERVIEW

EXCLUSIVE
PICTORIAL:
MASADA
SUPERSTAR
BARBARA
CARRERA

REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST
PUBLICATION No. NBP2685

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PLAYBILL

IN A country not yet accustomed to street violence and nihilism, the suicide last September of stunt motor cyclist Dale Buggins came as a brutal shock. It seemed to most Australians that young Buggins, the daredevil who showed Evil Knievel how it was done, had everything to live for. He was handsome, fearless and just 21, and he blew a hole in his chest with a rifle at a Melbourne motel. PLAYBOY sent features editor **Neil Jameson** out into the world of stuntmen and bikers to find out what happened. His two-part report, which begins this month, reveals the fine line Dale rode throughout his brief but spectacular career.

What'll we do when the lights go out? Well, in New York they had a minor baby boom. Perhaps a similar fate lies in store for New South Wales, where inadequate power generating facilities and industrial problems threaten to create the worst blackouts in our history this winter.

We gave **P.D. Jack** some long-life batteries and a pencil torch and sent him out to get to the bottom of the power crisis — shed some light on it, as it were. And, according to our man in the dark, there is every reason for pessimism. Power, for so long a subject for pride in government ranks, is in a hopeless mess. The lights could go out any time. Black Start examines what happens then. The illustration is by **Davis/Farrell.**

While things may be slightly grim in the southern states there is no cause for alarm in the Deep North. Daylight saving and democratic government is only for sissies. Typical Queenslanders like Ernie Woolley and Eddie Matthews have more important things on their minds. Ernie is disguising himself as a dolphin while Eddie has to line up his tanks and mortars in his backyard, just in case. **Frank Robson** reports. And remember, Only In Queensland is not funny. Repeat, not funny.

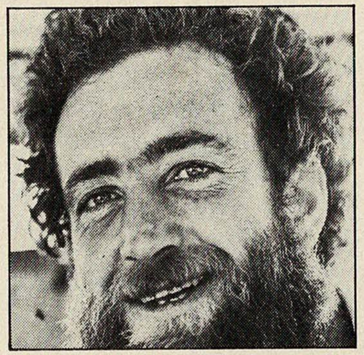
Television sex symbol Lynda Stoner surprised everyone late last year when she quit the high-rating *Cop Shop* series and announced her intention to work full-time against cruelty to animals. To prove she meant business she immediately set about disrupting the world rodeo series, prompting some rather unkind cuts from disgruntled cowboys. Then she turned her attention to the seal hunters of Newfoundland. By mid-year it was becoming clear that Stoner the conservationist was every bit as formidable as Stoner the big-busted TV cop, and twice as sincere. We sent correspondent **Rennie Ellis** to interview her about her aims, aspirations and, well. . . those ginormous jugs. Ellis also took the pictures.

This month we take pleasure in reintroducing the Playboy Music Awards, in which we give credit where credit is due and lightly hurl the odd brickbat. The winner receives $100,000 worth (our est.) of brand-new prestige. Illustrator **Frants Kantor** did the caricatures. Appropriately, for a music awards issue, our interview this month is with piano man Billy Joel. Joel performs brilliantly, sells records like they were going out of style, yet is widely disliked by the international rock press.

Interviewers **David** and **Victoria Sheff** approached the testy rocker with caution, and came away fans — and with the most revealing interview Joel has ever given.

Elsewhere this month, grumpy gourmet **Sam Orr** returns with a fascinating family history incorporating the last Great Unpleasantness, certain recipes for making beer, and the well-documented fondness of a drop which courses through the Orr blood; **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** go on a bit more about fucking; photojournalist **Rowan Fotheringham** presents a pictorial essay on tuna fishermen, the tough guys of the sea; and we announce the winner of our Le Club contest.

In the dames department, you'll meet lovely Playmate **Linda Rhys Vaughn,** photographed by **Pompeo Posar; Barbara Carrera,** star of television super series *Masada,* photographed by **Marco Glaviano,** with a little help from photo editor Marilyn Grabowski and make-up artist Richard Adams; and **Christine Wagner,** photographed in Sydney by **Rico Mettbach.**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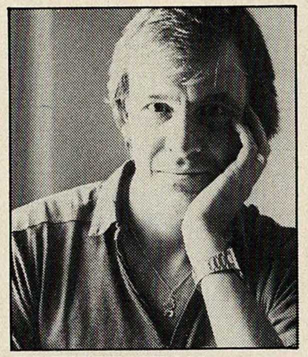
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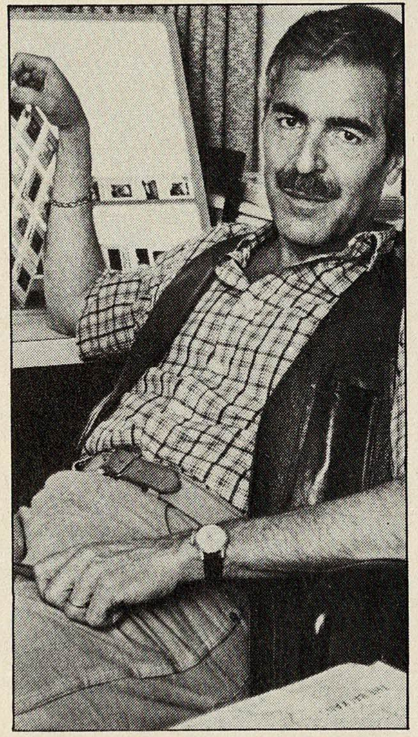
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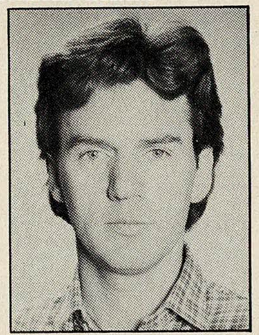
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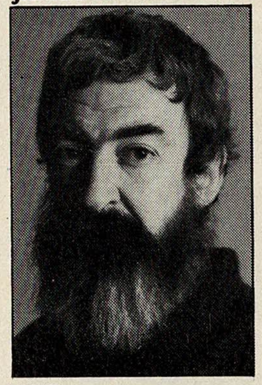
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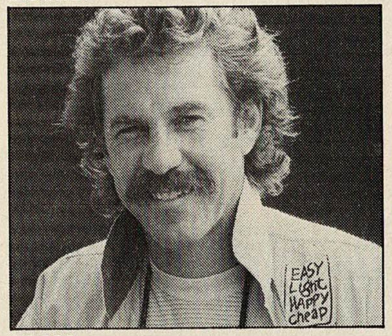

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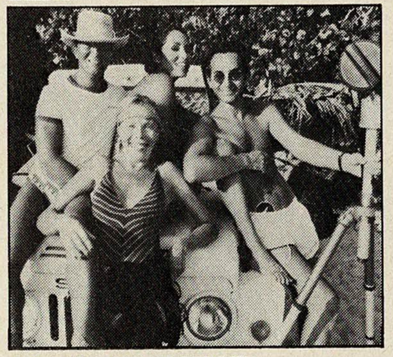
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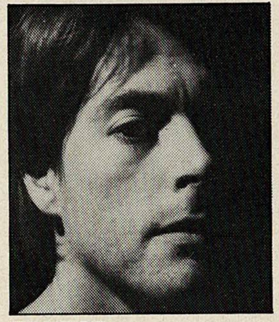
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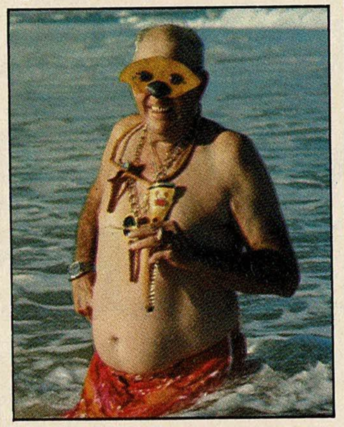

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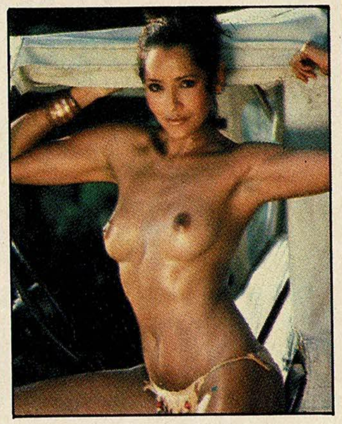

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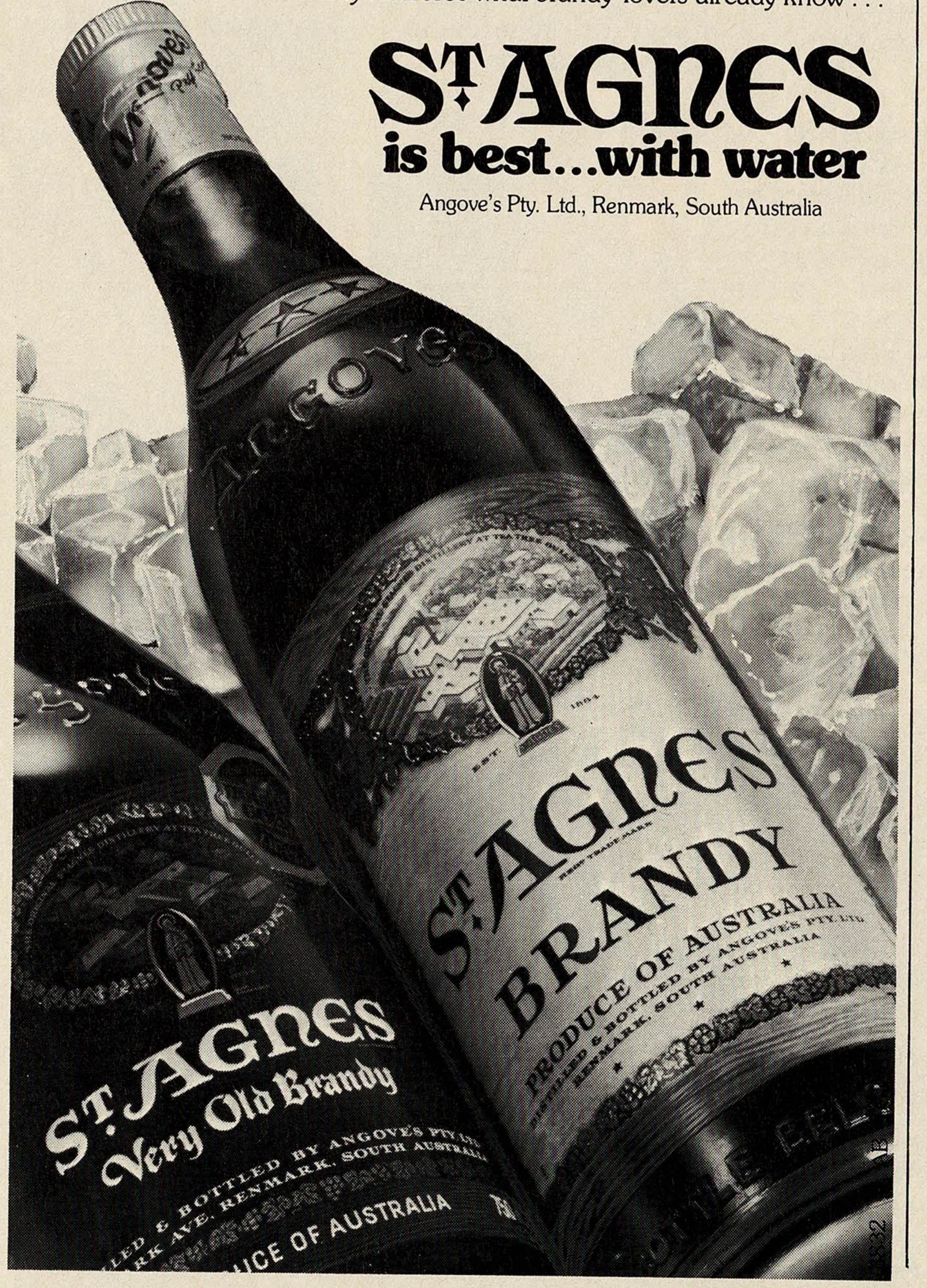
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PHILIP MASON
publisher

PHIL JARRATT
editor
KEITH DAVIS
creative director

EDITORIAL
CAROL ASHDOWN production editor; SUSAN KUROSAWA copy editor; NEIL JAMESON, P.D. JACK features editors; ROB LUCK motoring editor; WENDY ADNAM fashion editor; RENNIE ELLIS chief melbourne correspondent; FRANK ROBSON brisbane correspondent; STEVEN SCHWARTZ, TONY MAGUIRE, CHRIS PRITCHARD contributing editors.

ART
BRUCE NICHOLSON art director; PAUL LACEY art assistant.

PRODUCTION
CRAIG OSMENT production director.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director; PETER NOLAN sales manager; NANCY GRAY sales executive; victorian sales LEN DERRICK (03) 519 984; queensland TERRY GARRY MEDIA (07) 367 877; south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08) 315 135; new zealand HENRY NEWRICK, wellington 846 490; tokyo RAYMOND F. FALK.

ADMINISTRATIVE
KAY KLIMA assistant to the editor; MICHELLE BAKER administrative assistant; JACQUELINE ALDRIDGE chief accountant; RONALD HOOPER credit manager.

PLAYBOY
HUGH M. HEFNER
editor and publisher
NAT LEHRMAN
associate publisher
HARESH SHAH quality control (foreign editions); MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN FREEHILL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010.

INCREDIBLE ANNE-MARIE

Your magnificent photo spread of Anne-Marie Fox as February Playmate of the Month has left me breathless.

The centrefold is the most incredible that I've seen in a long time — both in the beauty of the lady concerned and the artistry of the presentation. My wife and I would love to see more of this very talented and charming young lady in future issues of PLAYBOY.

J.W. McFarlane,
Cairns, Qld.

WILD ABOUT DARYL

I just loved the pictorial of Playmate of the Year Lyn Barron in your April issue and I was also enthralled to see her on *The Don Lane Show*, particularly during the actual presentation ceremony with Daryl Somers.

I thought that Daryl handled this segment with great humor and warmth and I feel he is one of Australia's very best all-round entertainers. A contender perhaps for Bert Newton's crown?

I think it would be a great idea for PLAYBOY to run an in-depth interview with Daryl in a future issue as I'm sure that many of your readers would be interested in finding out more about this versatile young man.

Dennis Carpenter,
Pendle Hill, NSW.

ADELAIDE ADVENTURESS

Neil Jameson's interview with Alby Mangels in March PLAYBOY really got the adrenaline pumping. Last year I spent some time crewing on an Aussie 63 yacht from Phuket in Thailand through Malaysia and on to Singapore.

I am 23 and an Adelaide lady who would be eternally grateful if you could provide me with an address to enable me to write to Mr Mangels and make further enquiries about applying for a position on his next voyage.

Thanks for the brilliant article.

Carol Ward,
Verdun, SA.

Thank you for your letter Carol. We'll pass on your request to Alby — Ed.

LOTSA LAUGHS

I know that you must receive lots of letters oozing praise for the pictorials featured in PLAYBOY, but I would like to congratulate you on the consistently high standard of your cartoons — particularly the colorful and always funny full-page ones that you sprinkle through each issue.

When I buy PLAYBOY and thumb through it on my way home, I always look first for the cartoons and always have some good laughs.

I know that most of your readers look first for the nude shots (I look at those too!) but this reader would like to say thank you for this other very entertaining aspect of your magazine.

Kim Collins,
Northam, WA.

GOOD READING

I found your April issue to be one of the best yet produced. I refer particularly to the intelligent articles on guns and the Franklin River. I have read the issue cover to cover and enjoyed hours of entertainment.

The one exception would be the story about rodeos which I found too blatantly American to fit into the context of an Australian edition of PLAYBOY.

Thank you for a sensitive and thought-provoking publication.

Karen Thompson,
Leura, NSW.

MOVE OVER BLONDES

I agree with M.A. of Muswellbrook (April) in regard to ladies with red hair, and I'm sure that many more of your readers would love to see pictorials of red-headed beauties.

I also find dark-skinned ladies particularly sleek and sensuous and I thank you for the pictorial of Anne-Marie Fox (February).

Please keep up the good work but remember that not *all* gentlemen prefer blondes!

Geoff McLean,
Tocumwal, NSW.

KEEP ON SQUINTING

Having tried to achieve the impossible — to give up alcohol — several times, I can commiserate with Phil Jarratt's attempts as described in his article Dry January in your April issue.

There's one method that supposedly works, so perhaps Mr Jarratt could consider it if he ever attempts another such drying up. It's acupuncture — the patient is stapled in both ears and when the urge to drink alcohol begins to take over, simply squeeze the staples and happily home in on a Claytons instead.

It's just a thought. If I were him, I'd just keep developing more of those squint lines while toasting our cricketers.

Andy Foster,
Glenelg, SA.

PALLY FOREVER

I grew up in the era of rickapooty and fandoogley so it was a great nostalgia trip to read P.D. Jack's article on Ward Pally Austin in your April issue. I loved the opening cartoon drawing of Pally (although I remember his eyes being a *bit* more bloodshot than that) and enjoyed the many personal insights revealed in the article.

I think it's terrific that Pally is still going strong, and even if it takes more peroxide than it used to, that he's still retaining his "forever young" image.

Pally Forever,
Parramatta, NSW.

VIVE LA FRANCE

I really enjoyed the very vampish looks of Aurore Clement in your April issue. She has a very subtle and provocative beauty and I hope that Australian audiences will have a chance to see her in some of the European movies she has made.

Alistair Hunter,
Burnie, Tas.

UP IN SMOKE

I totally agree with Pot Protest by S.B. of Glebe (March). Your Potted History of Pot article (February) did let some light in on the subject of dope. The *real* pushers are the liquor and tobacco producers.

If those who are anti-grass, tried it first before making judgement, maybe they might have a different outlook. The dope trade will never stop, so why don't the authorities leave the smokers alone, and go after the real killers such as heroin, cocaine etc. I wish they would stop wasting the tax-payers' money and wake up to themselves. I don't think I'm alone in my ideas. I think many people — particularly smokers — would agree with me.

T.P.,
Burleigh Heads, Qld.

DISTRACTING

I was very excited this morning when I opened the April issue of PLAYBOY and turned to the centrefold. I just could not take my eyes off Bettina Mey. She really is an example of "naughty but nice".

Of course all PLAYBOY's centrefolds are great, but this one is really distracting. Also, I don't think PLAYBOY has had a centrefold of a lady from Israel yet. I would love to see a young Jewess looking at me from the centrefold.

Ted Dunn,
Brisbane, Qld.

ON TARGET

I wish to extend my congratulations for the excellent article in the April issue of your magazine titled "At last a sensible article about guns". I never expected to see such a feature in PLAYBOY as I always thought your policy was very anti-firearms and hunting, despite the fact that I find your magazine is very factual and objective on all other issues.

Why is it that the system of defence

employed in Sweden works so well there and the politicians claim it will not work here?

Bob Doring,
Bob Doring Archery Imports,
Beerwah, Qld.

IN A BIND

I've been a fan of your magazine since the very first issue and I think it is such an excellent publication that I have kept every copy, which brings me to my problem. . . some time ago, I purchased some binders in which to keep my magazines but having filled these, I would like to buy some more.

Could you please advise how I can purchase the PLAYBOY binders and if they are still available?

Also, my congratulations to Lyn Barron for being named Playmate of the Year. She is beautiful.

Sal Cacopardo,
Belfield, NSW.

Turn to page 148 for details of how to order PLAYBOY binders — Ed.

TRY THE REEF FIRST

Your report on scuba diving in April PLAYBOY was very interesting and I think Rob Luck is correct when he says that more and more Australians will be "going down" now that the sport has become more streamlined and accessible.

I don't agree, however, that newcomers need to take courses in Vanuatu or other Pacific/Asian destinations. What's the matter with our own Great Barrier Reef?

Carolyn Potter,
Proserpine, Qld.

TELEVISION TEDIUM

I applaud Neal Akerman for his article in your Television column (April) on the double revival of *Beauty And The Beast* by the Seven and Ten networks.

I have chosen to stay at home with my two young daughters rather than return to my career, and why should I be punished for this choice by having such garbage as these programs shoved down my throat?

Do the producers and people who devise these shows really think that all women who stay at home are morons? It's not enough that our screens are filled with trashy American soaps and matinee re-runs, we now have to put up with the likes of Laws and Hinch telling us how to organise our lives.

Neal Akerman says that Laws looks bored. He can't be half as bored as the viewers.

Fiona Grey,
Baulkham Hills, NSW.

HIS AND HERS

I have read all the instalments so far of your excellent series by Jo Durden-Smith and Diane deSimone, *Man and Woman.* Thank you for presenting these articles — it's rare to find articles on such a complex subject written in a way that is easy to understand and entertaining to read.

Chris Riley,
Ballarat, Vic.

RACE TO THE FINISH

You seem to be getting into a bit of class journalism judging by your April issue. I refer of course to the spread by artist Michael Lodge on the Sydney to Hobart yacht race. The subject itself is rarely given the coverage it deserves, and artists — as opposed to cartoonists or advertising sell-outs — rarely get a go in this television age.

However, speaking aesthetically, while Lodge's art started off great, it dribbled away to a most uninteresting anti-climax.

Dave Rankin,
Devonport, Tas.

BETTER THE DEVIL WE KNOW?

Your Patty Hearst interview (April) helps establish something I've thought for a long time: that all this paranoia about things like the CIA destabilising Gough Whitlam or Chile are just the mad ravings of people trying hard to avoid the truth that their idols lost out because they were no good.

When Patty Hearst, having gone through the trip she went through, comes out and rejects your interviewer's suggestions about the CIA because, "the CIA is really not capable of such brilliant ploys," she's saying "baloney" to a lot of hare-brained reporters and so-called experts who conjure up all kinds of scenarios about the CIA.

Let's face it, the CIA is not as powerful as God. But let's not forget: it's better than the KGB — or, Heaven help us, the Symbionese Liberation Army, or whatever.

Malcolm Ridge,
Torrensville, SA.

CENTRE OF ATTENTION

Congratulations on having such an enjoyable magazine. I must confess that I love all your centrefolds, however I have one special favorite — Amanda Dole who appeared in the December 1981 issue. This was one of the best centrefolds I've ever seen, in fact I've had it framed.

Please be real gentlemen and give your readers another glimpse of Amanda.

Michael Hayes,
Salisbury, SA.

NOT FROM NIDA

I am at a loss to understand why Australian PLAYBOY would employ a television critic who has not only the impertinence to review programs he has not seen, but also manages to get his facts completely wrong.

Neal Akerman says in his review (March, 1982): "I have not seen an episode of *Sons And Daughters*, but the promotional clips that have come my way have made me shudder. It features the same recruits from NIDA who have appeared in every Australian soapie. . ."

If Mr Akerman had seen the program, he would be entitled to his opinion. If he had checked the facts, he would have discovered that there are no NIDA graduates playing continuing roles in *Sons And Daughters.*

John R. Clark,
Director, NIDA,
Kensington, NSW.

MORE PLEASE!

Congratulations on your March centrefold — the lady is very beautiful but I don't think you showed enough of her in PLAYBOY. I think you should show more of your centrefolds than you do — all the ladies are gorgeous and please keep up the high standard.

Leigh Driver,
Preston, Vic.

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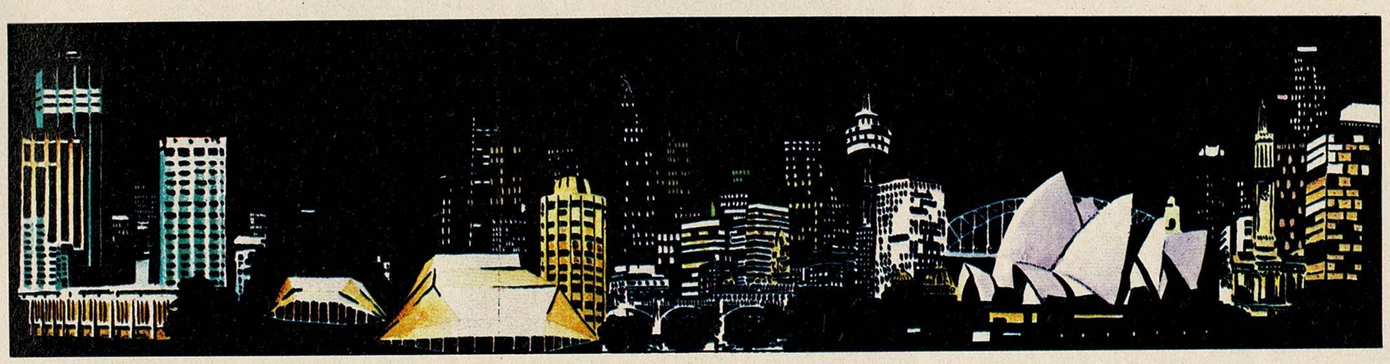
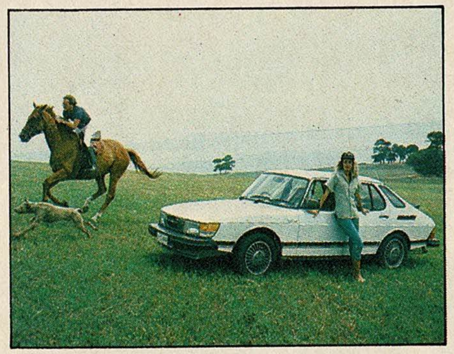




CROSS-COUNTRY CLASSIC

Melbourne man about town, Bob Mitchelson, demonstrates his riding style in preparation for the 5th Annual "SAAB Spray Farm Classic", Australia's richest cross-country horse race. This year, Swedish car company Saab has become the major sponsor for the acclaimed event. Teams of champion riders from England, Ireland and the US, including Captain Mark Phillips, Lucinda Prior-Palmer and 1981 English Grand National winner, Bob Champion, have been invited to compete against top Australian riders.

The historic Spray Farm venue, owned by Bob Mitchelson, overlooks Port Philip Bay not far from Geelong, and is reputed to be Australia's finest setting for cross-country racing. Teams of three riders compete over a testing course of 20 fences, and the team with the fastest average time wins the money.

The race will be held on Sunday, May 9 (spectators welcome — take the Portarlington Road from Geelong and turn left at the Fourteen Mile Post) and the prize will be presented by Australia's world champion racing driver, Alan Jones. ABV-2 will produce a 90-minute TV spectacular on the event.

FINGERED

Hard to believe but. . . a man we know tried to claim worker's comp for damage to a broken finger. Claim based on fact that already-broken finger was aggravated when claimant tried to tear open one of those little sachets of sugar you get from airline companies and other similarly packaging-obsessed caterers. He claimed the strain of breaking the plasticised seal put the mending process of his fractured finger bone back two days. Further claimed that had firm supplied enough sugar he would not have had to resort to his own secret stash.

Firm of course laughed him out of the office.

FLEXITIME

Ah, the woes of being a public servant: the worries of flexitime, superannuation and government tea. In Italy matters are worse, because investigations into working hours of public servants have resulted in some bureaucrats being charged with defrauding the State by accepting their wage packets.

A team of inspectors investigating chronic absenteeism have found alleged public servants working as bookmakers and motor mechanics, or just recovering from "nervous exhaustion" in the Seychelles.

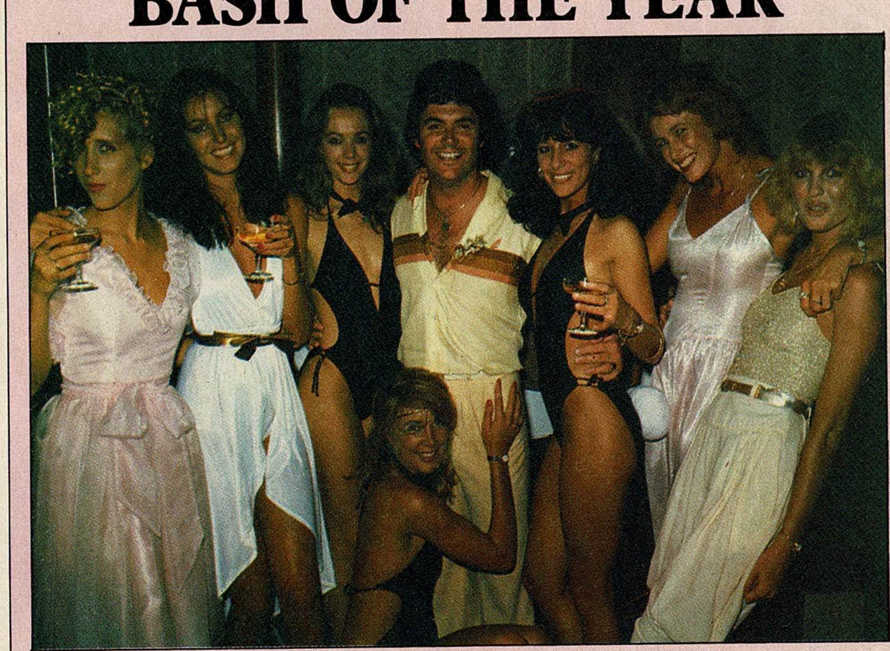
Now thousands of public servants are attempting to get to work on time, with the result that Rome's traffic jams are occurring an hour earlier. It appears that few bureaucrats ever got to work at the official starting time of 8am, preferring the more normal time of "around nine".

Why the public servants were supposed to start an hour before everybody else is a result of Benito Mussolini's dislike for public servants — he hated the prospect of seeing them as *he* drove to work at 9am.

Meanwhile, across the Adriatic Sea, Greece's public servants are facing even worse difficulties. The new Socialist Government has decided to sack a few thousand civil servants, concentrating on what are laughingly termed "consultants", many of whom are little more than hangers-on appointed to grace and favor jobs by previous administrations.

Athens, well-known for its after-midnight nightlife, is not looking forward to its public servants having to prove that they actually do the job for which they are being paid.

BASH OF THE YEAR



The smash bash of the year, that's what the hardened ragers were calling it. The third annual Playmate of the Year presentation was something else. Several hundred guests, Playmates, thrill seekers and media bods gathered at Danieli's in Sydney for the event, which was beamed live around Australia via *The Don Lane Show.* Guests were treated to a night of superb food, the best French champagne and great entertainment, leading up to the announcement of Playmate of the Year. They were greeted with cocktails and the soothing sounds of the Palm Court Orchestra and gently rocked into the spirit of the occasion by Loudon Wainright III, American purveyor of delightfully risque ditties.

Loudon, winding up a successful Australian tour for the Peter Stuyvesant people, was persuaded to stay a few extra days in Sydney as guest of Australian PLAYBOY. His balls-and-all on-stage performance with the Playmates brought the house down — particularly when March centrefold Lynn Eason joined him for an erotic duet as finale. The lovely Miss Eason, obviously moved by the experience, is now taking serious singing lessons.

Then the TV lights went on and the Nine Network's Daryl Somers introduced the four finalists to viewers around the country. Queensland's Lyn Barron, Victoria's Liz Chapman, and from NSW Amanda Dole and Julie King. Tense seconds as Somers opened the envelope. The winner? Well, you all know Lyn Barron won it for the Gold Coast, but at that moment the identity of our 1982 Playmate was still a closely guarded secret.

As Daryl read the announcement the lovely Queensland blonde beamed, then almost broke down and cried. More than $40,000 richer and suddenly the most sought-after sex symbol in the country! Said Lyn, as she recovered her composure: "this is one of those nights when nothing seems real. Any minute the clock is going to strike 12 and I'm going to turn into a pumpkin."

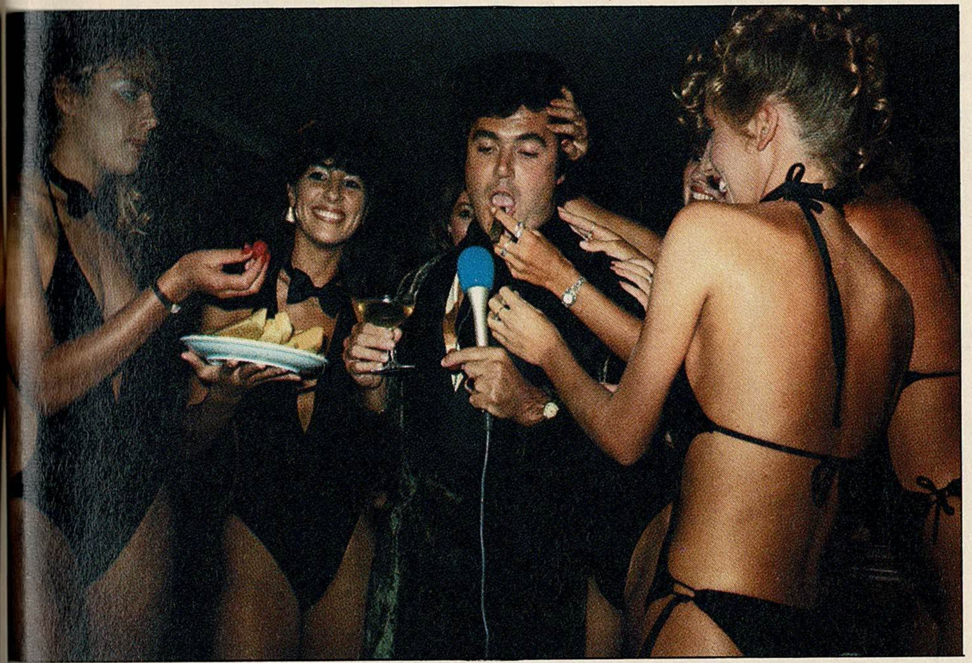
Midnight came and went and nothing of the sort happened. However, for Lyn the dream continued. Three nights later she was flown to Melbourne for a live appearance on the *Lane Show*, so impressed by her was its host. And that was just the beginning of a hectic year.

And the party? Guests leaving Danieli's awash with Heidsieck and conviviality declared it the best yet.

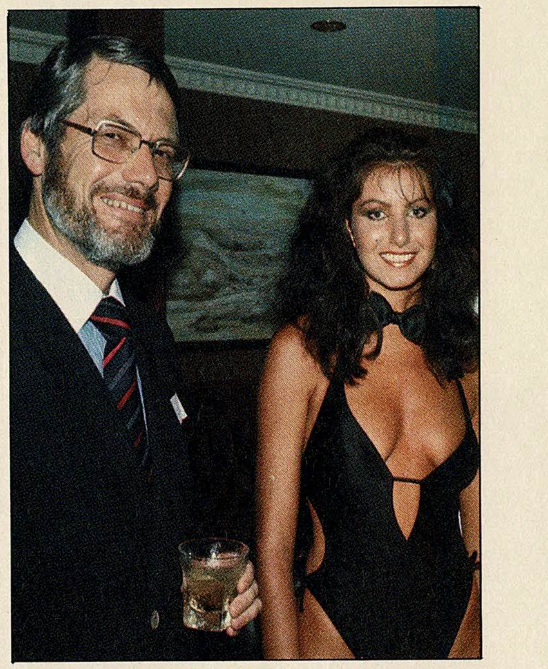
Among those giving the evening the thumbs up were Qantas man Lex Smyth, manager Brian de Courcy, former Playmate of the Year and popular actress Rosemary Paul, *Life* magazine columnist Loudon Wainright II, showbiz promoter Peter Korda, Air France's Barbara Wilson, wine man Mike Lawrence, social writer Megan Paris, Pacific islands expert Alex Wendt, Maurice Migliorelli from Le Club and PR man Taffy Davies.

Also seen in the swing of things was Ulrich Wolffram from Hilton Hotels, Amatil's Bob West, Bill Topic from Hagemeyer, Rothman's Wendy Ross, Kenwood's Reg Hall, Norman Harris from Frostbland and Graham Prentice from McCann Erikson.

Wainright wailing, with a little help from Playmates Linda Lewis, Sandy, Lynn Eason, Lyn Barron and Amanda Dole.

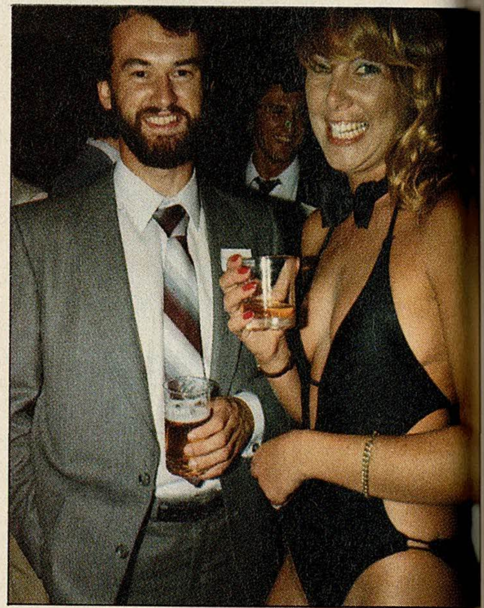


Nine's Daryl Somers gets a taste of the good life from the Playmates. Somers regained his cool in time to go live on TV seconds later.



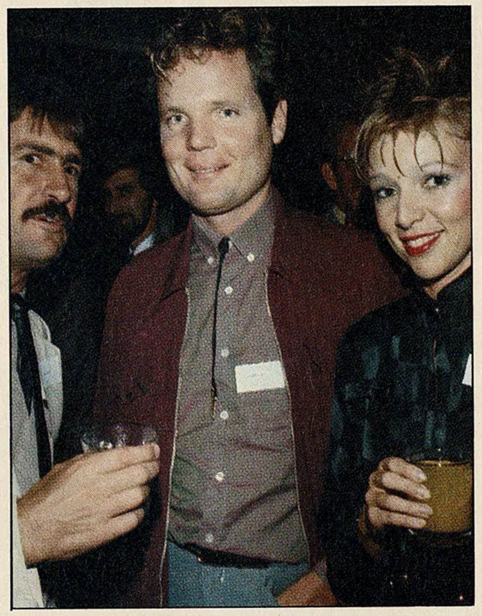
Charles Schofield, AGC; and Julie King.

Playmate Linda Lewis (coming up next month).



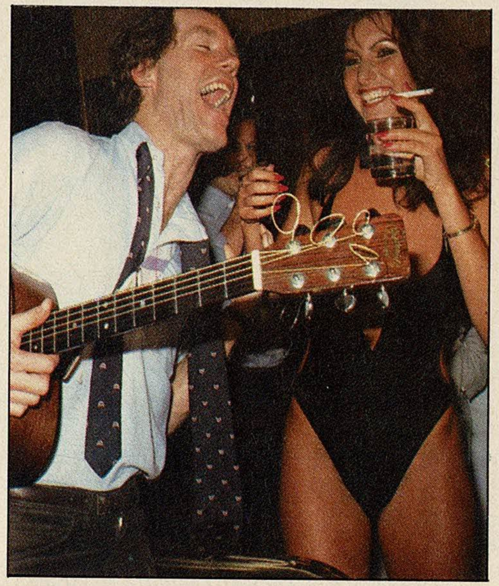
Steve Beck from USP Needham with Belinda Blanche.

Publisher Philip Mason congratulates Lyn Barron.



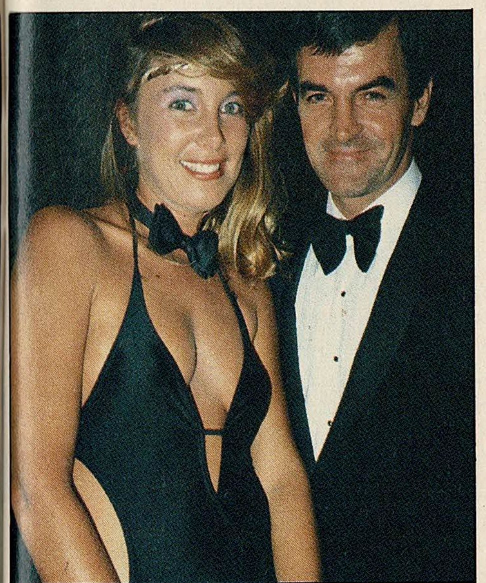
Editor Phil Jarratt with Jeremy and Rosemary Paul.

Steve Costello (left), Lynn Eason and James McKean.

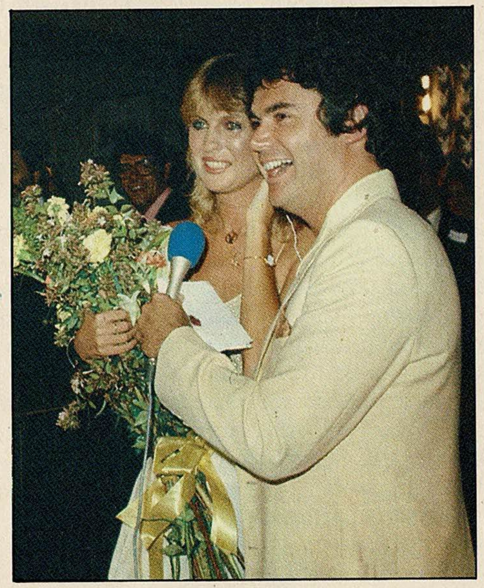


Loudon and Julie — some time later, laid-back and loving it.

Enrico Zanerini (left) with Playboy's Barry Stewart.



Master of ceremonies Martin Phelan with Belinda Blanche.



". . . and the winner is, from Queensland. . ."

Behind the scenes: Elizabeth Chapman gets into her costume.

PHOTOS BY RENNIE ELLIS. SWIMSUITS BY MISHY.

MOVIES

Sylvia Kristel, as Lady Chatterley, plays games with the gamekeeper.

The problem that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* must have posed for director Just Jaeckin is that its plot isn't strong enough to sustain the average Hector Crawford half hour.

Sir Clifford has returned from The Great War just half a man and though Lady Constance has her heart in the right place, so are a handful of other vital organs. She eventually tires of it being her own hand but does nothing about all the wise counsel to take a lover until she spies Mellors, the earthy gamekeeper, bathing himself beneath the water pump. It's actually the rhythmic pumping of the handle that gives Constance the tremors and, after a brief flight of fantasy, she and the gamekeeper are rutting like crazed weasels.

Director Jaeckin would have us believe that it was the magic of Lawrence's prose which attracted him to the book. Surprisingly, this is the first time *Lady Chatterley* has been filmed in English and even more surprisingly the narration remains in deference to Lawrence's story. Jaeckin had the familiar charms of Sylvia Kristel and a piece of internationally-recognised eroticism going for him. . . and that was certainly all he needed to make *Emmanuelle* box office magic. The Marc Behm adaptation of Lawrence, on which this film is based, is a pretty empty one, but Jaeckin gives his movie some substance by splendidly reconstructing the setting of the story.

One hesitates to say that Lady Chatterley is impeccably mounted but, if you get the drift, it's a most handsome movie indeed. To her great credit, Miss Kristel not only evokes female sexual pleasure with enormous credibility but convincingly portrays the dilemma of one breaking the barriers of a hypocritical social system. Nicholas Clay could scarcely improve upon his performance as the sensitive but inarticulate Mellors, but Shane Briant, as Sir Clifford, suggested that he'd had some of his credibility shot away too.

Those who come to see a Lawrence literary classic will at least have the consolation of sitting in on some genuine erotic cinema. Those who come for the eroticism won't need any consoling at all.

Blondie's Deborah Harry makes a good start to her film career.

It's the 1950s when American emotions were out to lunch and sleaze was not just a good Scrabble word but more a way of life. And, okay, although we're elevating her out of the context of the movie, it's also Deborah Harry, the platinum Blondie popsicle making her debut in what's likely to become her chosen career.

The film is Mark Reichert's *Union City,* a fascinating slice of mean street America life that is almost Bogart in character except for its use of neon and comic book color faithful to the Fifties. Adapted from *The Corpse Next Door,* a novel by Cornell Woolrich, who ranked up there with Raymond Chandler and James M. Cain, *Union City* has a menacing glower about it from the first frame.

Harlan (Dennis Lipscomb) is a small-time accountant with a big-time personality problem. . .a paranoia that prompts him to murder and to hide the body of a vagrant who steals the milk off his doorstep. Harland's wife Lillian (Deborah Harry) is more the classic victim of Sleaze City, an inept housekeeper and unfulfilled wife whose one brush with adrenalin is a weekly rendezvous at the movie matinee with the caretaker of their apartment block. The squalor of their environment has invaded even their passions and there are almost times when you feel embarrassed at wallowing in Reichert's voyeurism of such urban nightmare.

Lipscomb's portrayal of Harlan, a man with complexes on his complexes, is a powerhouse piece of acting. His every gesture is another piece in the character's jigsaw complexity. Debbie Harry also contributes more than just her rivetting good looks, controlling the interchange of passions in this plot with assurance.

Howler and prowler in An American Werewolf In London.

Reichert's veneer of laconic absurdity never allows us the comfort of comedy. . . black caricature is probably the tag that comes closest. The credits are full of American music and fashion names and, come to think of it, punk rock lyrics have probably been calling out attention to this urban autism for years.

●

It seems a while since Warren Zevon reported a werewolf stalking the streets of Soho with a Chinese menu in his hand. Well, John Landis suggests his diet has changed with his very funny *An American Werewolf In London.* This time, the werewolf rips into a clean-cut young American student as if he's been modelled from calcium-enriched meaty chunks, and while the audience never stops laughing, there's some real white-knuckle scariness here. Landis establishes himself as the Roger Corman of the Eighties by directing this highly-individual effort from his own screenplay.

Landis loses no time acclimatising us to spook territory with young Jack and David crossing the moors at night, silly boys, with anything you can imagine blowing in the wind. The werewolf which makes such a mess of poor Jack is just a bit different, too. When he's on the turn, he does a bit of streaking first which alerts us to the imminence of dreadful deeds.

David Naughton and Griffin Dunne, as the American students, do awfully well to keep straight faces (although Dunne's doesn't remain straight for long) and Jenny Agutter, as the nurse who bites off more than she can chew, heads a support cast of much greater talent than you usually get in the horror shows.

Warren Zevon doesn't get the musical score which would have been a shame if it wasn't for a great kaleidoscope of Blue Moon, Moon Dance and Bad Moon Rising given some imaginative reworkings. Kudos, too, to Rick Baker for his ooer-inspiring make-up and special effects design.

— ROBIN INGRAM

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BOOKS

Jimmy Fratianno was a Mafia hitman and big shot for the family in San Francisco; he was also a mate of Frank Sinatra and various Australian identities not a million miles from being crooks. In 1978, Fratianno became the FBI's top informer.

The Last Mafioso (Bantam paperback, $4.95) is a badly-named book by competent hack Ovid Demaris, and is pretty well as good an inside story of what a mafia hoon does for a living as you're likely to get. Fratianno lets it all go — what his victims looked like when he garrotted them ("horrified surprise"), and why he did it (usually because an example had to be made); who he ran in the Teamsters' Union and whose legs a certain well-known crooner's business manager wanted to have broken, and why; and a few weird bits on the CIA-Mafia plot to bump off Fidel Castro.

Sadly, there is very little on Jimmy's Australian connections, as this book is basically for the yank market.

What is most fascinating is the lifestyle the book reveals — the reality of the West Coast mafia. And what a sordid cheap reality it is. A mob of Italo-Americans scamming around, always looking for a dollar here and a dollar there. Punks mostly, their big business wasn't what most people think (girls, drugs and murder); it was just extortion, mostly for corrupt unions, and a bit of usury. Fratianno was a bookmaker (illegal in the US), and general businessman. You know, a transport business one day, a financier for a card cheat the next.

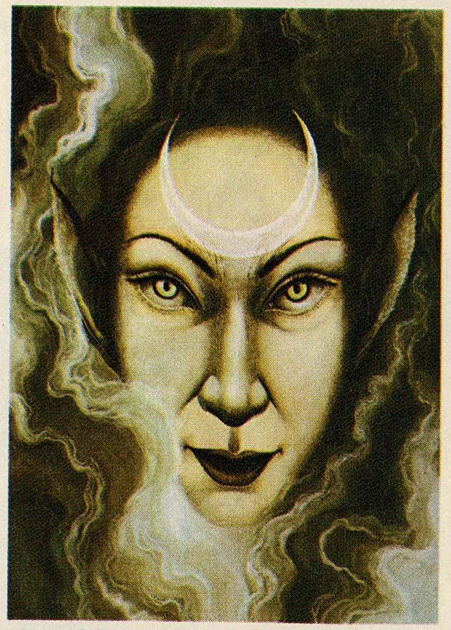
He could have been a successful straight businessman (only a little bit of cheating) but by the time he wanted to, gee, nobody would trust him. He could also have been head of the LA family but was in gaol at the time (for threatening to blow some poor oil swindler's head off — and meaning it!).

He reckons he could have made something of that mob, if only given the chance. But instead, the dummies who won the election got jealous of his reputation (so he says anyway), and decided to bump him off. The fact that he was already having the odd word with the FBI (anything for a dollar) may have had something to do with this contract.

All rather amusing really — knowing the incompetence of the blokes after him, Fratianno wanders around unconcerned for some time until he learns the bloke assigned to "clip" him is the one bloke in the mob that could probably do it.

A quite absorbing read for those interested in crime, and sometimes even funny, if a trifle macabre. — P.D. JACK

•



WITCHES (Collins, $19.95) is a history of witchcraft and the black arts by Colin Wilson, a respected authority on the occult. He delves into black masses, spells, voodoo, rituals, werewolves, psychic powers and possession and his observations are brought alarmingly to life by the powerful illustrations of Una Woodruff.

"You all know that man can live underwater, providing he carries with him a supply of breathable air. . . it consists of a reservoir, in which I store air under a pressure of 50 atmospheres."

So said Captain Nemo in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, forecasting the modern SCUBA system (self contained underwater breathing aparatus), a device which has launched an estimated 10 million enthusiasts into the new frontier underwater since its conception in 1943.

Two slick new magazine glossies have just been launched to support an established stalwart. The bible of the fledgling sport of underwater exploration has long been *Skindiving in Australia and the South Pacific,* seven years a veteran of the presses, professionally produced and printed by Melbourne connections of the sport with interests in certain lines of equipment and Dive Travel agencies. Its well-rounded format takes account of both the interests and responsibilities of the underwater investigators, and it is jam-packed with readable copy and ads. It has had a large subscription following to augment bookstall distribution.

The new challenger is *Scuba Diver,* a glossy offering full of glamor diving photography (surface and submarine) and also spawned out of Melbourne dive groups. Again, connections with commercial dive travel companies are evident, and a large slab of the first issue, dated December 1981, was so angled.

The third example, simply titled *Underwater,* embodies a new approach. There is no disguising the fact that this smooth super-gloss quarterly is produced under shoe-string staff arrangements — the credits for every activity from Editor/Publisher to Photographer and Subscriptions Manager are shared by Neville Coleman. This kind of prolific production is really no surprise as Coleman has written 20-odd books in 18 busy years in the game, with another eight already scratched out in draft form. Coleman shows a grasp of the fundamentals of the sport and its future directions that is substantially missed by the other publications. He includes editorial clearly aimed at the non-enthusiasts who haven't yet discovered one of the most exciting and fascinating tourist destinations available — reefs on our very doorstep.

At $12.50 for a 12-months sub, *Skindiving* is probably best value. *Scuba Diver* positions itself on middle ground at $1.95 per copy and *Underwater* goes top shelf for $2.50. Page-count is similar (48-64), but the content is immensely varied. — ROB LUCK

•

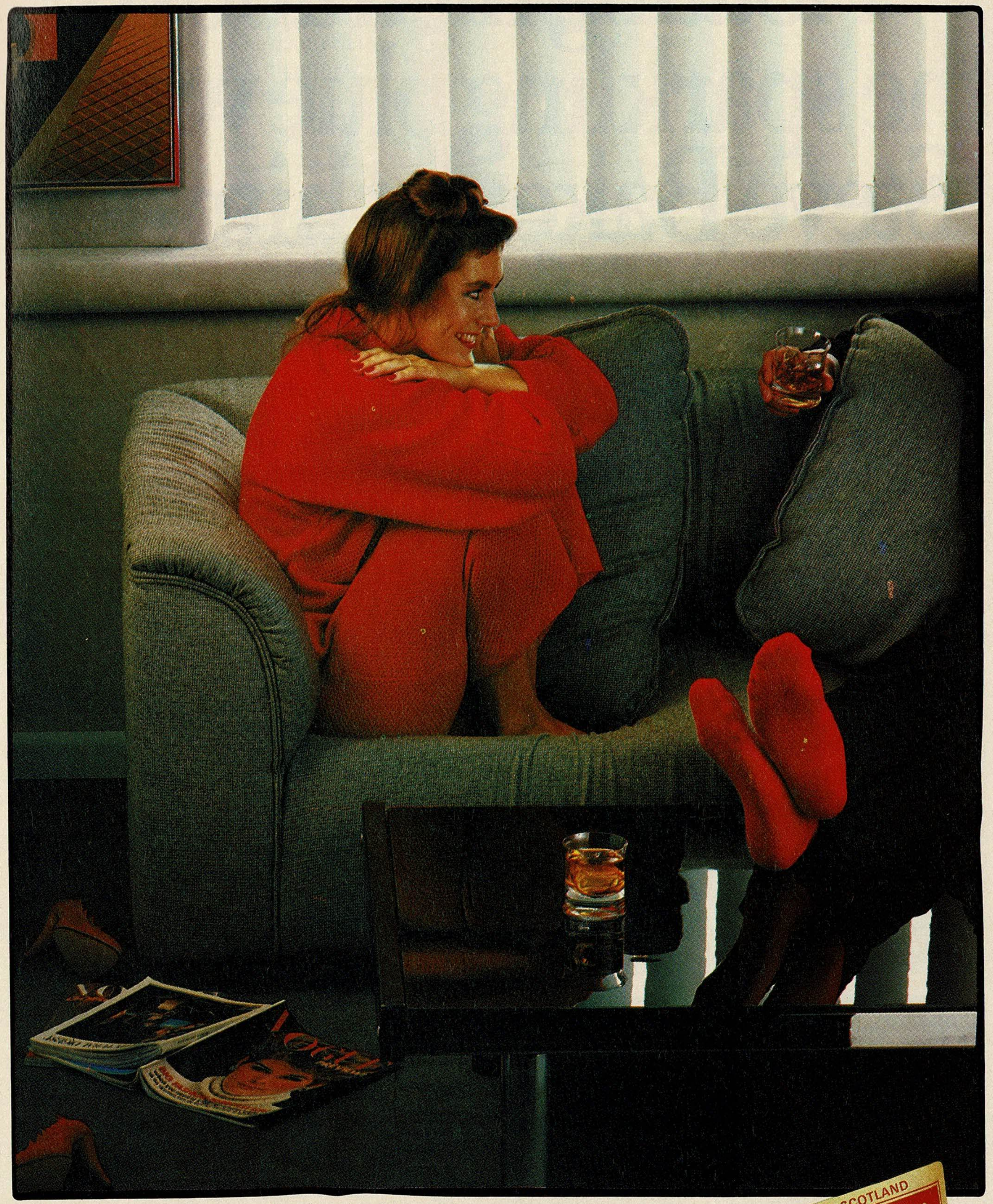
Novelist Elizabeth Kata first came to public notice in the mid-60s with her poignant tale, *A Patch of Blue.* The Academy Award-winning film of the same name with Sidney Poitier and Shelley Winters served to consolidate the success of her first novel.

Her second offering, *Someone Will Conquer Them,* set in wartime Japan, is also soon to appear as a film. Her other published works are *Tilda, Child of the Holocaust* and *Death of Ruth.*

Elizabeth Kata's latest work is *With Kisses on Both Cheeks* (Child and Henry, $12.95), which comprises a novella of the same name and nine short stories. The novella tells the story of Julie, a young girl growing up in the Sydney suburb of Manly in the 1960s. Julie bucks under the constraints of well-meaning but narrow-minded parents and regularly escapes to the kindly and chaotic migrant household next door where she always receives "kisses on both cheeks". Predictably, Julie finally rebels and leaves home and, even more predictably, drifts into the thick of Paddington's bohemian bonhomie.

Kisses on Both Cheeks holds few surprises but it's written with genuine fun and warmth, and the Sydney suburban images and attitudes of the 1960s made the novella very real and accessible for this 30-plus reviewer. Perhaps it would not be so revealing or relevant to younger or much older readers.

Kisses on Both Cheeks is entertaining and easy to read. It may not be a great or a memorable book, but it's a worthy addition to Elizabeth Kata's already impressive list of credits. — SUSAN KUROSAWA



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Floating high above the sparkling blue water Steve Baker let himself drift away.

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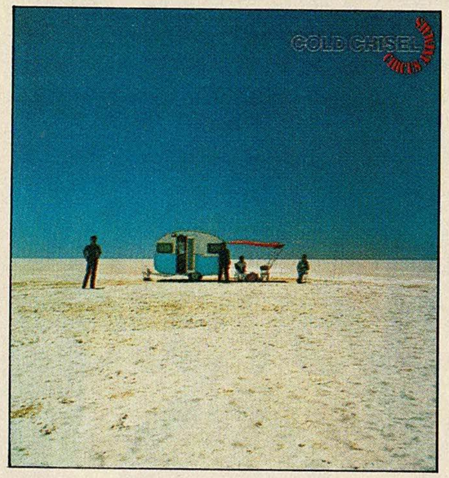
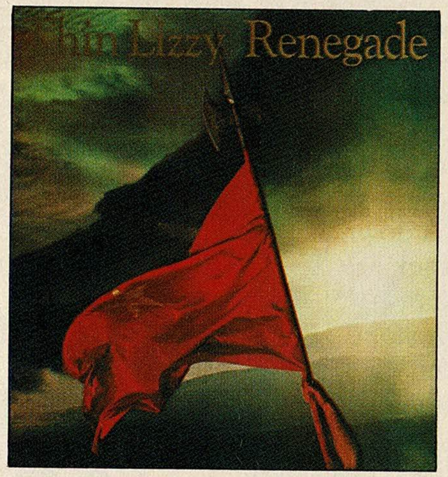
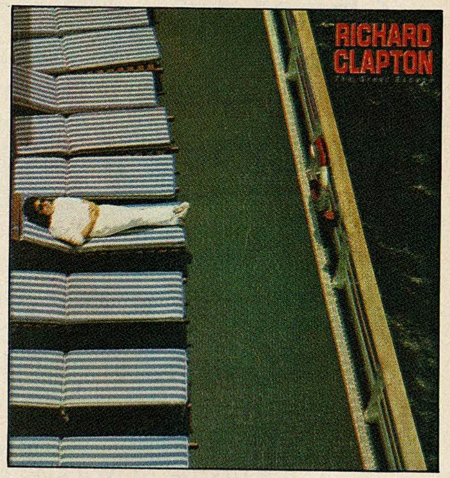
MUSIC







Thin Lizzy have been fighting the rock and roll struggle for 12 years. The consistent vein through a minefield of personnel changes, illness and other calamaties has been Phil Lynott and Brian Downey's dedication to the task of seeing the Lizzies never went under. Proof that it's all been worthwhile can be found in their latest album, *Renegade* (Vertigo).

Snowy White's consolidation as the band's second guitarist and the addition of keyboardist Darren Wharton has provided a unity which had rarely been achieved since the 1976 release of their sixth album, *Jailbreak.*

Renegade was six months in the making and affirms the promise shown on *Chinatown* that the Scott Gorham-Snowy White guitar association would develop into something exceptional. Gorham's classic rock breeding has grown in stature alongside White's obvious blues influences. Together they affirm what the band's supporters have always known: Thin Lizzy is still the articulate end of the hell-raisin' push. Strip away the black leather and raunchy postures and you discover Lynott's rock statement is closer to Springsteen than Black Sabbath.

Lyrics aside, there's enough power here to satisfy any head-basher. Lynott shares the writing among the band members, but it is often White's blues influences which provide the contrast and pace. Fats is the most obvious White favorite and one of the best tracks, but on the title cut he shows he can pour on the rock power as he and Gorham match it over the top of Downey's beefy drum backing.

Phil Lynott would be a star in almost any context. The man has a classically identifiable rock voice and his phrasing is a trademark of the Lizzy sound. His sophisticated lyrics, calculated delivery and the superb musicians he has in support are all the necessary ingredients for rock excellence.

●

When Clive Harrison's pounding, prowling bass opens track one on Richard Clapton's *The Great Escape* (WEA), the assumption is the guy has been re-wired for power. The guess is half accurate because Clapton knew he couldn't completely desert his guitar leanings for a mad grope at mass popularity via a heavy-handed approach. After all, lyrical mood has always been Clapton's strength and he would have been courting disaster to abandon it. His basic backing band, featuring ex-Sherb Harvey James on lead guitar, is a strong unit, but Clapton and producer Mark Opitz have ensured the players never upstage the star.

The closest they get is on Flow in Motion, where the band flirts with syncopation behind adventurous guitar and synthesiser leads. As a poet, Clapton might be classed as a sentimentalist, an impression he maintains on *The Great Escape* with The Best Years Of Our Lives and All Night Long. Impressively, he maintains the Australian context with local references and a revisit to surfing, a subject which obviously holds some fascination for the songwriter.

On previous works, notably *Goodbye Tiger,* Clapton has been able to reveal and explore a basic theme as a vehicle for the album. *The Great Escape* never quite achieves the mark, being too introspective to match the title and too disjointed to support continuity. The inclusion of I Fought The Law is a bit of a mystery. The only non-Clapton track on the album, it's obviously a show-stopper in his live act. But sandwiched in the middle of side two it appears out of context and might be seen as an admission that Clapton didn't have a suitable substitute.

●

The problem with being very good at what you do best is that you create awesome yardsticks. *Circus Animals,* (WEA), is Cold Chisel's fifth album and is a statement of two obvious facts. The first is that it will sell, sell, sell. The second, and not so heartening, is that it proves Cold Chisel are not yet a great band. Good, outstanding, sometimes brilliant within their context — but not great. With producer Mark Opitz they obviously side-stepped the temptation to furnish a clone of *East.* In key areas of studio maturity, solo confidence and recording guile it is their best album. It pinpoints the band in the context of their history and development and for that reason is a valuable item.

The nagging impression gleaned from *Circus Animals* is the influence which has guided Chisel's fortunes thus far has overstepped the mark. That influence, of course, is Don Walker's writing, arranging and designing of the Cold Chisel profile. The keyboardist's dominant personality influences the writing techniques of the other band members to such an extent that diversity is no longer a Chisel trademark. Walker has written five of the 10 songs, Jim Barnes one, Ian Moss two and Steve Prestwich two. At times intriguing in theme but sometimes too introspective for broad rock appeal, Walker's are by far the most confounding and least commercial. Unhappily, they stumble in the ruts of repetitive arrangement and a delivery which confuses them with too many other Chisel songs.

A real exception is the excellent Taipan, a moody theme of tropicana terror in the Queensland sugar belt. In this context there can be no faulting Walker's originality or his nerve to dwell on subjects close to the Australian soul. Conversely, Steve Prestwich's Forever Now is more universal in subject matter and melody, suggesting his talent should be encouraged to provide the diversity Chisel need to avoid repetition.

There is no escaping the impression Chisel are a brilliant live band. Even a studio album as cleanly crafted as *Circus Animals* portrays the structure, progression and climaxes of a live set. Just wind it up and let it power. The formula is responsible for Chisel's reputation as the finest working band in the land and hints they have the muscle and imagination to do better. In the meantime, sample *Circus Animals;* it still makes most others look like one-ring acts.

— NEIL JAMESON

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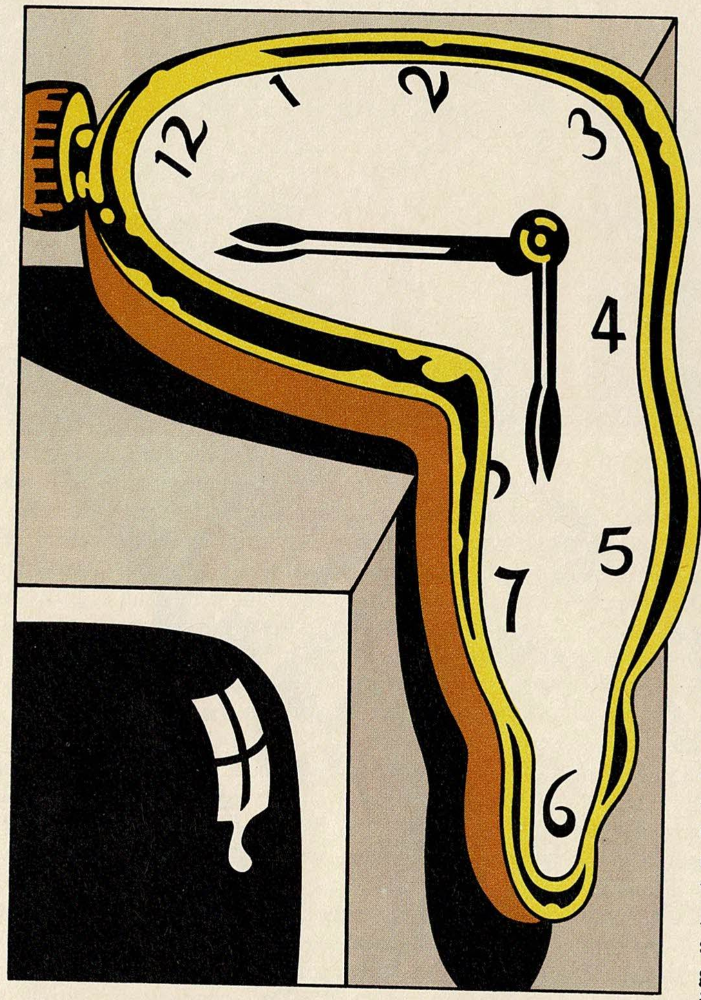
TELEVISION



When Solomon put quill to papyrus to make the observation that there was no new thing under the sun, it wasn't because he was a bitchy old man riddled with cynicism who had seen too much. Not ol' Solomon. He was thinking of Australian television.

And, thank you, I don't wish to hear from historians and other curmudgeons pointing out that his palace in Jerusalem was not equipped to receive television, let alone programs beamed from the antipodes.

Any fool can see it was obvious he was forced, through lack of other interests including his not inconsiderable harem, to watch *Sale Of The Century, Cop Shop* and *The New Price Is Right.*

There is nothing new under the sun, moon or stars about these shows. They're all copies of American programs.

And, of course, on a Sunday night he would watch *Sixty Minutes.* He would sit and watch and marvel that any Australian program could so unashamedly be copied from an American original. Even its name and the tick, tick, tick of the clock was lifted from the CBS format.

What I find irritating is the way *Sixty Minutes* tries to convince the viewer that he or she is on the receiving end of stories of national and international significance. That its reporters are lifting rocks to reveal to the light the slithering, unwholesome creatures below.

They're not. Most stories in *Sixty Minutes* have already appeared in newspapers and magazines, usually in some length and detail. *Sixty Minutes* merely shows the pictures for those unable to read.

There is little depth to the reports. *Sixty Minutes* teams tend to fly into a trouble spot, spend a few days and a few thousand feet of film, and fly out again, convinced they've got to the heart of the problem, whereas they haven't even pricked the skin.

Of course this must be done with an eye to the sensational. A balanced report is nowhere near as worthy as the electronic version of a blazing headline. This was shown in the celebrated interview last year between George Negus and Margaret Thatcher.

Now the Thatcher woman is one of the least attractive leaders on the world stage, not only in her personality but in the brutal way she continues with her discredited economic policies. She is a political harridan and Negus went out of his way to needle her by taking an aggressive stance. And that's what we saw in Australia. Only 12 minutes of the 30-minute interview was screened, the stuff that was left on the cutting room floor being a much more balanced portrait of Thatcher.

Another Negus effort showed the intrepid reporter being confronted by angry Orthodox Jews in the Mea Shearim district of Jerusalem. They were angry because Negus and his crew deliberately drove through their district on the Jewish Sabbath, their wrath gleefully recorded by the camera and screened on *Sixty Minutes.*

When not attempting to squeeze the sensational from a story, *Sixty Minutes* performs an abrupt about face and concentrates on the trivial. For instance, a segment on John Howard, the Treasurer, who always manages to look guilty as if he's been caught with his hand in the biscuit tin, spent valuable time concentrating on the man's lack of hair. The country's sliding into a recession, for Christ's sake, and *Sixty Minutes* prefers to look at a man's bald spot.

Nearly every *Sixty Minutes* segment displays the reporter almost as prominently as the subject, preferably in a macho pose. Negus is especially good at this. He likes to stand with one cowboy boot-encased foot resting on a machine of war, a tank if it's available, or a rocket launcher, while he addresses the camera with flowery flights of journalism.

Negus seemingly spends the rest of his time denying the inconceivable idea he is some sort of sex symbol. "They (other people) have been told that I'm a sex symbol, but I'm the same person I've always been," he says earnestly to an interviewer. "I dress the same, I haven't changed my hair, the length of my moustache, the places I go, the people I mix with, the way I make love. . ."

Oh, my gawd!

As for the other two reporters (or should I call them television comperes?) on *Sixty Minutes,* Ray Martin and Ian Leslie, I've never been able to tell them apart. They're like clones on parade. I've been told the way they can be separated is by careful listening. Leslie talks slowly, as if each word was an original creation that had to be introduced carefully to the world. Or is that the way Ray Martin speaks? Maybe they should have name tags like guests at a cocktail party to introduce a new product.

Unfortunately for those who would like to see probing television on the screen, *Sixty Minutes* shows no sign of diminishing popularity. Its ratings this year are as solid as ever.

And to prove once more that Solomon wasn't spouting nonsense, a similar program by the Ten Network will be launched in a few months.

The person in charge is one Brian Dale, who until he joined the Murdoch organisation was press secretary to New South Wales Premier, Neville Wran, and was notable only for the fact that he refused to return telephone calls.

His program has had some awkward moments even before it has gone to air. Veteran war correspondent Pat Burgess left the show, as did John Ball, a reporter with a great knowledge of Asia, its people and its customs.

But Dale is undeterred. He says: "We will be different. We are not going to be the clone of a clone."

Wanna bet?

Or in more couth language, would you like to place a wager on the wisdom of Solomon? — NEAL AKERMAN

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

HEDONISTIC?

Thank you for the 20 Questions: Mel Brooks in the April issue of PLAYBOY. What a brilliant madman he is. I'm a bit confused, however, about the reference to Hedy Lamarr in the introduction to the story. I seem to remember an actress by that name but can't recall which movie she may have starred in. Can you help?

Amy Paxton,
Nambour, Qld.

Austrian-born Hedy Lamarr created a sensation in the Thirties by appearing nude in the Czech film, Extase 33, *and she started her Hollywood career in 1937. She played glamorous roles in such films as* Lady Of The Tropics, Come Live With Me, Ziegfeld Girl, Samson And Delilah *and* The Heavenly Body. *Her autobiography,* Ecstasy And Me, *was released in 1967 — Ed.*

JUST LOOK AT US NOW

I enjoy PLAYBOY and I always read Forum but I would like to get a bit off my chest about some recent items.

I'll start with Military Madness (March). It sure makes me sick when people run down our defence forces and as for the aircraft carrier, it is a great need which has been swept under the carpet for years.

If M.L.T. of Caboolture wants a run-down navy, then we may as well not have one. I'd rather see my tax money spent on defence and military salaries. As for land space, you just can't launch a squadron of jet fighters from an air base on land in Australia to assist our ships if in trouble, especially on the other side of the world, and most importantly, aircraft carriers protect the fleet.

Our navy and military planners do not class carriers as toys. The ships are there to protect our waters from terrorists and if one day, M.L.T. of Caboolture goes on a cruise somewhere in Australia and the ship gets in distress or is attacked, he'd be pleased to see an aircraft carrier. He'd be the first hypocrite to scream out: "Where are our defence forces?"

And as for the men who died on the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse,* if they didn't then M.L.T. would probably have a Jap or a German standing over him with a rifle and whip.

If he's worried about people who died for nothing, he will feel the same way I do about the Japanese buying the Rockhampton coast.

As for J.B. of Drummoyne, who wrote in complaining about Squattocracy (March), I agree 100 percent with tearing down slums but if J.B. is so worried about it, then why doesn't he make sure that the dole-bludgers who live in the slums are all well tucked-in at his place, or write to the Government and tell them not to feed other countries, especially when Australians are sitting in parks pinching bread off birds while all the foreigners live, work and eat. That is the reason for unemployment in Australian industry — all the wogs and poms are flocking out here and over-running the place.

I'm not racially prejudiced but there should be a limit. And since J.B. doesn't like the blazing sun in traffic jams, why doesn't he come to Queensland and drive on the hot goat tracks, or buy an air conditioner and keep someone in a job.

And thirdly, Nuclear Nasties. Well, J.P.S. of Black Rock, nobody wants to see nuclear bombs, but if we don't let American bombers land in Australia, it is more likely Russia will beat them to it. I think the world should make a stand against Russia now everyone knows she is walking over countries and politicians are sitting back taking in more refugees. America is our biggest and best support and if we can give them a bit of land to help them out in their hard duty of patrols, and making a stand against Russia and its communists, now's the time to help the Yanks.

We are all Aussie mugs letting down the men who died for our country by allowing it to fall to pieces. If those men could just see Australia now!

R.A. Lewis,
Maryborough, Qld.

TEENS PLEASE

I am 19 years old and have been reading your magazine ever since my father bought me my first copy.

Your playmates are always tasteful, yet erotic and exciting. In particular, your pictorial of 16-year-old Denise Dumont in the April 1981 issue of PLAYBOY, displays the suppleness and beauty that is resplendent in a teenage body such as hers.

It is a pity that teenage girls are rarely able to have their beauty and erotic splendour captured upon film in Australia, although the works of photographer David Hamilton have helped to advance attitudes about teenage nudity being permissible if properly and tastefully done.

Furthermore, girls between the ages of 16 and 19 would also be able to use the fees earned for pictorials to further their education. PLAYBOY would be investing in the future of Australia.

Michael Hawkings,
Qld.

AUSSIE BONDS ARE BREAKING

Where have all those sun-bronzed ockers gone? You know the type — men and women with free wills, people who dared to be themselves and to live life for what it has to offer.

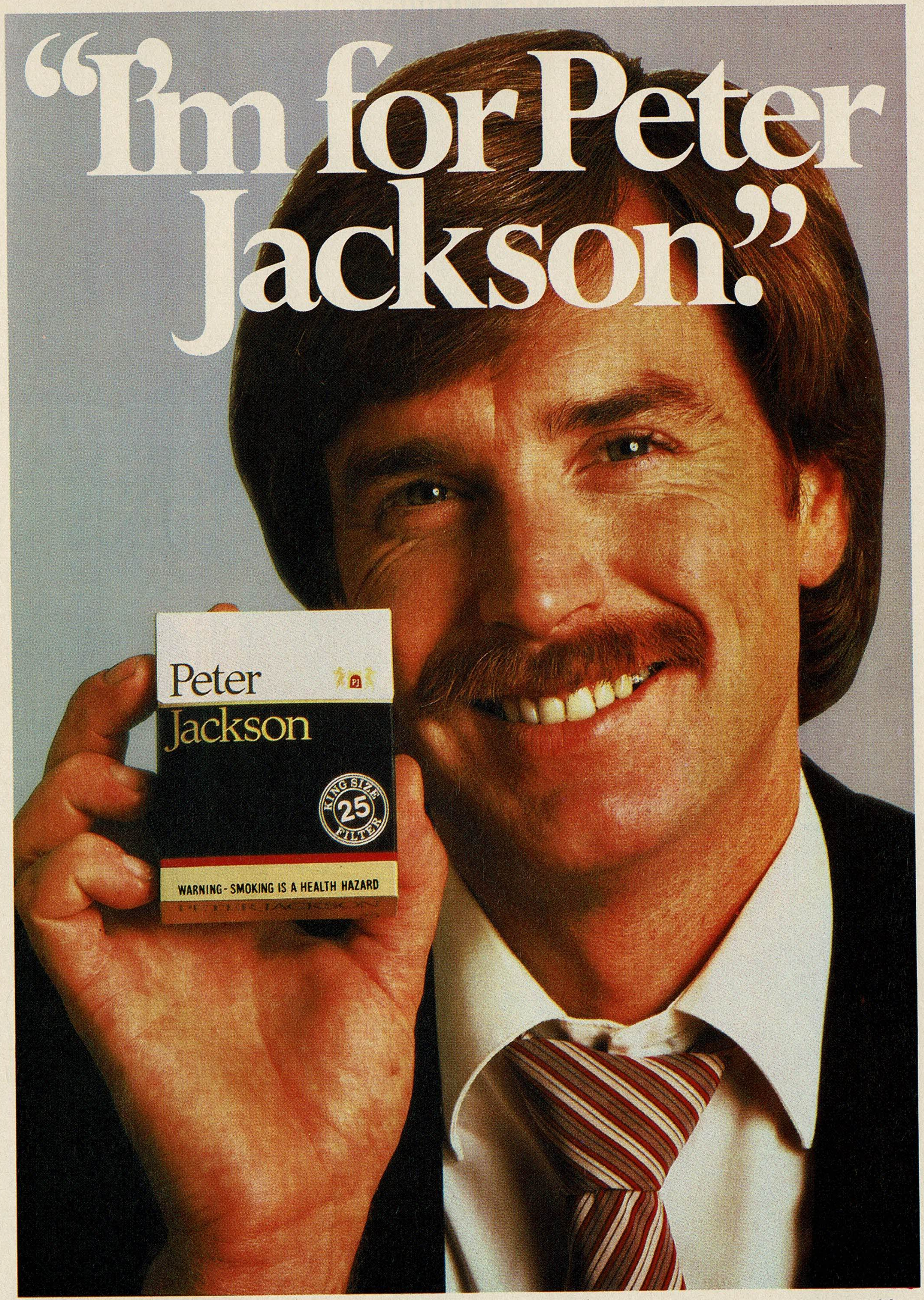
I look around and I am appalled by what I see. Men and women fighting each other, simply to prove their supremacy over the opposite sex. No longer are they content or willing to live in peace as equals. Thank God I'm different. I'm physically disabled, and even though I'm in my thirties, I'm forced to live in a hospital, treated as a baby, and given care and protection. Protection from *what?* Is life really that sordid?

Life is an individual thing but conformity or blind acceptance takes the individuality out of life. You are people without a future simply as, in the pursuit of the easy life, you are too willing to accept the rules of narrow-minded people rather than experimenting and doing your own thing.

Australia has no will and no future because she is too busy copying everybody else. She is a divided country, her people are too busy fighting each other for sexual supremacy and they cannot see the need to unify and co-operate in attaining a common goal.

Just look at the divorce statistics or people living together as they can see no reason to make a firm or binding commitment to each other. They want the advantages of being married without the responsibilities. Australia wake up!

Brian Delaney,
Merewether, NSW.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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

After returning from a fabulous holiday in Tahiti, I was in a hurry to view the results of the photos I snapped of a beautiful New Zealand girl I met on tour. I was particularly keen to see the nude shots taken at sunset while we had some time to ourselves on the beach. You can imagine how disappointed I was when the background and sunset turned out perfectly but the girl in the foreground was nothing but a silhouette. I thought I had my exposures right but obviously I need some help for shooting lovely ladies on the beach. Any tips? — M.F., NSW.

Backlighting is the classic example where the rules of photography change. An easy rule to remember is when the sun is behind the subject, take your exposure reading for the shadowed area. In your case, the reading should have been taken about 15 or 20 centimetres from the girl's face or, uh, any other part of her frame which you particularly wanted to highlight. Use that light reading when you shoot and instead of the subject being reduced to a black blob while the background is light perfect, you'll get the desired effect. Automatic meters can lead the novice astray when backlighting is used, so make sure you switch to manual. There are a few more trade secrets (just ask the PLAYBOY *photographers) but if you follow the above steps you'll have more than memories to remind you of beach girls.*

I had a very strange encounter with a woman a couple of weeks ago, and the memory of it is still bothering me, so perhaps you could shed some light on what the hell was going on. I met her at a party, and right from the start it was obvious she was hot for me. The first time I danced with her she was groping at me within 30 seconds, and I think she would have been happy enough to have me screw her right there on the floor. In a matter of minutes, we were back at her place, raring to go. I got into her very quickly and kept it up for quite a while before I came. The look on her face told me she was enjoying it, but she didn't come, and when I asked her about it she said that she never came while screwing, but enjoyed it anyway. Then, while I was still lying there feeling good, she sat on the edge of the bed and got out a vibrator. She then started stimulating herself with it, and when she came it was like a volcano erupting. I've never seen or heard anything like it before in my life. Then she rolled over and slept like a corpse for 10 hours. I saw her a couple of more times after that, and exactly the same thing happened. Then it started to feel a bit strange, so I let the affair fade away, but I still think of her sometimes, and wonder what she was all about. Perhaps you can enlighten me? — P.B., Vic.

there's a knack in taking photos at the beach

The woman you encountered may be one of many who find it far easier to achieve an orgasm through artificial means than through intercourse. Sex for one can be very lonely, however, so it is not surprising that she should seek a male partner even though she knows he won't be able to bring her to orgasm. She probably got a great deal of enjoyment just through the closeness and warmth of the encounter, and as she was apparently quite happy to talk to you about it, is reasonably content with things the way they are. You should be pleased that she took the trouble to tell you exactly what was going on, rather than allow you to feel that you had failed in some way.

Can you please help me work something out. My wife has a close friend, a male, who she's known for about eight years, long before we met. She's always said that it's a strictly platonic friendship she has with him, like brother and sister, but I'm starting to have doubts. In the past, she used to see him about once every few weeks, but lately they've been seeing much more of each other. She's made no attempt to hide the fact that she sees him, though once when I probed for more details, she changed the subject fairly quickly. I get on with the guy very well, and there may be nothing in it, so I don't want to make a fool of myself by letting them know about my suspicions. On the other hand, I can't help wondering if what was once just a friendship has now turned into something more. How do you think I should handle the situation? — A.K., NSW.

Friendships between men and women do sometimes take a sudden turn and become passionate rather than platonic, even after a number of years, but you should be sure that there are some grounds for your suspicions before you do anything provocative. That they have been seeing more of each other recently could mean nothing at all. If they are close friends of long standing, they presumably enjoy each other's company, and you should not expect them to keep to an exact, regular pattern when it comes to seeing each other. When your wife avoided discussing the subject, it could have been because she resented you keeping tabs on her friendships, rather than because she had anything to hide. If anything really serious is going on, you will notice soon enough without needing to ask.

What can I do about my wife? After six years of marriage, I find myself wanting sex more and more, and would make love 10 times a day if I could find the time. My wife, though, seems to want less and less, and most of the time just isn't interested. She says it's nothing personal, it's just that she no longer feels very sexual. In other ways we get along really well, so I wish there was something that could be done about the difference in our sexual appetites. — G.Y., WA.

You don't say just how prolific your sex life was in the past. If there was a time when you were able to make love 10 times a day, and now have to settle for much less, it must be very difficult to adjust. If, on the other hand, as your wife has become less interested in sex, you have begun to exaggerate the memory of how much you were getting before, it may help you to try and be a bit more realistic. As your marriage is apparently still good in other ways, you probably have a good chance of retrieving the situation. You will both need to fully understand each other's needs, not just your own. Different people do have greatly differing needs for sex, but it is possible for them to adapt to each other with time and care. Some sort of counselling may help, and you could perhaps start by asking your doctor to recommend someone to you.

One wet weekend, I was rummaging through the garage and came across my old Sixties record collection. Wondering how they would sound on my new stereo system, I decided to give a couple of old favorites a blast. I was saddened when they seemed to lack the old spark and clarity. Can records, especially older ones, deteriorate that much with storage? — G.H., Vic.

If your records were properly stored where dust and heat could not damage them, they should have suffered no ill effects. A likely solution is that we've become conditioned to more sophisticated recording techniques which revolutionised the industry during the Seventies, and consequently, older material might sound a bit flat by comparison. Since the Sixties, almost every facet of recording from tape quality, microphones, transfer to discs, multi-tracking to the quality of material used in the records has improved. Computerisation and the exactness of digital recording has made the task even more precise and almost antiquated techniques of 10 or 20 years ago. It could be your old discs are as good as ever, it is your standards which have changed with technology.

For the last six months, a woman in the office where I work has been driving me crazy. She always seems to be flirting with me, giving me these come-on looks, walking in front of me in a very provocative way, and letting sex come into the conversation on every possible occasion. Now and then we've had a drink or dinner together, and the evening has always ended with the feeling that next time we are bound to get it together. The trouble is it never happens. Invariably next time I see her, she pulls back a bit. She'll keep her distance for a while, then start the whole thing over again. I'm sure she knows what she's doing, and wonder why she is playing this game with me. — A.F., NSW.

There are women who find enjoyment just in stringing a man along and watching him jump every time they throw him a small favor. To maintain this, it is necessary to keep him just far enough away so that he can't touch, but close enough for him to think he has hopes. In such cases, if the man finally does manage to get closer, and any kind of relationship forms, the woman may well find that all the uncertainty has gone, and hence the enjoyment. Once that happens, she will probably begin the whole process again with somebody else. Let her know that you are aware of exactly what she is doing, and that you refuse to be manipulated. She may be so surprised at begin caught out that she'll behave differently towards you in the future. If not, direct your time and energy somewhere else.

Last year I watched a lot of the telecasts of the international Grand Prix races, and really became hooked on the sport. It seems to have everything. But I keep hearing reports about various big disputes between different groups in the organisational side of it, and even stories about drivers going on strike. Can you tell me what exactly is going on over there? — R.E., SA.

The political side of Grand Prix racing is changing so fast that any answer we give this month could be out of date the next. However, over the past two years, there have been two major conflicts going. One is between the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile (the FIA), a Paris-based organisation which governs all international motor sports, and the Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA) which represents the major racing teams. Much of their battle has been over the FIA's attempts to ban various aerodynamic devices that had been introduced to make the cars go faster. After much argument and legal wrangling, FOCA appears to have conceded defeat on that one, and has now become involved in a dispute with the Grand Prix Drivers Association. Argument there is over the drivers' demands to be able to determine the conditions under which they race, and FOCA's attempts to tie the drivers to inflexible three-year contracts. It was over that issue that the recent strike occurred. A temporary settlement was worked out, but with the three different associations each suspicious of one another, there is every chance of further flare-ups later in the year.

Because of my job (I'm an interstate truck driver), I have to spend a lot of time away from my wife. I love her and our two children very much, and when I've been away I've always tried to avoid doing anything that would put our marriage at risk. That was until I met a girl out on the road last month, and got involved with her. I know this might sound a bit strange, but when we are together something special happens, as if fireworks are going off. It's almost as if it's too good to be true. She keeps herself fairly free, and I know there is no future in it, but I just can't keep away from her, even though I know that the longer it goes on the more chance there is of it ruining my marriage. I'm worried sick about it, and desperately want your advice. — K.A., NSW.

> *The elbow was never developed to take the strain of wielding a racquet and hitting a tennis ball at high speed.*

You say that what happens between you and this girl is almost too good to be true. Perhaps part of the excitement comes from the fact that you are only able to get together for brief, intense meetings, so that the affair has a slightly unreal feeling about it. If, as you say, she keeps herself fairly free, then you may find that she solves the problem for you by breaking things off as soon as you start to appear too interested. Enjoy it while it's happening, but make sure you know what you're doing. If you are really concerned about your marriage, then it is entirely up to you to save it.

My girlfriend is about to go overseas for three months, and she's made an unusual request that I'd like your opinion about. We're planning to get back together once she returns to Australia, and to keep the flame alive while she's away, she wants a photograph of my member, in the aroused position. I can see her point, though in some ways it bothers me knowing that such a graphic display of my anatomy would be travelling around the world in her handbag. She's offered me the most intimate possible photograph of her body, and I might even take her up on the offer, but I've got a strange feeling about it. Do you think I'm being too cautious? — C.T., Tas.

If your face is not going to be displayed in the photograph, we can see no reason for you to worry about it falling into the wrong hands. Your girlfriend would be most likely to keep the picture private and even if it was lost, it would be surprising if anyone was able to recognise you from it, unless you have some very unusual markings. You can take heart from the fact that every time she looks at the photograph she will be reminded of your moments of passion together, and after three months away, she could come back so ravenous you won't know what's hit you.

Recently, I graduated from the social ranks to play my first season of competition tennis. After winning more than I lost, I was pleased with my progress until the curse of all tennis players put me off the court. All those sportsmen who cracked the odd joke about tennis elbow can take it from me it's really no laughing matter. My main concern now is how to beat the injury and get back on the court. — M.K., Qld.

The greatest insurance against sports injuries is don't play. But if you're like most Aussie males and swing the odd bat, club or racquet at a ball, then it is best to be in sound condition and develop the correct technique. The simple fact is that the elbow was never developed to take the strain of wielding a racquet and hitting a tennis ball at high speed. However, there are ways around the problem. Prolonged physiotherapy and rest will relieve the inflammation and the pain, but to ensure it doesn't return you might have to change your technique. Inexperienced players often use too much forearm when playing their shots. This puts stress on the loose elbow joint. Watch the pros and observe how they co-ordinate body, shoulder and upper arm for maximum power in their shots and minimum strain on the lower arm. You might have to adjust your footwork to attain a new technique, particularly on backhand shots which contribute greatly to elbow injuries. In the off-season you can strengthen your forearm with this simple exercise: rest your forearm flat on a table with your palm facing down, grasp a minimum weight barbell (2kg or less) and curl the wrist upwards and hold for 10 seconds or so. Repeat the exercise 15 or 20 times, and you will find as your arm strengthens you will be able to increase the weight. Stop if you feel any pain because that's a sure sign your old injury is still not up to the job.

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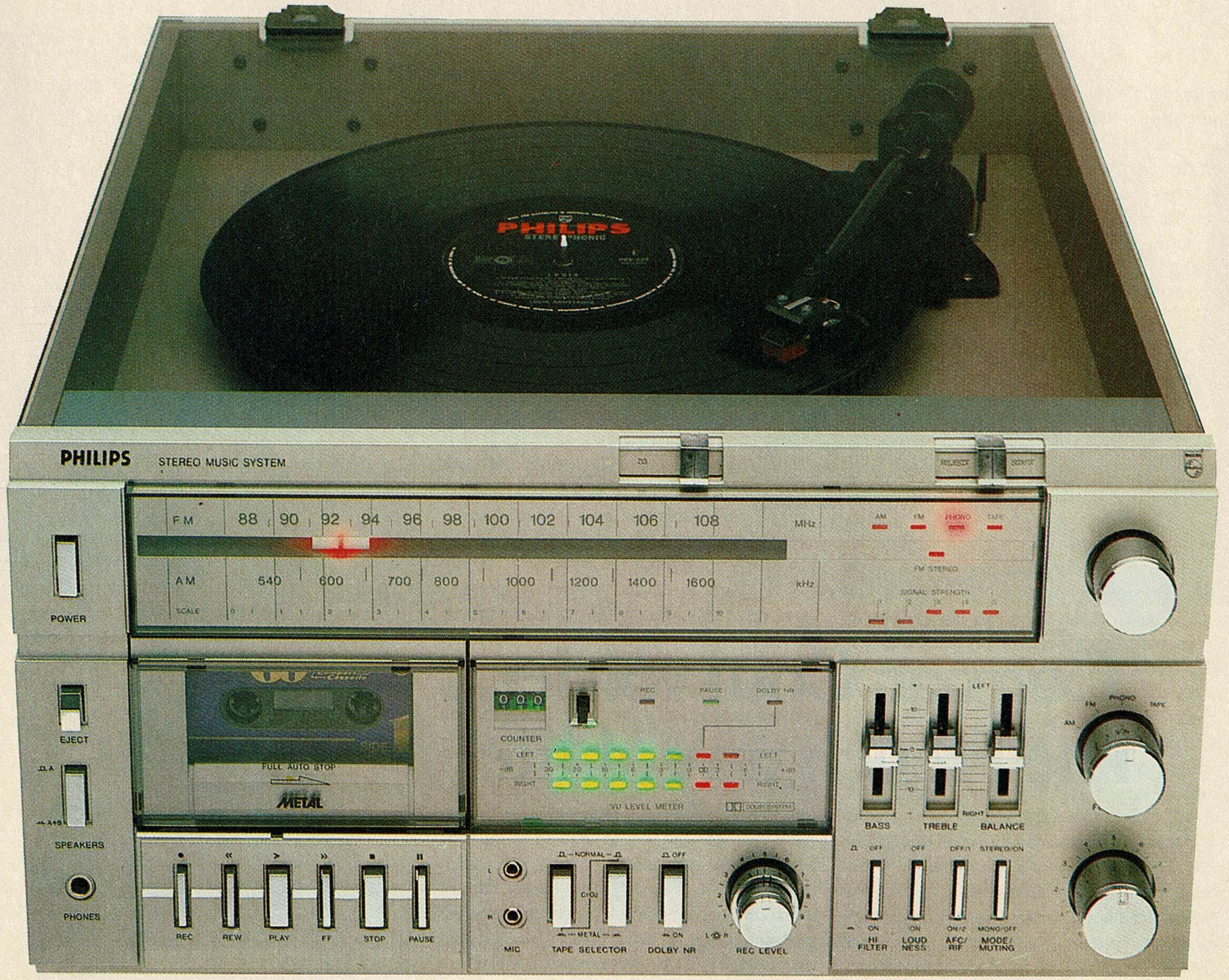
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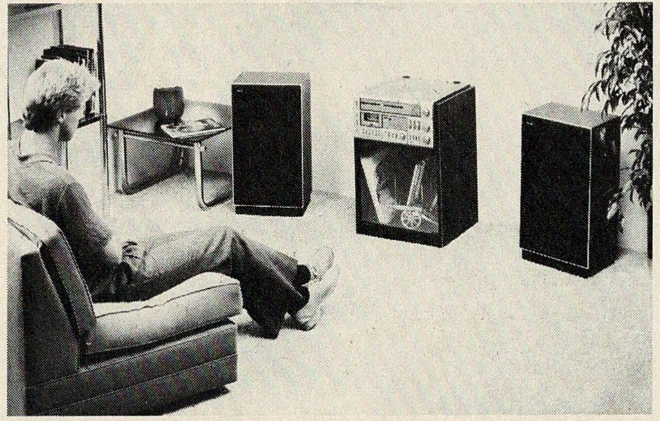

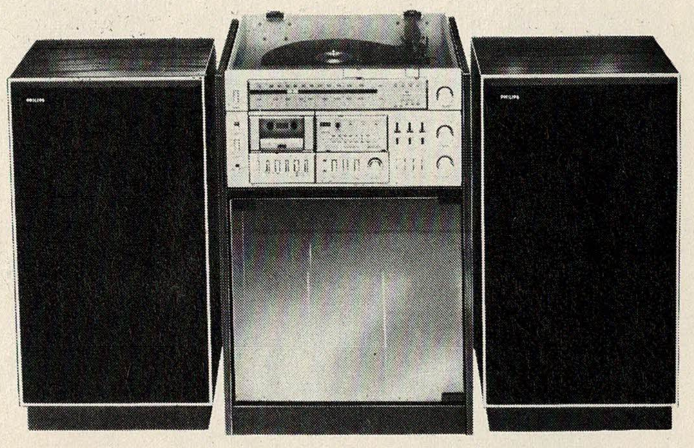

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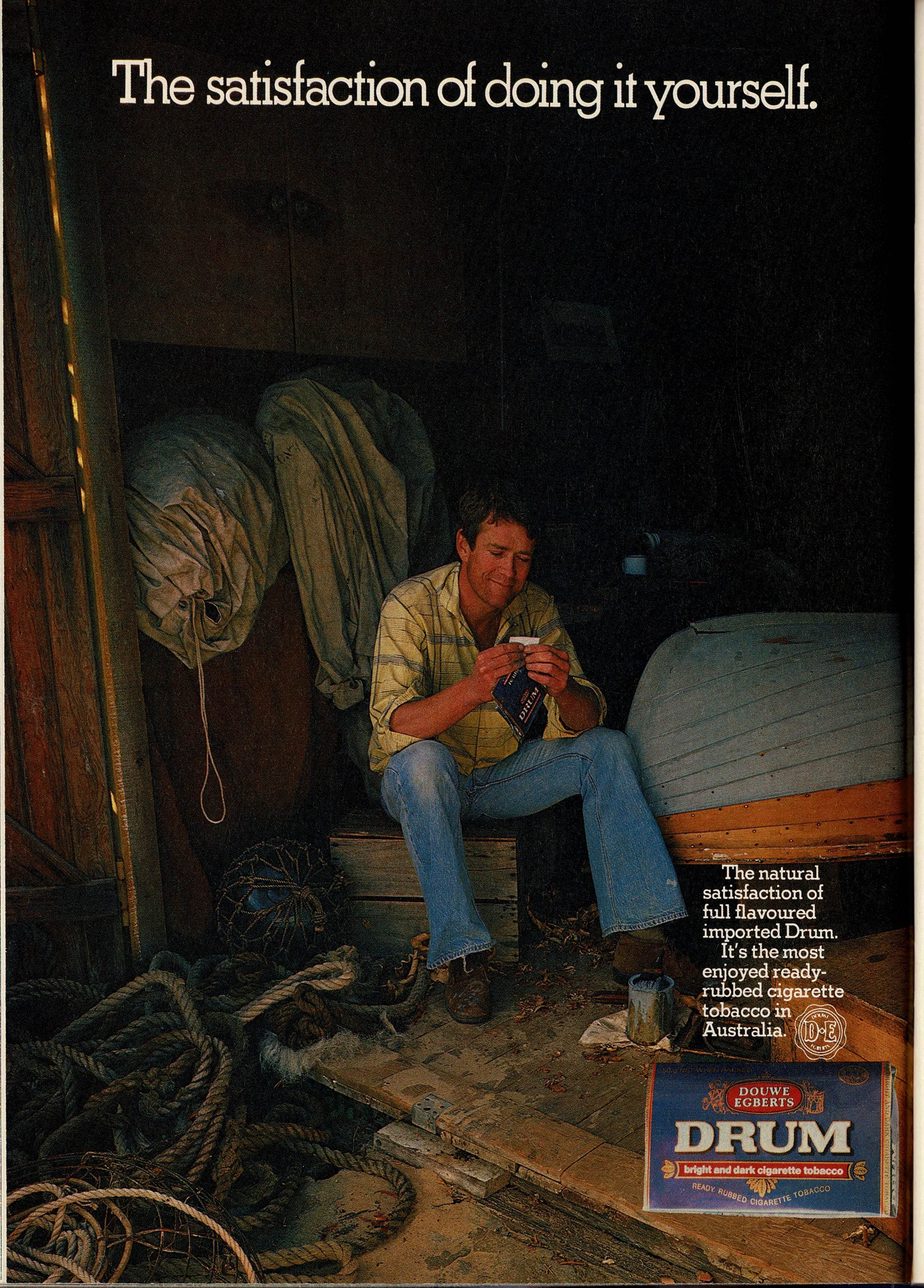
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

BILLY JOEL

a candid conversation with one of the hottest singer-songwriters about his music, his feuds and his macho image

In a time when record collections are updated as often as wardrobes, Billy Joel seemed destined to be another fad. True, his 1975 single, Just The Way You Are, was a smash hit, but both he and his music seemed too normal to make it in the world of musical flash. For one thing, Joel doesn't look *like a pop star. He has a nice, boyish smile and big, sad eyes that bulge like Marty Feldman's. For another, his tunes are catchy, hummable melodies, but not what anybody would call exceptional; certainly not hip. Just The Way You Are, for instance, with simple, straightforward lyrics, had a bossa-nova beat, of all things.*

But within months of that 1975 release, three other songs from the same album, The Stranger, *broke into the charts, making the album one of the top-selling of all time, and the* New York Times *was calling Joel "the hottest male singer in the land." In the seven years since, Joel has sold an astounding 26 million record albums, has received innumerable honors from the music industry, and US* PLAYBOY *readers named him their favorite vocalist and pianist for an unprecedented three consecutive years, and favorite composer for two. He continues to sell out concert halls and auditoriums everywhere, and is easily one of the world's most popular performers.*

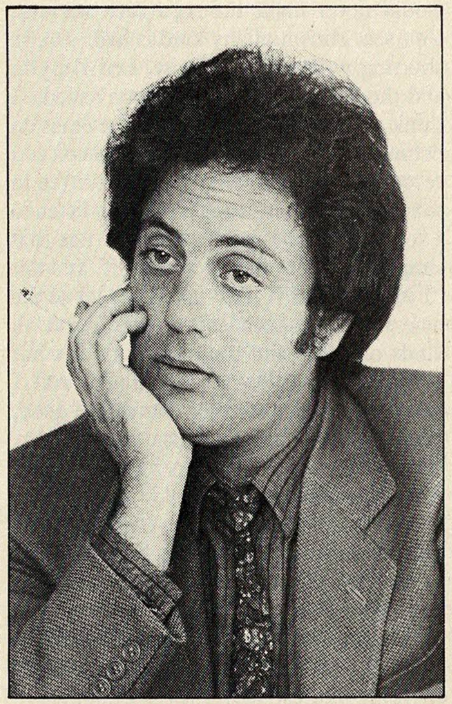
When art becomes commercially successful, however, it is looked at with distrust, and in pop music, the hostility can be devastating. The New York Times *quickly forgot its early superlatives, and reviewer John Rockwell attacked Joel: "Yes, Mr Joel has written some memorable pop melodies. Yes, he's an energetic, flamboyant performer, but no, this listener can't stand him. He's the sort of popular artist who makes elitism seem not only defensible, but necessary."*

The slings and arrows stung. After Joel's It's Still Rock And Roll To Me (from his 1980 album, Glass Houses*) became number one in the charts, a* Rolling Stone *critics' poll dubbed the song "the worst ever written about rock and roll". At least as far as the press was concerned, Joel could now do nothing right. His appearance in 1978 in Cuba was criticised by the political right; when he appeared in Israel, he was blasted by the left. And in neutral territory, there was still flak: rock and roll's hard core wrote him off, charging that his music was cranked out for mass appeal; fans of his ballads criticised him for his rockers; he was banned by the Catholic church (for Only The Good Die Young); called a sexist (for She's Always A Woman and Big Shot); and sued for stealing a song (My Life).*

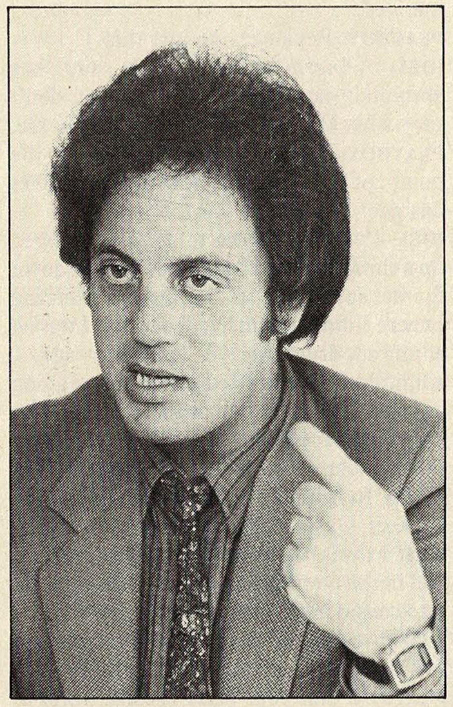
As a result of all the heat, the young man who seemed too ordinary to be a pop star became a figure of fiery controversy, reacting to press criticism by tearing up newspaper reviews on-stage and berating his detractors publicly. He grew up, after all, something of a street kid, and street kids hit back.

He was born on May 9, 1949, William Martin Joel, and raised in Hicksville, Long Island, a blue-collar outer suburb of New York City. Both of his parents, who divorced when he was seven, were musical. His father, who was German, took a job in Europe, and Billy grew up among women as a cocky little boy. He became an amateur boxer as a teenager (and earned a broken nose) while he continued his musical training. Then one Sunday evening in 1964, his life changed as he sat mesmerised in front of a TV set, watching four kids from England usher in a new era of music. For Joel, those few minutes when The Beatles performed on The Ed Sullivan Show *were the difference between life, as it was in Hicksville, and life as it could be — as it* would *be.*

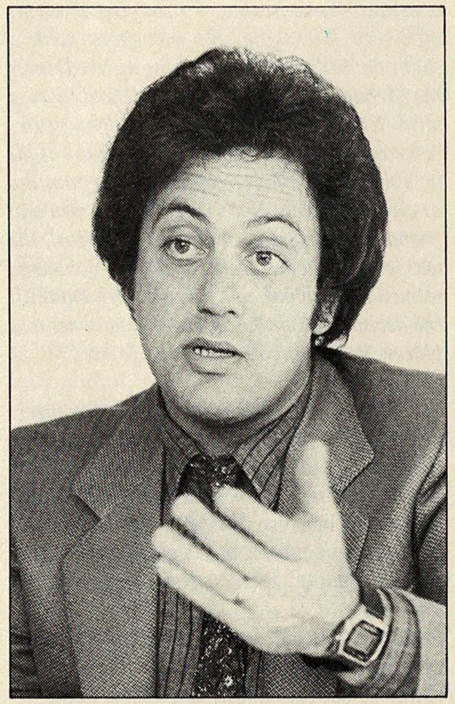
At 14, he formed the first of a series of garage bands. He played clubs until dawn before he was of legal age, and as a result, slept through much of high school. Though he passed his exams, he wasn't allowed to graduate, because of his poor attendance record. In bands called The Hassles and Atilla, Joel tried to make it as a professional rock'n'roller. When the bands' three albums flopped, he found himself alone, broke and depressed, sleeping in laundromats and on the verge of suicide. He entered a mental hospital



"I don't trust rock 'n' roll money. I've heard too many horror stories. I still eat pizza and walk around in T-shirts and jeans. I always thought millionaires looked like Scrooge McDuck."



"When I come up with a melody, it is not calculated. It's like an erection: it happens. Critics have said that I write without spontaneity, in cold blood. I don't write in hot *blood."*



"It's weird. . . the values. Jonas Salk invented the polio vaccine, but I'm worth more than he is. I walk into a bar and people know me. Jonas Salk probably can't even get laid. Figure that *out."*

PHOTOS BY STAR BLACK

for a horrifying three weeks of "observation", and when he was released, managed to get a solo record deal, but signed away a part of his songwriting rights in the process. The resultant album was mastered too fast and made Joel sound, he admits, "like Alvin and the Chipmunks".

When his Cold Spring Harbor *album bombed, Joel and his wife-to-be, Elizabeth Weber (formerly married to one of his bandmates), left New York for California to try to straighten out his business deals while he worked incognito at a piano bar. The album* Piano Man *was released on his new label, Columbia, and Joel had a cult hit with the single based on the experience. But that album, too, faded as quickly as it hit, and a follow-up album,* Streetlife Serenader *did even worse. He and Elizabeth, whom he married in 1973, returned to New York to complete his* Turnstiles *album, which received more attention when Barbra Streisand recorded the track New York State Of Mind. Elizabeth took over as his manager, and in addition to renegotiating his contract with Columbia, put him together with producer Phil Ramone. It was Ramone's production of Joel's next album,* The Stranger, *which made the difference, and six months later came the success of Just The Way You Are. Since then, Joel has been a permanent fixture on the world's musical scene.*

To explore the contentious life of Billy Joel, PLAYBOY sent San Francisco-based writers **David** *and* **Victoria Sheff** *to interview him at his home in Long Island. (David Sheff's last PLAYBOY interview was with John Lennon and Yoko Ono, January, 1981.) The Sheffs report: "We were surprised to find him so nearly invisible, so hard to pick out from the group of young men — assistants and assistants-to-assistants — scurrying about his offices in Hicksville. He was short, with a slight pot belly and hair sticking up like Dennis the Menace. We sat at a long table and chatted until Elizabeth, Joel's wife of eight years, came in. She is the inspiration for most of his love songs, but she is preceded by a reputation as a tough cookie. But to us, she was open and friendly, if understandably wary. To Joel, she was loving and motherly, much like Yoko Ono seemed with John Lennon. Elizabeth made all the decisions about his meetings, the times and places; he continually deferred to her."*

PLAYBOY: It all began with *The Stranger.* Didn't eight million people buy that album?

JOEL: I don't know. I don't *want* to know. I can't grasp it. I know something must have happened because I've got this house and these motor-cycles, but I can't grasp eight million people. I can't grasp eight million *anything.*

PLAYBOY: It became Columbia Records' biggest-selling album, didn't it?

JOEL: It sounds good, but think about it: What does it have to do with anything? Did Jimi Hendrix, who I think made some of the best albums ever, have the biggest-selling albums on *his* label? Does biggest equal best? I just can't think in those terms.

PLAYBOY: The common criticism of your music is that you consciously formulate it for the mass market. How do you respond to that?

JOEL: It's a temptation to repeat a successful formula, but I've never done the same thing twice. I don't care what anybody says. After *Stranger,* I could have done *Son Of Stranger,* but I've never done that. To keep *me* interested, there always has to be something new, something different. When I come up with a melody, it's not calculated; it's like an erection — it happens. There's no formula. I try to write complete melodies, because there are only so many notes and so many combinations, it gets tougher all the time to stay away from what's been done before. But everything I've done is different. Some people think I'm a balladeer, others think I'm a rock'n'roller, still others think I'm a piano man. I don't have a signature. Some critics have said I write cleverly and without spontaneity, in cold blood. I don't. I write in *hot* blood. If it's commercial, it just happens to be commercial. If you don't like my music, fine, but don't question my motives.

It's a temptation to repeat a successful formula, but I've never done the same thing twice. I don't care what anybody says.

PLAYBOY: Reviewers do just that.

JOEL: [*Angrily*] What they say has absolutely no effect on me. I really don't care what they say. It doesn't bother me.

PLAYBOY: But you've been bothered to the point of tearing up newspaper articles onstage.

JOEL: I've been known to do that. I ripped up a thing that said I had been turned down for an apartment in the Dakota building [where John Lennon lived] because I was an admitted drug user. A long time ago, I admitted I once smoked a joint before going onstage. That came up at the meeting with the Dakota board. We're looked at as undesirables — addicted to drugs and sex orgies. In truth, we happen to be duller than bankers. Onstage, I have a forum for saying what I think. Reviewers can say something bad in the newspapers, but they have to take into consideration that if I'm going to play a 20,000-seater the next night, I'm going to say exactly what I think of a review.

PLAYBOY: Has your press become worse as you've become more popular?

JOEL: I think what happens is that after you reach a certain point, the press can't control your career any more. All it can do is comment on it. What is rock'n'roll, anyway? The critics take away a lot of fun because they pontificate about something that should be enjoyed. They get very pretentious, intellectual, and they don't seem like they're getting any fun out of it.

PLAYBOY: You said some of that in It's Still Rock And Roll To Me, which *Rolling Stone* critics' poll voted the worst song written about rock'n'roll.

JOEL: The song is an out-and-out attack on the press, so why shouldn't they try to get even? I'm totally discounting everything these guys say. I don't sit around and play footsie with the press, specially with *Rolling Stone.* I have a running battle with them. I don't know when it started, but I know I'm not about to let it drop. I'm going to keep it going.

PLAYBOY: What *did* you mean by "it's still rock and roll to me?"

JOEL: Everybody puts things in categories. Everything has to fit into a certain bag — new wave, next phase, dance, funk, punk. . . call it what you want, but it sounds like the music I heard in the early sixties. The "new wave" isn't new. It's just the explosion of a lot of groups, which I think is good.

PLAYBOY: So what *is* rock'n'roll to you?

JOEL: It's music with a beat. No, that's not right. It's music that has passion in it, whether it's a ballad or whatever. There's *some* kind of intensity. Rock'n'roll is music you *have* to hear. People say I'm not rock'n'roll because of my ballads, but that's not right. Take a song like Yesterday, a ballad created by a member of a rock'n'roll band. Is that rock'n'roll? If you're a rock'n'roll snob who hates ballads, you would never have listened to the Beatles. And if the Beatles were around today, they would never make the hard rock stations. You see, elitism of any kind is bad. You're shutting yourself off. Christ, Led Zepplin and the Rolling Stones have done ballads. I think a lot of it has to do with the emotion behind it. If it's performed with passion and recorded with intensity, and it's written in some rock form, it's rock'n'roll. But listen to a lot of the new groups and it's not that simple. It's very intellectual stuff. It's not "I love you baby, let's dance." A lot of the new stuff is sadism and rejection and all kinds of anger and political stuff. It's not stripping music down to basic rock'n'roll. I happen to prefer records that sound good, but I agree that killing dinosaurs is healthy. It's a part of life. Old things have to die and young ones take their place.

PLAYBOY: What constitutes a dinosaur?

JOEL: Something that sits back and lives off its own fat.

PLAYBOY: For example?

JOEL: Big groups that go out there with tons of equipment and 5000 gongs, and don't do anything interesting or meaningful; they're just doing it because everybody will go to see them make a lot of money. Emerson, Lake and Palmer did it. They got to be a dinosaur.

PLAYBOY: A newspaper story recently said your stage show changed after you saw Bruce Springsteen, and spoke about a rivalry between you.

JOEL: I don't think we're anything alike. We don't have any rivalry. There's plenty of room for both of us. Bruce is the boss, and I have no pretentions to his throne. I just do what I do. I've seen Bruce, and he's great, but I don't know how good *I* am, because I'm up there working. It's another thing the press does. I've lost a lot of respect for what I read.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like Billy Joel against the world — or at least against the press. What else gets to you?

JOEL: Bureaucracy — record companies, the telephone company, the post office and the Department of Motor Vehicles. I'm constantly rebelling against authority. When I was a kid in school, I would do something that didn't hurt anybody, but it broke the rules and I would get in trouble for it. My life has been a constant rebellion. This is my life, leave me alone.

PLAYBOY: You're quoting from My Life, over which you were taken to court, weren't you?

JOEL: Yeah. Hey — you want to go to Reno and beat somebody up? That's where he lives, the creep who says I stole his song.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

JOEL: *I* wrote that song. I remember writing that song. I gave birth to that song. It's *my* song, but I got a call one day saying I was being sued by a guy who had a song with the same kind of notes which he copyrighted and sent to Columbia Records, and they sent it back, saying: "Thanks, but no thanks." He claimed I heard his tape and stole the song. When I heard about it, I said: "Let's go to court. Let's kill him." But the lawyers told me I should settle out of court. I was totally against it, but I went along with the lawyers for once. I hear the guy does an act now and says: "This is a song I wrote that Billy Joel stole." I want to break his legs with my own hands. Somebody else was going to sue me for another song he claimed I stole. When I heard about it, I said: "Listen. No more of this settling shit. Tell the guy, I'm going to countersue for every penny he's got, and I'll give it all to charity." We never heard from him again. The thing that bugged me about it was that it was like they were taking away my kid. I give birth to these songs. I go through labor pains with these songs. It's not the money; it's the birthright.

PLAYBOY: What did you listen to while growing up?

JOEL: I liked the Rolling Stones a lot. Their music was dirty and ragged and there were mistakes all over the place. I liked every song on every Beatles' album. In school, I was always in chorus, even though I thought chorus was kind of faggy. Elvis was a little before me, but I do remember doing an Elvis Presley impression when I was in the fourth grade. It was the first thing I ever did in front of people. I sang Hound Dog and I was jiggling my hips like Elvis. I remember this because the fifth-grade girls started screaming. I really dug the fifth-grade girls, but when they started screaming, the teacher pulled me off the stage because I was wiggling my hips. Anyway, I listened to everything. I loved Traffic later on. Stevie Winwood is a hero. Paul McCartney.

PLAYBOY: So you grew up wanting to become a rock star?

JOEL: I don't feel like a rock star. Rock stars to me are still Paul McCartney and Mick Jagger. I'm supposed to be a rock star, but I just feel like the guy from Hicksville, only I was able to get out of Hicksville. It still takes me by surprise when people come up and do those "Oh, Billy Joel!" things. I don't look any better than I did 10 years ago, so how come all these girls are coming on to me now? Where were they in high school when I needed them? I don't think I'll ever get used to it. I ride in limousines and sit in the back and giggle, because I really don't belong there. I don't have a three-piece suit and briefcase, like you're supposed to in a limousine. I sit in my jeans and T-shirt.

I'm not really a capitalist. I never was. I'm kind of a quasi socialist, and I'm embarrassed by all the money.

PLAYBOY: How do you handle recognition in the street?

JOEL: I'm pretty shy, so it's a great way to meet the world, to tell you the truth, but it can get to be too much. One day, I found I couldn't go to Yankee [baseball] games any more. That was a drag.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOEL: I wouldn't see the game. Everybody would be coming up for autographs, and ever time I'd look down — BAM! Reggie [Jackson] would hit one out of the park. I'd always miss it. One time, I didn't shave, I wore sunglasses, I put a bandanna around my head and made believe I didn't speak English. Then suddenly, there was a whole bunch of kids behind me, pointing, singing [*Honestly*]. I really felt like a jerk.

PLAYBOY: So much for fame. How are you reacting to the money?

JOEL: I don't worry about that. I never have. You can live in a nice house and everything, but still have a crazy life. It used to bug me. I read stories about Peter Frampton's multi million-dollar mansion, fifteen Rolls Royces and all that. Who cares? It's all bullshit. What was his last record like? Was it any good? That's the question. People get hung up on the money thing. It's nice to have four motorcycles. I walk into the garage and go: "Holy shit! I've got four motor-cycles!" But I don't go beyond a certain point.

PLAYBOY: Then how has money changed things?

JOEL: It hasn't that much. When we bought our first house, people thought it was going to be a million-dollar mansion, but we got a $300,000 house with a mortgage like everybody else.

PLAYBOY: But you *could* have bought a million-dollar mansion. That's the difference isn't it?

JOEL: I don't know. I don't trust rock'n'roll money. I've heard too many horror stories about the guy with the cars and jets and furs, then the next year he's totally broke, looking for work. I liked my house. I really didn't want to get into any bigger deal. I didn't even know how much money I had, and I didn't want to know. I *don't* want to know.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOEL: Because I'm afraid. I don't understand it.

PLAYBOY: Is the idea of being a millionaire scary?

JOEL: Yeah, it is. I mean, I still eat pizza and walk around in jeans with paint on them. I wear T-shirts. I always thought millionaires looked like Richie Rich and Scrooge McDuck. How much money do you need? It can really get sick. Accumulation of too much wealth, I think, is an illness. Strange things also happen when you have money. People start sueing you. I don't want to know about it. I'd rather just know that I can go out and eat, live in a comfortable house and ride my motor-cycle. The more you have, the more you spend. We're also responsible for a lot of different people's incomes. I'm not really a capitalist. I never was. I'm kind of a quasi socialist, and I'm embarrassed by all the money. Elizabeth [his wife] is a very good capitalist. She's very sensible; she exists in this society and she accepts it. We give money to charity, and I help my family out. I kind of like that. We never had no money, and now I can help out. I'm afraid to get too business-oriented, because it gets in the way of creativity. It's kind of weird — the values. Jonas Salk invented the polio vaccine, but I'm probably worth a lot more than Jonas Salk. That's pretty weird. I didn't cure polio; this guy did. I walk into a bar, and a whole bunch of people know who I am. Jonas Salk probably can't even get laid. Figure that out.

PLAYBOY: Where did your earliest musical influences come from?

JOEL: Well, my father was an accomplished pianist. I remember him playing the piano when I was very young. My mother sang. She was in a Gilbert and Sullivan company. That's how they met. It choked me up when I went to see Linda Ronstadt in *Pirates Of Penzance* recently. So my mom played a lot of Gilbert and Sullivan and classical records. There was music all around, and it just seeped in, I suppose.

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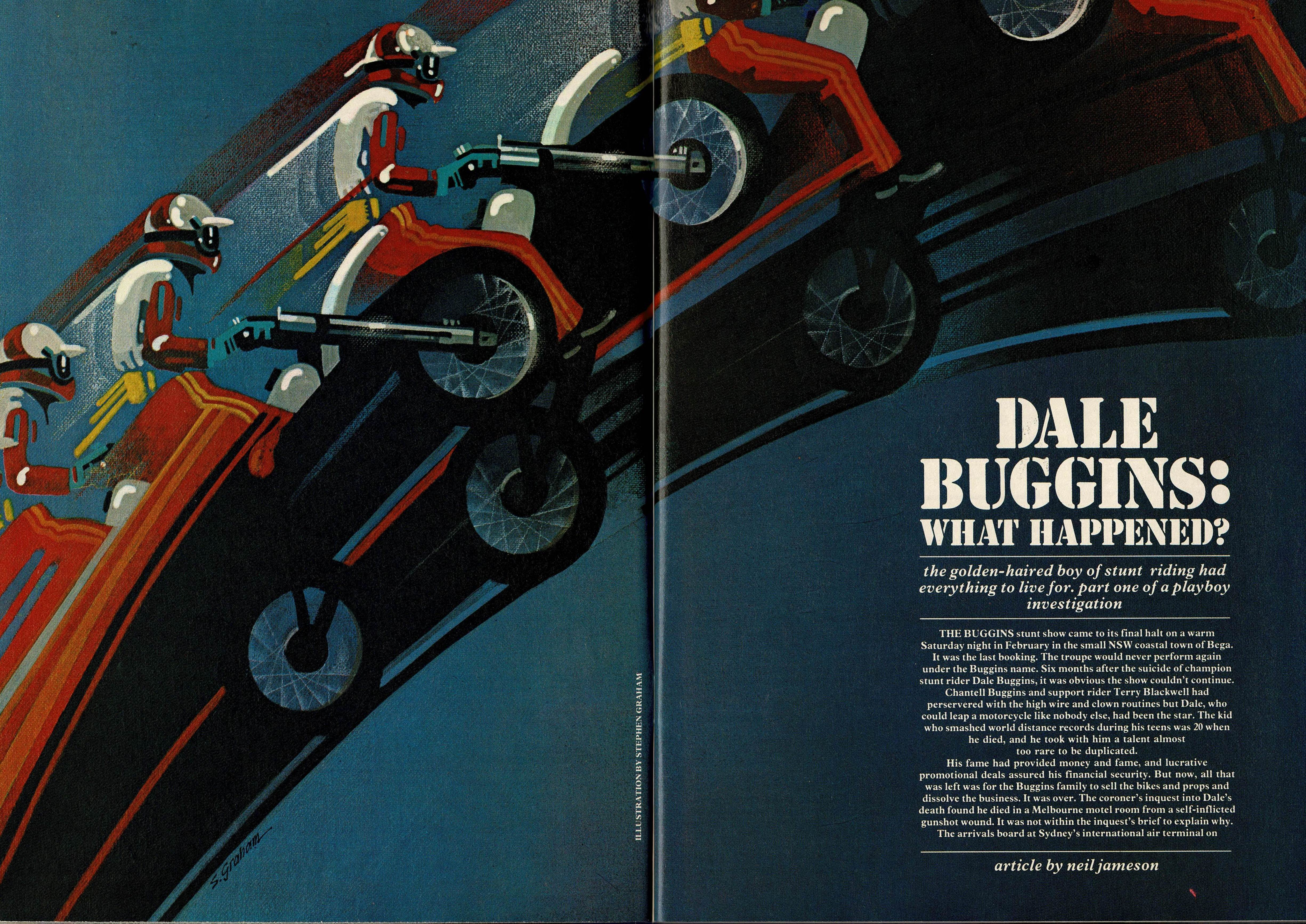


ILLUSTRATION BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

DALE BUGGINS: WHAT HAPPENED?

the golden-haired boy of stunt riding had everything to live for. part one of a playboy investigation

THE BUGGINS stunt show came to its final halt on a warm Saturday night in February in the small NSW coastal town of Bega. It was the last booking. The troupe would never perform again under the Buggins name. Six months after the suicide of champion stunt rider Dale Buggins, it was obvious the show couldn't continue. Chantell Buggins and support rider Terry Blackwell had perservered with the high wire and clown routines but Dale, who could leap a motorcycle like nobody else, had been the star. The kid who smashed world distance records during his teens was 20 when he died, and he took with him a talent almost too rare to be duplicated.

His fame had provided money and fame, and lucrative promotional deals assured his financial security. But now, all that was left was for the Buggins family to sell the bikes and props and dissolve the business. It was over. The coroner's inquest into Dale's death found he died in a Melbourne motel room from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. It was not within the inquest's brief to explain why. The arrivals board at Sydney's international air terminal on

article by neil jameson

Monday September 14, 1981 showed flight TE5 —Los Angeles to Sydney — was on time. ETA 11am. Air New Zealand once used DC-10s on the route, but the jet which taxied to the terminal was one of the company's June purchase of 747s. Included on the passenger list were the four members of the Dale Buggins motorcycle stunt troupe returning from a three-month North American tour. Ken Buggins, son Dale, daughter Chantell, and support rider Terry Blackwell arrived homesick and jet-lagged. The Buggins trio were anticipating their return to the family home at rural Dooralong, near Wyong on the NSW Central Coast. Blackwell wanted to put his feet up in his home town of Maitland. But nobody would be going home until they'd fulfilled a commitment to perform at Melbourne's Royal Show within the week.

Clearing customs, Ken and Dale grabbed a cab for the city and a business appointment to discuss the marketing of signature stunt toys. Terry and Chantell caught the first domestic flight to Melbourne to book into the motel where they would be joined later in the day by Dale and Ken.

The Marco Polo Motor Inn is a three-storey structure straddling the corner of Flemington Road and Harker Street, North Melbourne, directly across the main road from the children's hospital. It is a member of the Flag Motel chain and rates four-and-a-half flags in the group's accommodation rating system. It's about halfway between Tullamarine airport and the city, and the short canter to Flemington racecourse means its 68 units are always booked out during Melbourne Cup week.

During mid-September the proximity to the nearby showground is of more importance because the show society bulk books accommodation for such acts as the Commodore precision driving team and for ring performers. The Buggins troupe had used the Marco Polo before, which meant Terry and Chantell knew exactly where they were going when they left Tullamarine and headed towards the city. They checked in at 3.30pm and were shown to a suite of interconnecting bedrooms.

Dale and Ken joined them later in the day and the family took delivery of a hamper of home-cooked food sent by Mrs Jan Buggins for her husband and children. The Dooralong mother hadn't seen Ken or her 20-year-old son, and daughter, 17, since July. The food package was a nice, homey touch to say how much Jan was looking forward to their reunion.

The complex assortment of gear, props, and bikes which they had hauled around North America was still in an LA cargo pound, but Ken Buggins, team manager and expert planner, had budgeted for everything and a duplicate set was on its way by road from NSW.

There were very few hitches in the Buggins act. Chantell's boyfriend and another Buggins employee were due to arrive in the team's head-turning red, white and blue utes with all the equipment aboard. No drama. Everything was going according to plan. Another town, another professional obligation such as they'd delivered in so many towns up and down the country, in New Zealand, Indonesia and North America. After Melbourne, they'd all head for home where the Buggins family would pack the camping gear and head for a coastal bush retreat. It was to be a long shakedown from the rigors of the road and performing. The next booking wasn't until the New Year and everybody needed the rest.

Like any on-the-road rock and roll band, the Buggins crew had slotted into the motel lifestyle with resignation rather than affection. Blown out by the long flight and the day's business, they retreated to their rooms, flicked through the TV channels and settled in for an early night.

Tuesday, September 15: A press conference set for 11am had everybody out of bed early. Ken and Dale headed for the showground to unload the utes and check the gear. Practice told Ken Buggins there was no time to set up the high wire for the press so he improvised by herding the 25 to 30-strong media corps plus crew between the two utes and having Dale jump a bike over the lot. Ken Buggins had a flair for publicity. By the following day most of Melbourne would know Dale Buggins was in town.

When father and son parted at the airport, Ken Buggins, who had mentally ridden pillion for his son,would never see Dale alive again.

The interviews continued over lunch, and as the last reporter trudged off to file his story, Ken swung the team into the two-hour routine of fixing the high wire, jumps, and positioning the other props. It was hard, exacting work involving cranes, manpower and precise calculations. They'd performed the chore hundreds of times but no two venues were the same and minimising the danger meant careful attention to detail, checking and re-checking every fixture.

It was well into a cool, Melbourne spring evening when they headed back to the motel for a slap-up feed from Jan Buggins' basket. Exhausted, nobody suggested a night in town. Ken Buggins was due in Sydney the following morning for a reunion with his wife. After watching Dale and crew deliver the thrills with their customary precision so many times before, Ken had faith in their ability to see this one through without him. Nonetheless, he had wanted to trip the power on the publicity machine and supervise the critical setting-up procedure before snatching a jet back to Sydney.

That job was done, and by 8.30 on that Tuesday night most members of the Buggins team were in bed. Ken Buggins slept relatively peacefully, content in the knowledge he would be reunited with his wife on the next day and Melbourne show fans would be treated to the hottest act on two wheels by the weekend.

Wednesday, September 16: Sydney's Hilton Hotel fulfils a different function from the Marco Polo, but both are in the accommodation game. Like an imposing, off-grey domino, it soars some 30-odd unimaginative floors and, in keeping with Sydney's high-rise taste, states the obvious in six large white letters across its upper levels. HILTON. Pinched sideways between George and Pitt Streets, the Hilton might make an adequate bar stool for Centrepoint should the big guy ever decide to take the weight off his pins. However, architecture didn't rate a thought when Ken and Jan Buggins chose it for their reunion.

They were a close family and Ken Buggins had missed his attractive wife during the three-month tour. It was tougher on Jan waiting back in Australia while her brood hawked their high-risk routine around America. But it was almost over now, for a while. One more show and the family would just take enough time to bank the cheque, pay the wages and then have a holiday. Meantime, there was the reunion. They would still be at the Hilton two days later when the bad news came.

With Dale driving one of the tricolor utes, Ken Buggins ran through the final check list on his way to Tullamarine. The kids were wired enough to know the folks would enjoy the reunion more if they could have it to themselves. When father and son parted at the airport, Ken Buggins, the man who had mentally ridden pillion for his son and had "felt" every fall, would never see Dale alive again.

Another press conference was scheduled for 2.30pm. Chantell handled the media hoop better than her brother, but the pair were rarely less than a pleasant, photogenic team who never failed to make good copy. The morning paper hands and electronic media reporters were brief, allowing the team to beat it back to the Marco Polo by 4pm. Too accustomed to one motel steak looking like the last, they settled for more pickings from mum's hamper for their evening meal. It was another early night.

Terry Blackwell, three years older than Dale, shared with him the common link of straddling a bike for a living. They also shared the same room at the Marco Polo. They were friends, but the professional difference was profound. Terry is an outstanding precision and display cyclist and back-up to Dale on many of the stunts. But Dale was the jumper. And there was only one Dale.

Thursday, September 17: The pair awoke around 8am, and while Terry joined the others for breakfast, Dale stayed in the room. Dale often spent long hours by himself and there was nothing unusual about this time because it was the first chance they had to relax since arriving from LA.

Chantell took the chance to shop for clothes and headed into town. Until then, there had been enough petty cash in the till to take care of their daily needs, but Dale declared he was going to the bank. Blackwell, who happily kept a low-profile, employee status and left financial arrangements to the family, saw nothing extraordinary in Dale's bank visit. After all, with Ken gone, Dale was the boss. Nobody knows when Dale made a conscious decision to commit suicide, but the bank visit was the first practical step. It was no impulsive gesture. It was planned with the forethought and cool he usually reserved for his act.

Dale was busy that morning. He left the bank with an unknown amount of cash and headed for a city police station where he scored a Victorian C class shooting licence. With more than 800,000 registered firearms in Victoria, what was one more, particularly when the applicant had all the right credentials?

Members of his team who can't account for his movements from the time he dropped his dad at the airport to his return to the Marco Polo the previous day, suggest he may have acquired the licence then. But it's more likely he picked it up on the Thursday morning after withdrawing cash from the bank.

He wasted little time. With banks open at 10am, and allowing for a probable visit to the police station, it's known that between 11am and noon he walked through the doors of E. Dark and Co, Sports Distributors, of Bourke Street, Melbourne. Amongst other goods, Dark's specialise in guns and archery equipment. How Buggins chose his make is not known, but it could almost have come on recommendation because Dark's is one of the most reputable dealerships in Melbourne, having been established for almost a century. It's probably the city's oldest gunsmiths and is currently owned by Graham and Brian Chapman, grandsons of the founder.

With the right credentials and displaying an obvious familiarity with firearms, plus the required cash, Dale had no problem buying exactly what he wanted: a Winchester 30.30 Trapper. Recommended retail price: about $270. The five-shot lever action rifle is an expensive weapon often bought by collectors as well as sports shooters. It has one outstanding feature which suited Dale's purpose exactly. The Winchester's ultra-short barrel is no longer than a man's forearm, making it an easy-to-conceal weapon. More significantly, the trigger would be within easy reach for somebody intent on shooting himself. With a box of shells throw in, there was little change left out of $300.

It was lunchtime when he returned, and neither Chantell nor Blackwell were surprised when Dale didn't join the others. In retrospect, that missed lunch on the Thursday was very different from the many other occasions Dale had chosen not to join the party.

While the others ate, Dale sat in the ute parked in the motel lot. Did he wait until the others were occupied to smuggle the rifle into his motel room? Or did he hide it in the back of the ute?

That evening, Dale watched TV with Chantell until Terry returned. Then the two young men settled back to watch a coverage of the Roberto Duran v Sugar Ray Leonard title fight. The scene might have been the same as so many others — two young guys sprawled in front of the box watching a fight. Blackwell remembers it well and recalls Buggins enjoying the action and the pair exchanging jokes and banter during the show.

Sometime between 7.30 and 8pm Dale was said to have accepted a telephone call from a girlfriend and asked her out the following evening. In view of the schedule there's some doubt about this, but the call might have given him an idea for the next phase of his plan.

Like everything else Dale did, it was planned to perfection. But this time it was the last and longest jump of them all.

But before he made a move, he telephoned his parents at the Sydney Hilton and discussed details of the forthcoming show. Outwardly, Dale gave no sign of the plot he had already hatched or that anything was amiss.

The fight over, Dale said he was expecting a girl at the motel and would Terry mind finding somewhere else to sleep that night.

Terry viewed this as natural behavior for a 20-year-old of Dale's stature. It was even more natural with Dale out from under the close scrutiny of his father. Terry consented and made arrangements to sleep in an adjoining room.

Later, when Terry mentally reconstructed the events of that night, he wondered at how Dale had spun the more macabre twists in his death spiral. Blackwell still cannot reconcile the cold precision with which Dale designed his own death.

While the two sprawled in front of the TV that night, Dale must have had the Winchester stashed somewhere in the room. The time bomb was ticking, but Terry didn't know.

As Blackwell bunked down in a room shared by Chantell and another troupe member, Dale asked his sister for writing material, claiming he wished to pen a letter to his grandfather. He then hung a 'Do Not Disturb' card on the doorknob and locked the door.

Friday, September 18: Dale had said he had expected a female visitor the previous night which was why nobody was surprised when he didn't surface for breakfast. When he hadn't shown before 10, Chantell became agitated because it was unlike Dale not to be taking care of business.

Ten came and went and discretion gave way to expedience. It was decided to rouse him out. Knocking drew no response. Nor did calling his name. More knocking. Louder calls.

Had Dale slipped out during the night without telling anyone? If so, where had he gone?

At that stage the motel staff had not been alerted, otherwise it would have been a simple matter to open the door with a duplicate or master key. Nor was there any attempt to break down the door. Instead, the group decided to go around the back and hoist Blackwell through a window. Being the most slightly built male in the group, Terry managed to prise open the window and slither into the room. It was about 11am.

The light was dim but Terry could see Dale was still in bed, the covers draped loosely over him. His arms were thrown out to the sides and almost the first thing Blackwell noticed was blood on the inside forearms.

"Christ, he's slashed his wrists," he thought, and, unlocking the door, he sprinted to the reception area where he asked staff to call an ambulance.

Returning to the room, Terry knelt by the bed to feel for a pulse. The body was cold. As he leaned forward his knee touched something on the floor. It was the Winchester, parallel to the bed and half concealed by the bedclothes.

Terry looked again at the body and noticed the blood on the chest and the hole in the left breast.

Nobody had heard a shot, yet sometime on the morning of September 18, Dale Buggins had taken a single shell from the box, loaded the Winchester, and shot himself. This was no show suicide where somebody was meant to find him before it was too late. Nor was there any chance of it being bungled. Like everything else Dale did, it was planned to perfection. But this time it was the last and longest jump of them all.

●

"Two beers and an orange juice, please." The big guy behind the bar at Vapors COP Bar in Youngstown, Ohio, looked familiar.

(continued on page 117)

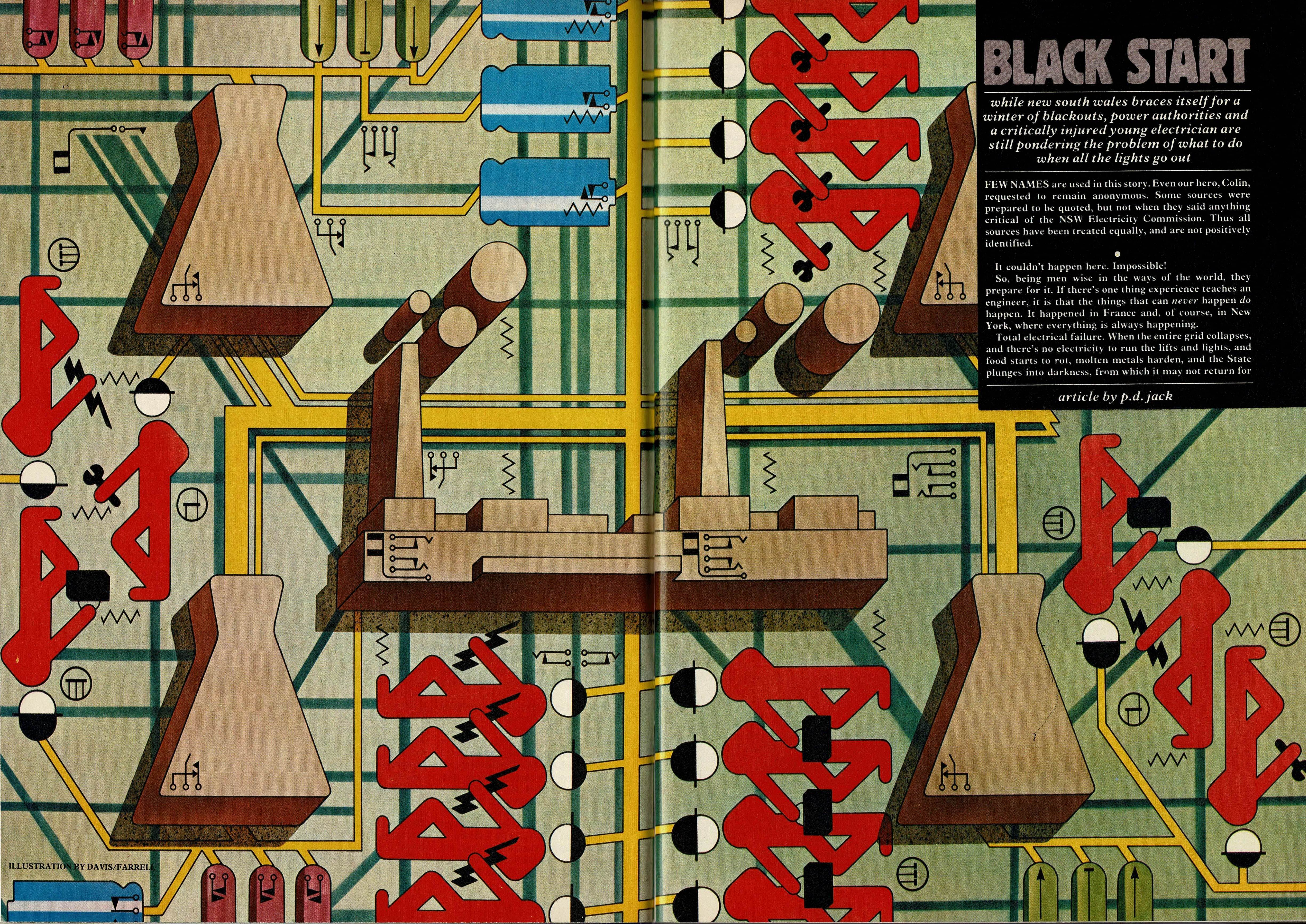


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

BLACK START

while new south wales braces itself for a winter of blackouts, power authorities and a critically injured young electrician are still pondering the problem of what to do when all the lights go out

FEW NAMES are used in this story. Even our hero, Colin, requested to remain anonymous. Some sources were prepared to be quoted, but not when they said anything critical of the NSW Electricity Commission. Thus all sources have been treated equally, and are not positively identified.

* * *

It couldn't happen here. Impossible!

So, being men wise in the ways of the world, they prepare for it. If there's one thing experience teaches an engineer, it is that the things that can *never* happen *do* happen. It happened in France and, of course, in New York, where everything is always happening.

Total electrical failure. When the entire grid collapses, and there's no electricity to run the lifts and lights, and food starts to rot, molten metals harden, and the State plunges into darkness, from which it may not return for

article by p.d. jack

one or two days. Twenty years ago, NSW came close to total system failure, and some Electricity Commission engineers fear the State could again be facing this disaster. As we all know, things often go wrong and occasionally they *really* go wrong. One thing leads to another, until finally there's total breakdown. You can nurse and old bomb car along for a while but eventually, it will stop going altogether.

The more things that go wrong, the greater the likelihood of them *really* going wrong. Which is why the NSW Electricity Commission decided to try a little exercise at Vales Point Power Station on Friday, October 23, last year — an experiment which got no further than the Station Services Switchboard, and young Colin's ear-muffs.

In February this year, I took the lift to Ward 300B at Royal Newcastle Hospital, where Colin has been since his admission, in a critical state, on that day in October last year. He had just undergone yet another skin graft, and was still groggy from the anaesthetic and morphine.

The experiment in which Colin was to play but a minor role was given a name by the workers: "black start". They were trying to find out if, in case of total system failure, it was possible to get Vales Point going again. The Commission had long held a theory that it could, and on that Friday it was going to find out for sure.

The electricity supply in NSW was being plagued with problems of such magnitude that the unthinkable — complete disaster — had to be considered. There had been massive breakdowns in vital generating equipment, and because of years of drought, the Commission could no longer rely on the Snowy Mountains Hydro Scheme to significantly boost supply. To keep up supply, the Commission was running machinery longer than it should, and more and more things were starting to break down.

In the boom years following World War II, the Government was faced with a power problem, with regular blackouts and a four-day week because of inadequate power supplies. Electricity generation had grown up willy-nilly since it was introduced in the 1890s, with a mixture of private enterprise and various government bodies all producing and selling electricity. The Electricity Commission was formed in 1950 to take over power generation, and within three years had lifted all power restrictions. Then followed 20 years of regular tariff reductions, and, despite the massive industrialisation and the growth in sales of electrical appliances, the Commission was able to meet every demand.

It was a magnificent effort: the Commission lifted the State out of a deep dark hole and kept it humming for 30 years with barely a hiccup. Last year it produced almost 30 times as much energy as was produced in 1951, for about half the price. But in June 1981, large sections of NSW were blacked out, and power restrictions were ordered for the next couple of days. Although Commission chairman, Frank Brady, puts the blackout down to "extraordinary circumstances", it became clear in subsequent months that something was radically wrong with the Commission; that further blackouts were a possibility. Extraordinary circumstances were becoming everyday occurrences. Why?

●

Electricity is produced in New South Wales by the Snowy Mountains Scheme and other much smaller hydro plants, and by coal-fuelled turbo-generating units built on the coalfields north of Sydney. Both plants use a turbine (made to spin either by water, in the hydro stations, or by steam, which is produced by burning coal to heat water in the coal-fuelled power stations). The turbine is connected to a magnetised rotor which spins inside a large coil of wire (just like the generator in your car) to produce electricity, which is then fed out on to the transmission lines that run across the State to the various country councils who then sell the electricity to individual customers. All the power stations are, by these transmission lines, connected with each other; and, via the Snowy, which feeds electricity to ACT, NSW and Victoria. These last two States are also connected. So, if Victoria happens to fall short of electricity (which is the usual case), NSW can make up its shortfall — and vice versa.

To allow room for breakdowns and planned shutdowns for maintenance, the Commission builds more power stations than it apparently needs. Even the giant plants that generate nearly all the State's electricity are not working at anything more than two-thirds their capability. The inbuilt excess capacity thus provides a safety margin, provided by plants on stand-by, or operating plants not running at full speed.

Whenever a generator breaks down ("trips"), its share of output has to be made up quickly, otherwise there will be blackouts. The shortfall is usually made up by getting machines in service to churn out a bit more (which is why most machines are run at below their capability). The difference between what the unit can produce and what it is actually producing helps make up this safety margin, which they call "spinning reserve".

Thus at any one time, the Commission must have some units producing electricity, a bit of generating capacity up their sleeve on spinning reserve to take over in cases of breakdowns, and a bit more capacity that can be fired-up to take over in case spinning reserve isn't enough, or in case of abnormal circumstances.

The amount of electricity demanded varies during the day. For example during peak hours, when all the trains are running, factories are going, and wives are opening fridges and turning on ovens, lights and electric blenders all over town, there is a lot more electricity demanded than at, say, four o'clock in the morning.

To cope with this peak demand, the Commission must have the capability to generate that much power. Even though it may happen for only half an hour one day of the year, the Commission has to meet it; otherwise we, the workers, eat cold chops in the dark, and drink warm beer. In 1981, the peak demand occurred at 5.45pm on July 28, when a total of 8011 megawatts was demanded (8,011,000,000 Watts, or as much power to run 8,000,000 one-bar radiators). The Commission was able to meet this demand, because it had power stations capable of churning out 8236MW, and another 2200MW worth of power available from the Snowy Mountains as well. Theoretically, the Commission was therefore capable of supplying more than 10,400MW, if necessary, which was some 2400 more than required.

This seems like a handsome margin, except that not all the generators are capable of providing as much electricity as they are supposed to, nor are they always up and ready to do so — breakdowns aside, some of the units have to be off-line for normal repairs. There's also the matter of the Snowy: true, the Snowy can churn out 2200MW for NSW, but for only as long as there is water in the dams to turn the turbines. No, water, no megawatts.

It only takes a few days of operating at this high demand to use up the water in the Snowy system, and once the Snowy is empty, the State is back to relying on the 8000MW available from the coal stations. As soon as a couple of these break down, blackouts occur. And that is what happened in June. A couple of machines fell over, there wasn't enough water in the Snowy to keep up supply, and the Commission had to ration supply.

That wouldn't have been too bad, except a week before, the hapless Pat Hills, then Minister for Energy, decided to have a go at the Liberal Government in Victoria, which was then suffering blackouts. Having made his cracks, Mr Hills was not too pleased to see his own lights go out. One generator too many had "tripped", and the Commission was cut short. It shouldn't have happened, but it did.

Commission chairman, Frank Brady, denies the trouble has arisen from poor maintenance of the generating equipment, although every time he does so, another handful of Commission workers is quoted as saying poor maintenance *is* the main reason. Machines break down, the engineers say, because they are not properly looked after. No breakdowns, no blackouts, they say.

Brady blames one particular make of machinery — the English Electric Co generators at Liddell Power Station — all four of which (each capable of churning out 500MW) broke down last year. But as there were breakdowns in many other generating plants last year — and more this year — English Electric can't bear all the blame.

Maintenance, say Commission workers, has been a problem since the beginning of the 35-hour week campaign in the early 1970s. The then Liberal Government preferred to hold out against work bans, which meant some routine maintenance wasn't done. According to Newcastle economist Howard Dick, the Government then saw that plants could be run for periods longer than the Commission normally allowed, without any obvious ill effects, and, in order to cut costs, resolved that in future there would be less down time for maintenance.

The upshot, some say, can be seen in what happened to Liddell. Being the newest, and cheapest to run, Liddell was run flat out throughout the Seventies. So that come 1981, when a higher than expected demand placed great stress on the system, the first unit at Liddell collapsed. The extra effort on other units in the system was met for a while, until they too started to keel over.

Compounding the problem in 1981 was the State election that was due soon after the June blackouts. Not even the best con man in the world is going to win votes if the electors haven't got electricity, and the Commission went all out to make sure there were no more blackouts before the election.

Older inner-city power stations were put back into service, in many cases requiring retired employees to be brought in to run them. And a bit more routine maintenance was let go to keep the power churning out.

The system lasted until the election, but not long after gave way. Liddell, the flagship, rolled over and expired. All four units were out — two of them just simply burned out. Another 500MW generator at Wallerawang collapsed, and the entire summer maintenance program was scrapped, as the system struggled to supply even the low demand of the Christmas period.

(continued on page 142)

THE DAY THE FLIPFLOPS FLOPPED

Not all the troubles of the Electricity Commission can be attributed to poor maintenance or bad planning. The technology of electricity generation is sometimes so complex that minor flaws in one part of the system can cause major problems in another. Some years ago, for example, alterations had to be made to transformers north of Sydney because of oscillations on transmission lines hundreds of kilometres away on the Victorian border.

The breakdown of the Number 5 generator at Vales Point is a classic example of how the disease of power failure can spread quickly throughout the whole system, and how even the tiniest part can bring down a $200,000,000 monster. The problem started at Munmorah, just across the highway from Vales Point. An isolating connector was accidentally left on a piece of equipment in the station switchyard following repairs, so that when the line was reactivated, ka-chunk, there was a short at that earthing isolator — the entire State grid was now feeding into the ground at that earth.

Because of this monumental leak, the frequency at which electricity travels along the grid fell away from the standard 50Hz. The frequency is used by the system controllers as the guide to what's going on, and as soon as it falls they call on other generating units to boost output to bring supply back to the level which keeps the power flowing at a nice steady 50Hz.

When Munmorah shorted and frequency fell, governors on the coal-fired generators opened steam valves to let in more steam and thus up output, and also the Snowy scheme was called on to add more megawatts to the system. Such take-up is automatic. It's designed that way to keep the power supply steady.

Now the Snowy System is slightly slower on the uptake than the coal plants, so that its extra power comes on a little after the rest. Also, the system is protected by various devices to minimise loss of load. The short circuit at Munmorah was cleared almost immediately. However, at almost the same time as the relays cleared the earth fault, the Snowy came on. So that no longer was electricity escaping, and the Snowy wasn't really needed. Whoomp! Suddenly there was too much power, and there was a huge surge in voltage along the grid, which was picked up by the protection relays at Vales Point. The Number 5 unit, sensibly, switched itself off, to protect the system by reducing load.

When Number 5 tripped, the electric power required to run its auxiliary motors (pumps and so on, some of which have to keep going while the turbine slows down) also trips out. Back-up equipment is supposed to come on immediately to take over supplying these auxiliaries. The auxiliary back-up power supply is a room full of 24-volt batteries, with a voltage regulator between the batteries and the auxiliary motors just to keep things running smoothly.

Now a voltage regulator acts within the tiniest fractions of a second. It sort of accumulates voltage and lets it go at a steady rate. However, it does take a finite time to let that voltage go. Which shows just how sharp those power station operators have to be. It's just a matter of milliseconds, but in those few thousandths of the second it took for the regulator to operate, there was a loss of power to the auxiliaries. The computer which sets the procedure for shutdown is also run off the auxiliary supply, and when the back-up power faltered for that split second, certain electrified switches in the computer, called flipflops, (because they flop off or on when current stops) flopped.

This is what flipflops are supposed to do, but only on command, not just because of power failure, and preferably not all at once. But a great many flipflops (or one-shot multivibrators if you prefer) flopped, meaning that many of the control circuits in the computer which had been set in some mode by the flipflops being flipped, went into another mode when they flopped. Normal practice in computer design is to let things fall back to a less sophisticated mode when foul-ups occur, such as changing from automatic mode back into manual. Which is what happened here. Almost all the functions controlled by the computer were handed back to the boys in the control room.

But the blokes didn't realise this straight away. All they knew was that their generator had tripped, and the control room was lit up like Kings Cross at night: red lights, green lights, white squares, yellow dots, whistles and buzzers, each indicating a valve opening here, a switch tripping there, a damper doing something else somewhere else, and so on. The plant had just been commissioned, and this was all new stuff.

Immediately they started checking the flashing lights one by one, according to the steps laid down in the manual. One operator started at one end of the board and another at the other end. Meanwhile, outside the control, the generator, although no longer putting out watts, is still spinning. It weighs a few tonne and takes about 20 minutes to come to a halt. Like any moving part, a turbo-generator needs oil. When the unit tripped off, it shut down its oil pumps as well. There are stand-by pumps to take over when this happens, but as the computer had put things back onto manual, these stand-by pumps were still standing by instead of coming in automatically. They needed someone to turn them on.

The two operators reached the same point on the panel at the same time. Bing! The penny dropped. Everything was on manual! Crikey, turn a few things on. Too late: the procedure of going through all the other indicators had taken too long. The turbine had been spinning long enough without oil to get red hot, and the bearings had started to melt. The floor was shuddering, and when the oil hit the bearings it caught fire. Luckily the turbine finally came to halt, only gouging the bearing end housing to bits. The plant was out for weeks, but was still there.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

if you knew the world's biggest secret, would you tell?

I DON'T GO to bars much. I don't even like most bars. Still, every now and then, like tonight, I'll want to put down a few drinks after work, to fortify myself for life in the haven of domestic tranquillity I call home. And I do know one fairly decent place, on a shady side street near the institute and the museum. It's quiet, dim enough to avoid the glare but not so dim as to become Hernando's Hideaway, drawing a clientele of professional people and technical people, with a scattering of footsore tourists.

I was all the way at one end of the bar, which was somewhat crowded tonight, and had just finished my first solitary drink, staring glumly at myself in the mirror and feeling like Philip Marlowe during one of his whinier paragraphs, when the man came into the bar and sat down beside me on the only unoccupied stool. He was wearing a well-cut but somewhat rumpled suit and wire-rimmed glasses, and his hair was just a bit longer than the modish nape-of-the-neck length that is now the mark of conformity. He was somewhere in his late 40s or early 50s, with one of those smooth rubbery faces that made it difficult to tell which. I had seen that young-old face somewhere before, though I couldn't remember just where. He flagged down the bartender — who said something to him in the jocular tone that bartenders reserve for regulars — and was served a healthy double knock, which he immediately poured down his throat, all at once, as if it were iced tea. He set the glass down, had it refilled and tossed it off again. Then — while the bartender was pouring his third drink — he took off his

fiction by gardner dozois

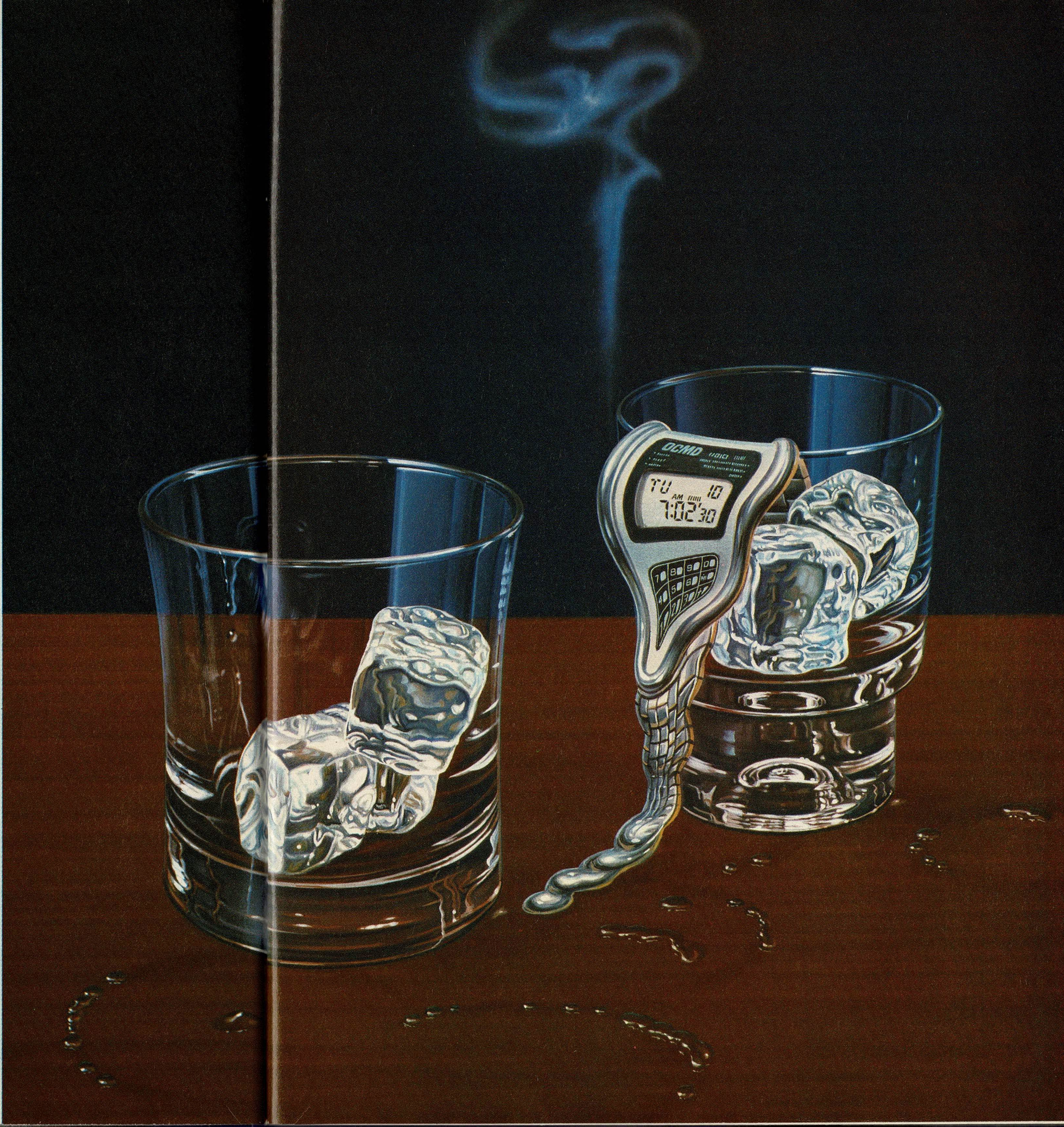


ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

wrist watch and held it up close to his face with both hands. "Five hours to midnight," he announced aloud to no one in particular, "more or less." He dived into his third drink. The watch he put carefully down on the bar in front of him. It was one of the newest and most expensive of digital watches, with more controls than the cockpit of a 747, and must have cost at least $500.

I had been watching all this out of the corner of my eye, mildly intrigued. He felt my eyes on him. He scowled, tossed down the rest of his drink and then turned his head toward me. "Do you know anything about quantum mechanics?" he asked in a conversational voice. "About the electromagnetic generation of instabilities? About runaway oscillation? About black holes?"

"Not a damn thing," I said cheerfully. My field is computer graphics.

"Good," he said. He fell silent, staring into his glass, and after a few moments, I realised that he wasn't going to say anything more.

"Why did you ask me that?"

"What?" he replied absently. He was staring at his watch in a preoccupied way, occasionally pinging the dial face with a fingernail.

"If I know anything about black holes."

He turned to look at me again, hesitated, and then called for the bartender to give him another drink. I let the bartender hit me again, too. When our glasses were full, he raised his to his lips but took only a small sip this time before setting it down again. "When I was at school," he said ruminatively, glancing at me again, "there was, appropriately enough, a rather sophomoric little game that we used to play occasionally at parties. It consisted of asking everyone there what they would do if they knew — knew without the possibility of a doubt — that the world was going to come to an end that evening. A stupid game, but if enough people answered, you began to notice some interesting patterns."

"Such as?" I said. My years as a doper had given me great tolerance for non-linear conversations.

He smiled approvingly at me. "After a while, you'd notice that there were really only three basic answers to the question. Some people would say that they'd spend their remaining time screwing, eating an enormous meal, or getting drunk, or stoned, or listening to their favorite music, or walking in the woods. . . or whatever. This is basically the sensualist's reply, the Dionysian reply. Other people would say that they would try to escape somehow, no matter how hopeless it looked, that they'd spend their last moments searching frantically for some life-sparing loophole in whatever doom was posited — this is either the pragmatist's reply or the wishful thinker's reply, depending on how you look at it. The remaining people would say that they would try to come to terms with the oncoming doom, accept it, settle their own minds and try to find peace within themselves; they'd meditate, or pray, or sit quietly at home with their families and loved ones, cherishing each other as they waited for the end — this is basically the Apollonian reply, the mystic's reply." He smiled. "There was some blurring of categories, of course: sometimes the loophole-seeking response would be to petition God to intervene and stop the catastrophe, and sometimes there would be a sensuous edge to the lavishness of the orgy of meditation the contemplatives were planning to indulge in. . . but, for the most part, the categories were valid."

He paused to down about half of his drink, swishing it around in his mouth before swallowing, as if he were about to gargle with it. "The next question we'd ask them," he said, "was even more revealing. We'd ask them: if you were the only one who *knew* that the world was about to end, would you tell anyone else? The mystics almost always said that they would tell, to give people time to prepare their souls; at the very least, they would tell those people they loved the most. Some of the loophole-seekers said that they would tell, give everyone a chance to find their own loopholes; some said that they wouldn't tell, and that their own chances for survival would be better if they didn't have to contend with a world-wide panic; and some said that they'd just tell a small circle of friends. Almost all of the sensualists said that they would *not* tell, that it was kinder if everyone else — and particularly their loved ones — could enjoy their last hours without knowing the shadow that was hanging over them. . . though at least one sensualist said that the only sensuous pleasure he would get out of the whole thing would be the fun of telling everyone else the bad news. . ."

Moving with exaggerated care, he polished off his drink and set it carefully back on the water ring it had made on the bartop. He turned to face me again. "Would *you* tell anyone, if you knew?"

I thought about it. "If I did, would there be anything anybody could do to stop it from happening?"

"Nothing at all."

"Any way that anybody could escape from it?"

"Not unless they can figure out a way to get clean off the planet in about five hours' time."

"In that case," I said, fingering my chin, "in that case, I don't think I would say anything."

"Good," the man said. "Then I won't either."

He got up off the stool and strode out of the place, leaving his $500 watch on the bar.

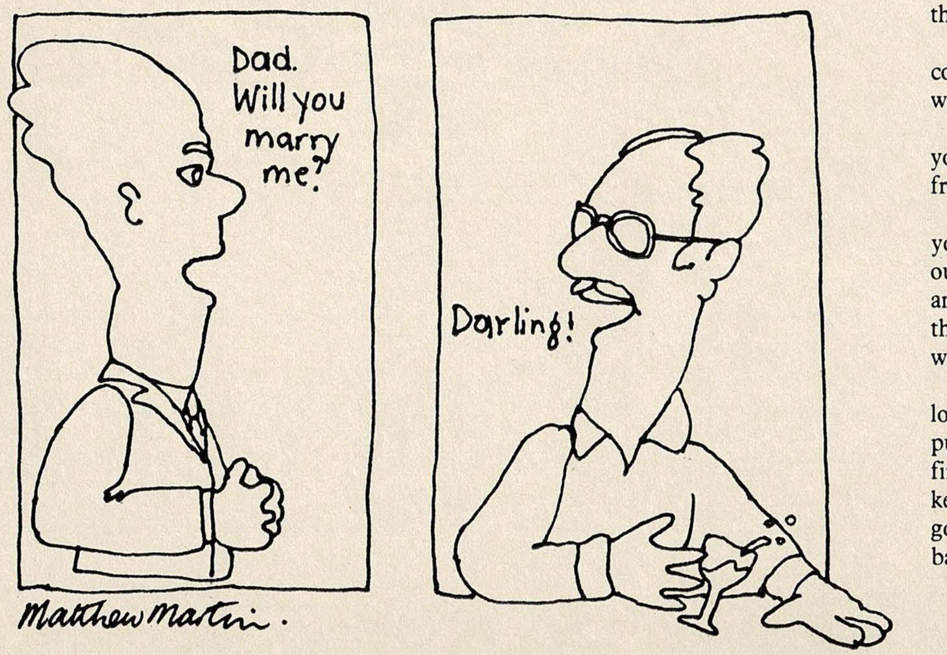
The bartender drifted over to see if he could con me into a refill. "Who was that weirdo?" I said.

"Jeez," the bartender said, "I thought you knew him. That was Dr Norman Fine, from over at the institute."

Then I remembered where I'd seen that young-old face: it had been staring at me out of a recent *Time* cover, accompanying an article that hailed Norman Fine as one of the finest experimental physicists in the world.

It's been about an hour now, and I keep looking at Dr Fine's watch, toying with it, pushing it around on top of the bar with my finger. It's a damn expensive watch, and I keep thinking that soon he'll notice that it's gone, that he'll certainly come back into the bar for it in a moment or two.

But I'm starting to get worried.

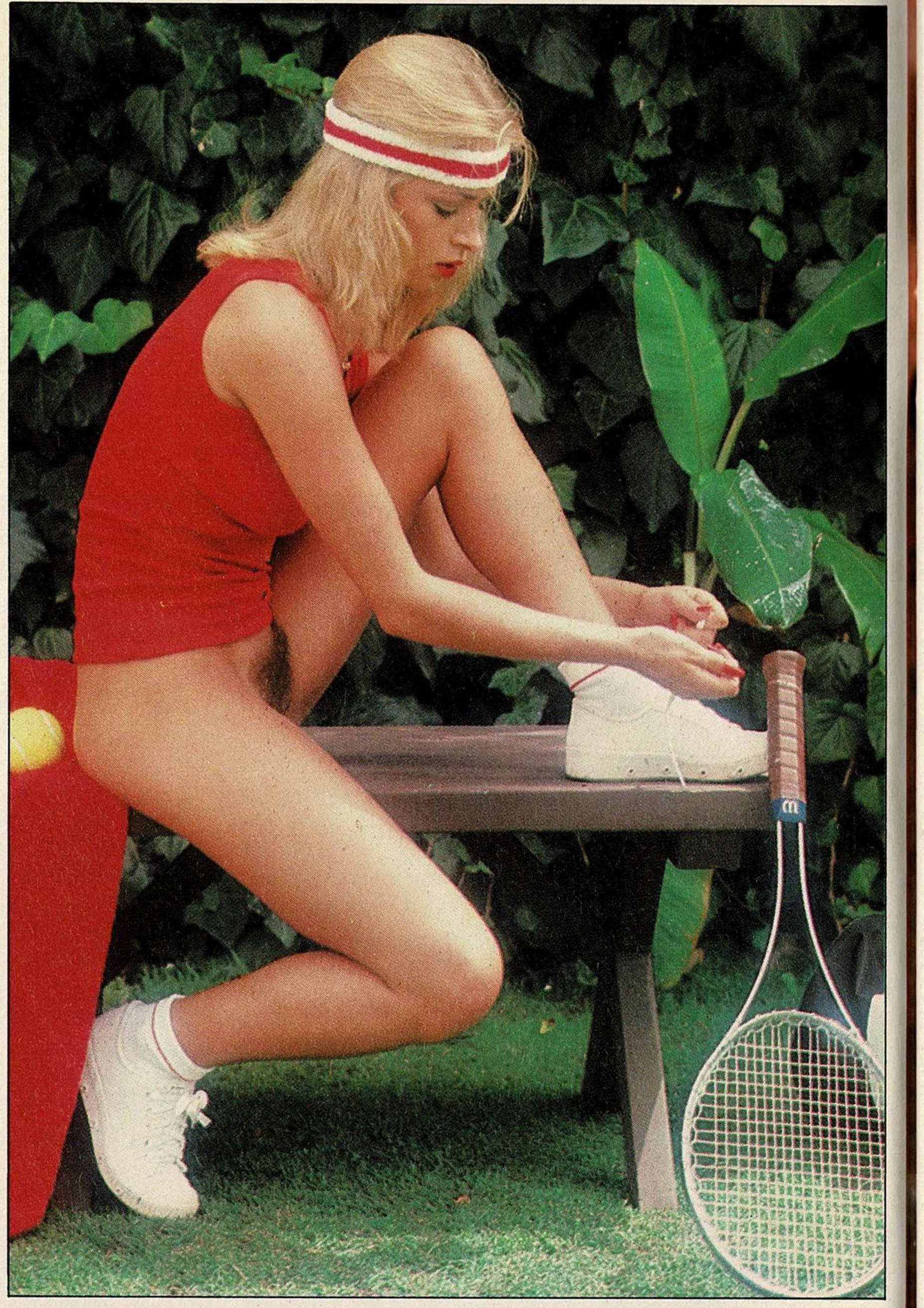

Dad. Will you marry me?
Darling!
Matthew Martin.

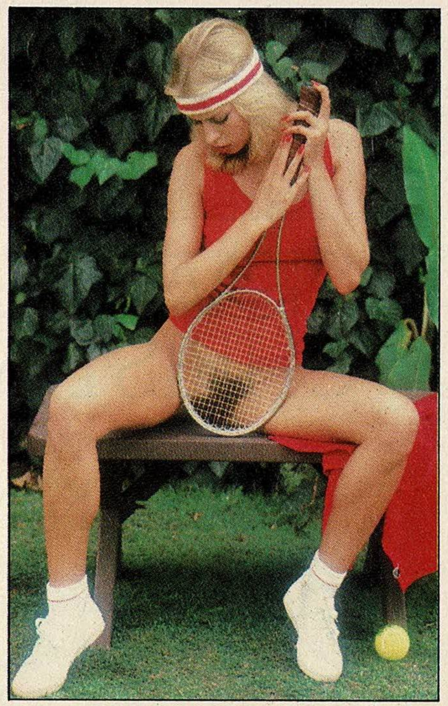
When German-born Christine Wagner came here on a modelling assignment she fell in love with this country. So much so, in fact, that she now calls Australia home.

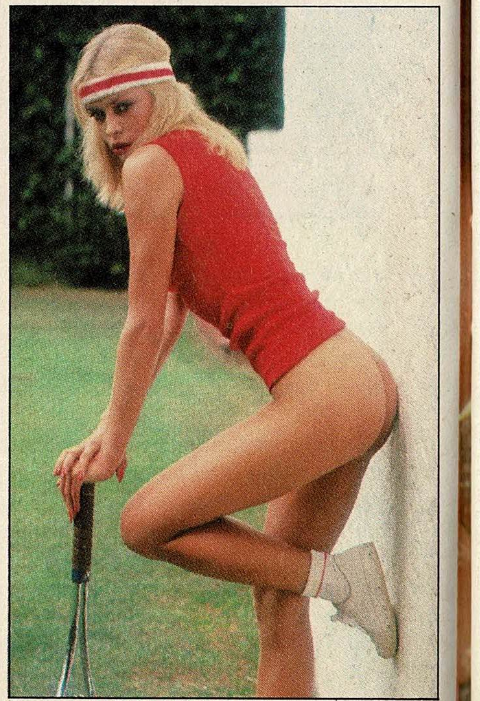
LOVE-ALL CHRISTINE

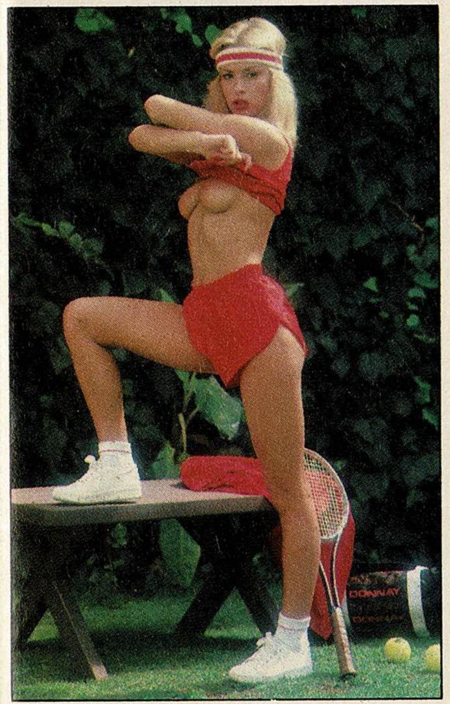
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
RICO METTBACH

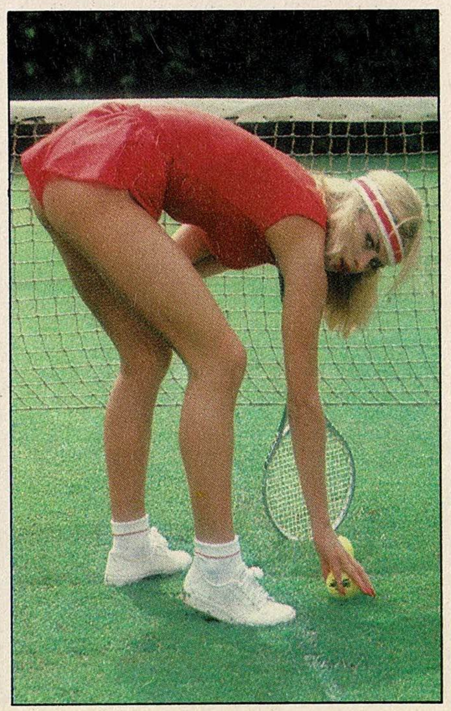
After the high-pressure life on the European modelling circuit, 20-year-old Christine found here the lifestyle she wanted. "I'm based in Sydney, because that's where the work is," she says, "but I also have a rain forest retreat at Mt Tambourine in Queensland."



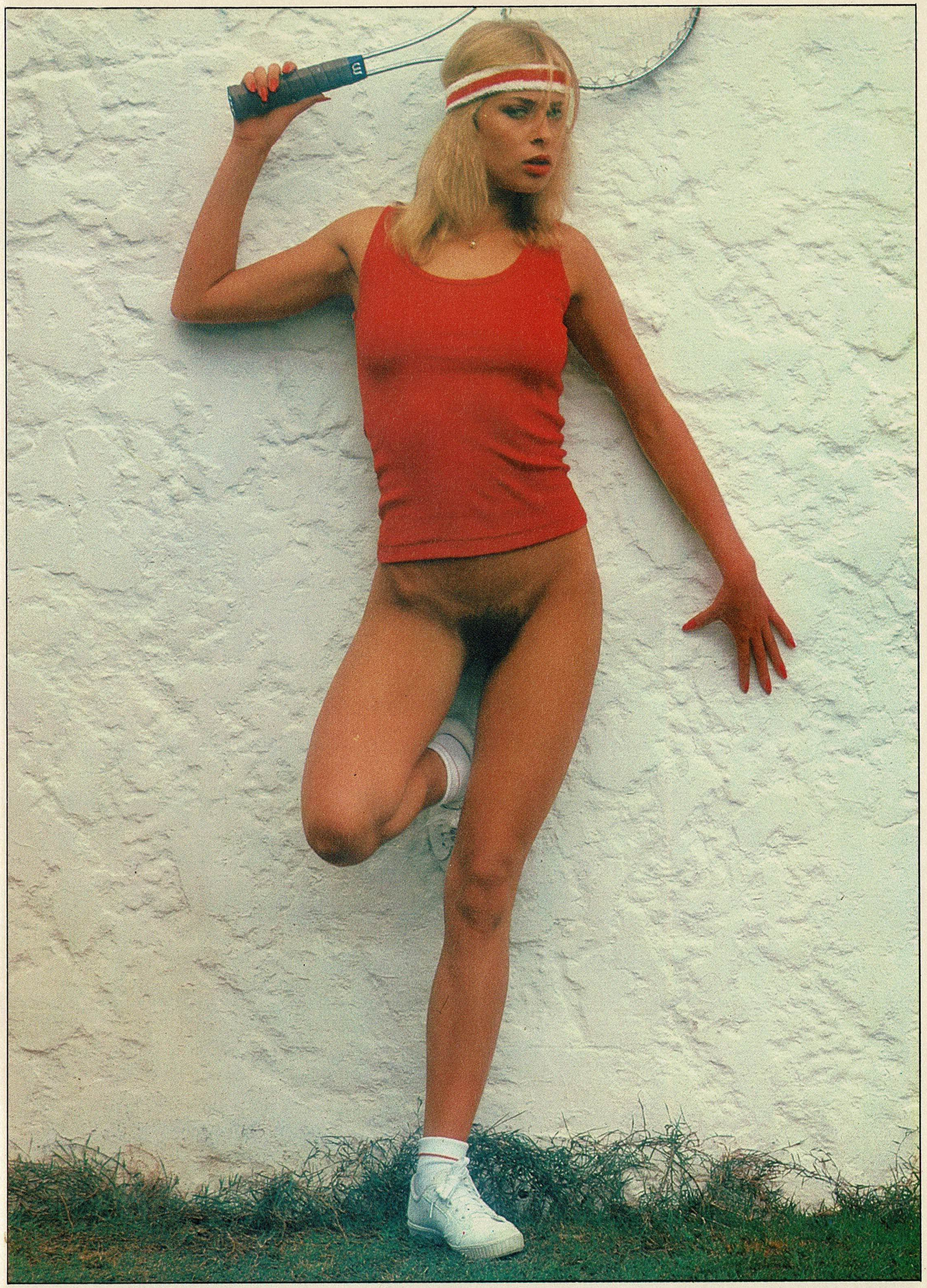




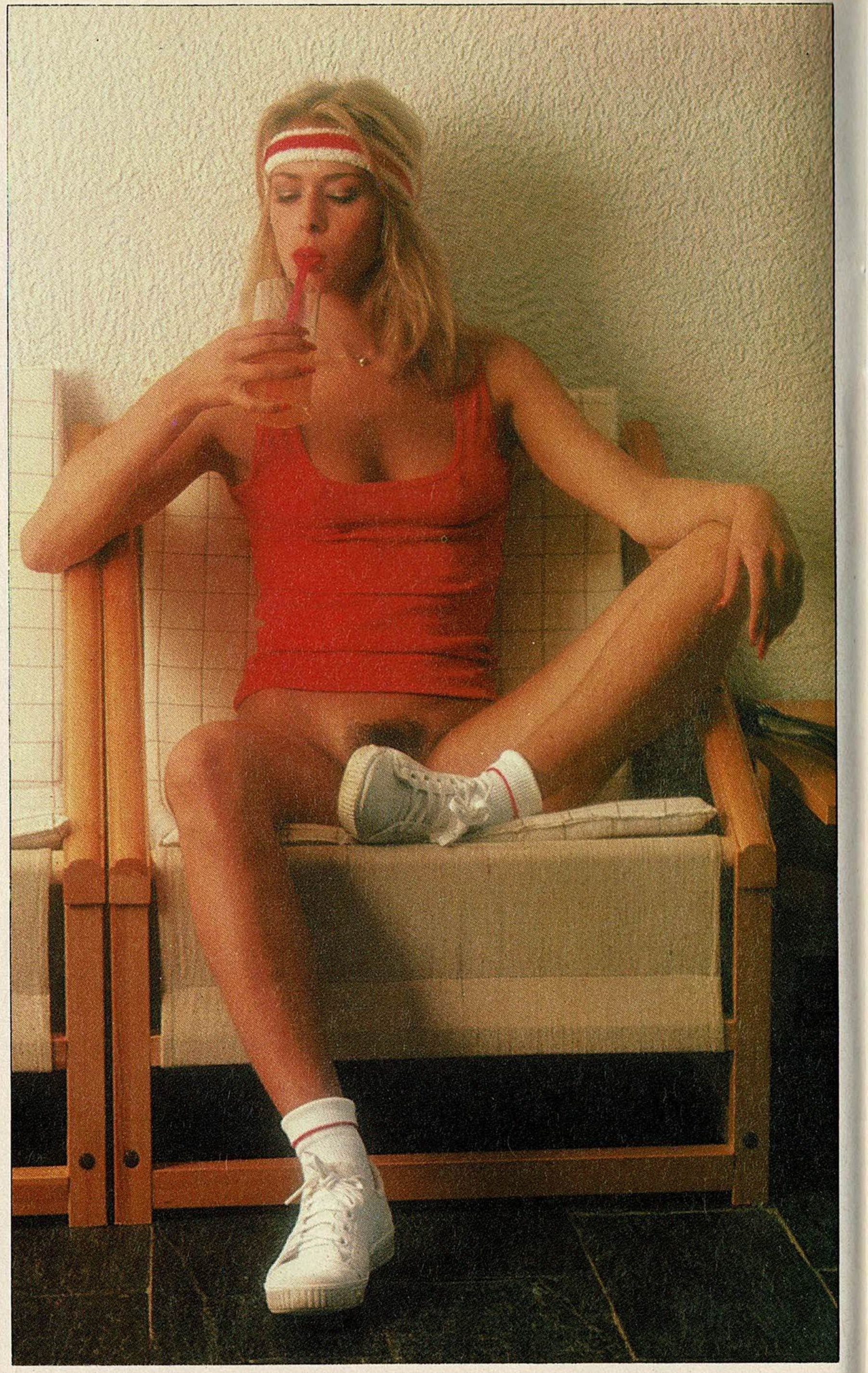




"This is a very beautiful country," says Christine, "but I sometimes think that you take it for granted. I have met quite a few people who go overseas for their holidays without exploring their own country first. I cannot understand this."



Christine is an outdoors girl and spent most of the summer swimming and playing tennis. "I've been having coaching lessons," she says, "and my game is improving. I almost won a match one day!" We're sure Newk would say, Bewdy, Christine!



36 QUESTIONS: LYNDA STONER

the former "cop shop" star and buxom sex symbol has decided to use her fame to help our furred and feathered friends

LYNDA STONER first came into the public eye when she won the Adelaide title of Miss TV Times from 3000 other contestants. Her classic superstructure then earned her a stint as a buxom prop on The Paul Hogan Show. *She has had to live with a sex symbol image ever since. In 1976 she joined the cast of* The Young Doctors *where she began to make progress as an actress. This was followed by three years of playing Amanda King on top rating soapie* Cop Shop. *During this time she became a national celebrity.*

In December last year she left Cop Shop *and at the moment is a full-time animal rights campaigner. She became president of the Humane Society of Australia three years ago. Her confrontation with the World Cup Rodeo which helped lead to its demise earlier this year, when the promoters were found guilty of cruelty to animals, once again brought her into the public spotlight. We sent our Melbourne correspondent,* ***Rennie Ellis****, to ask Miss Stoner about her life as an actress and her commitment to animal welfare. Ellis also took the photographs.*

1.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop your commitment — some would say obsession — for animal welfare?

STONER: I guess now it *has* become an obsession. I've always loved animals in a naive sort of way without thinking too much about their plight. But three years ago when I saw footage of baby seals being slaughtered and skinned alive. . . I'd never been confronted with anything like that before, and I was appalled. And I felt I had to do something. And then down the pub, I noticed all these animal heads were mounted on plaques around the wall. I thought have we come to that. . . that human beings have to use animal heads for decoration. So I joined Friends of the Earth, did a lot of reading and research — I read a book — *Animal Liberation* by Professor Peter Singer — that literally changed my whole life. After reading the first two chapters, I swore off ever wearing leather or eating meat or fish or even battery eggs — and I thought I'll speak out for the animals as they can't speak for themselves. And being in the public eye, through *Cop Shop,* I knew I'd be heard.

2.

PLAYBOY: Is this interest in animals now the major passion of your life — a personal crusade that takes precedence over everything else?

STONER: Yes. Apart from my family and friends it is the most important thing in my whole life. Much more so than acting — which I still love and don't want to give up.

3.

PLAYBOY: Have you had to change your lifestyle because of it?

STONER: Yes, drastically. I spend many hours answering letters to the hundreds of people who write to me supporting my stands and asking things like where can they get fake furs and non-leather shoes and so on. And this year the rodeo thing took over my holidays.

4

PLAYBOY: Do you feel a responsibility to people, as if you're their figurehead?

STONER: Well I'm President of the Humane Society of Australia and I've been with them for three years. And I suppose the more letters I get from the public the more I feel like one of the figureheads in the animal welfare cause. As for responsibility, I feel it is my responsibility to myself. I've made so many enemies through all this. For instance, John Singleton on his radio show said some really foul things about me because of my stand on the rodeo. I've had hate letters, I've had 10 death threats. You see, I'm getting to the core of things and I'm making the public aware of things they didn't previously know. And people who exploit and abuse animals are feeling it in the hip pocket.

5.

PLAYBOY: Some people might say you've got your priorities wrong and perhaps humanity would be better served if you used your energy and influence to support a cause involving human rather than animal suffering — for instance the rights of the mentally and physically handicapped?

STONER: Well I do help people — I have a foster child in Mali, and I've done a free commercial for Foster Parents Plan. But why should I justify myself to anybody? Look, if you go out on a limb for anything you're going to get flak from some sections of the public. People criticise me for my commitment to the animals rather than other causes. To them I say, if you're so damned concerned about something or other, what are you doing about it? Look, animals can't speak for themselves. They can't say: "Stop doing that to me, it hurts." And so the atrocities go on. I'm not going to say I care about animals more than human beings. That just isn't true. But my lifestyle has proved to me that it isn't necessary to kill animals. And I'm not telling people to live as I do. How dare I? But, I do present alternatives. I don't believe animals are expendable.

6.

PLAYBOY: You were defeated in last year's election for the RSPCA State Council and it's been suggested that the western district farmers voted as a block against you.

STONER: That was because I'm against live transportation of animals, especially overseas. I think it's an abomination. Plus I'm very volatile and I won't shut up. They didn't want someone with such a big mouth getting onto the Council.

7.

PLAYBOY: The cosmetics you wear are from a range called Beauty Without Cruelty. Why do you wear them and why are they different from other cosmetics?

STONER: I also wear Innoxa and Leichner. Most cosmetic companies experiment with animals and it's just not necessary. For instance there's the Draize Test. They get rabbits, who don't have tear ducts to wash irritants out of their eyes like we do. They lock them in stocks and tape their eyes open and then put concentrated forms of shampoo and hair dye into their eyes to observe the effect. Rabbits have been known to break their backs screaming with pain trying to get loose. And they leave them like that and their eyes fester and ooze and fall out. Another test is the L D 50 test — L D meaning Lethal Dose. They get dogs clamped to tables, wire their jaws open and force feed them with quantities of mascara, lipstick, hair dyes, oven cleaners, you name it, while the animals' insides rupture and bleed. They're in excruciating agony. And they won't put them out of their agony because they say it interferes with the test result.

8.

PLAYBOY: Where do you get this information from, and what companies do these tests?

STONER: (*In response, Ms Stoner named seven international cosmetic producers and stated other market leader were involved*). Beauty Without Cruelty's parent company is in England and they send out research questionnaires that these companies are obliged to answer honestly.

Because of the public outcry, some of these companies (*names deleted*) have donated money to an alternate means of research fund. But it's a token gesture. They're still going on testing. But we'll keep up the pressure until they stop doing these barbaric tortures on animals.

9.

PLAYBOY: What are the aims of the Humane Society of Australia and what is your role as president?

STONER: It was originally formed to promote alternatives to vivisection, and to make people aware of desexing their pets. We're also against blood-sports. I suppose I became spokesperson because of my access to the media. And now it's a very demanding job.

10.

PLAYBOY: You were a key campaigner in the effort to close down the World Cup Rodeo which supposedly involved 400 cowboys and a million-dollar purse. Do you feel any sense of responsibility to the cowboys, many of whom came from overseas, and many who are family men? After all, they were just following a form of sport that until now was publicly accepted and has its roots in the old frontier tradition of America and Australia.

STONER: I don't think we need it in Australia. It's basically of American heritage. Let me draw a parallel, for instance, with child pornography, which I loathe and detest and which should be wiped out completely. That will cause unemployment to some people like photographers and publishers. What about the poor people who lost money when slave trading was abolished? Isn't that sad! Look, it's all conditioning; all those cowboys are brought up to believe there's nothing wrong with rodeo competitions. But there is something wrong with it. It was proved — the RSPCA won their court case. Cruelty was established. Rodeos *are* cruel to animals.

11.

PLAYBOY: You received several death threats because of your anti-rodeo activities. What form did they take and how did you react?

STONER: I was interviewed on 3AW late one night with the president of the roughriders. And straight after the interview one of the RSPCA inspectors called me and said he'd been phoned up with threats. One person said he was going to blow the effing blonde slut's head off, another one said he was going to nail the inspector's genitals to the wall and then kill both of us, and the last one said there was a contract out on our lives. And I thought, if they have to use these tactics, well, we must be winning. All we were doing was telling the public what was going on. Whether they went in or not was their own choice. Then, before I flew to Sydney for the rodeo, I kept getting phone calls telling me I'd get acid thrown in my face. Someone else said there'd be a switchblade rolled up in a newspaper and in the jostling of the crowd I'd never know what hit me. It scared me initially, but it also gave me a great deal of strength.

12.

PLAYBOY: What other projects do you have in your sights for 1982?

STONER: Well the seal hunt in Newfoundland is one project. I want to make Australians aware that the seal hunt is still going on and that we've got to stop it. I want to devote most of this year to helping animals.

> *Before I flew to Sydney for the rodeo, I kept getting telephone calls telling me I'd get acid thrown in my face.*

13.

PLAYBOY: Is your acting career being shelved in light of this involvement with the animals?

STONER: I've had to cancel a couple of jobs because of the seal hunt. But acting is still very important to me. I've had a few offers, a stage play and so on, that I can come back to. I just don't want to get tied up 65 hours a week as I was on *Cop Shop*.

14.

PLAYBOY: You've told me you're a mad spender and you've saved only $50 from your three years on *Cop Shop*. How are you going to support yourself? John Walton, your boyfriend who you share the house with, is between jobs right now, so there's no income coming in.

STONER: At the moment we're struggling along. I've paid the rent for two months. I'm a very optimistic person. I believe something will turn up.

15.

PLAYBOY: You're on record as saying that the Amanda King character you played in *Cop Shop* was no longer a challenge.

STONER: I got bored with Amanda. Over the three years I was in *Cop Shop* I was stimulated by the script content for my character only about half a dozen times. I need stimulation and challenge constantly. There were times I was called in to do things I've never done before as an actress. And I realised that and cared about it. But too often I was just a token figure in the show.

16.

PLAYBOY: Because of your good looks and your famous figure you've been portrayed as a sex symbol, an image that you've indicated you weren't happy with. Have your physical attributes been a help or a hindrance in your career?

STONER: Initially it was a help because I was an unknown from South Australia. When I came to Melbourne I was offered a role that required me to strip. It was a dilemma because I thought this might be my only chance. But I didn't really want to foster that kind of image so I refused it, and then I was offered a nice gutsy part in its place. Later I did some *Paul Hogan Shows* and I was just a fluffy blonde decoration in the background. And then came *The Young Doctors* and later on *Cop Shop* which didn't exploit my figure at all. Look, if you don't have anything but looks you won't last on these shows. The public aren't stupid. But I guess you do get labelled as a type. And I did. And now it is a hindrance. Coming out of a so-called "soapie" you find there's a snobbery in this industry. If you've been in a "soapie" theatre people don't think much of your acting ability. And they don't offer you much work afterwards.

17.

PLAYBOY: Do you enjoy the notoriety of your boobs?

STONER: I hate it! I have since I was 12 years old. I loathe it. When I go out I don't wear low cut dresses or anything provocative. It causes nasty comments.

18.

PLAYBOY: If the Good Fairy gave you a wish would you want your body to be reconstructed or would you stick with it?

STONER: Oh bother everybody and what they think! I'd stay with it. I'm just so sick of everybody judging people by their physical attributes or disabilities. It really annoys the hell out of me.

19.

PLAYBOY: You once said: "My bust is too large. It's inconvenient."

STONER: It's inconvenient for sleeping, because it *is* quite large. I like sleeping on my tummy, and it hurts — and to try and jog with big breasts is impossible. Inconvenience is the only word I'll use that is derogatory about my bust. Instead of looking at your face when they meet you, people inevitably look at your boobs. I find that really weird. I don't walk into a room and look at a man's crutch as soon as I see him. I look at his eyes.

20.

PLAYBOY: But you might if he had a huge bulge there.

STONER: [*Laughing*] It would have to be a hell of a bulge!

21.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt that your figure got in the way of your true personality? In other words, the "men only want me for my body" syndrome?

STONER: Yes. A lot of people have said to me, oh you're surprisingly intelligent. And they emphasise "surprisingly", and I think it's because of this label, this category — you know, if you've got blonde hair (and my hair isn't blonde really, it's bleached) and big boobs they tend to think that you're a cretin. Or that you are a tart.

22.

PLAYBOY: So how do you cope with all that?

STONER: I ignore it. Once it used to upset me terribly. I'm a very emotional person and I get hurt very, very easily. You can't believe some of the foul, unsigned letters I get that go on about my boobs.

23.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as a feminist or a women's libber in any way?

STONER: Very, very much so! Yet people say, but you don't look like that. How can you be a women's libber? I don't understand. What does one thing have to do with another? Why can't you feel strongly about the women's cause and still want to look the best you can?

24.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Australian men have changed in their attitudes to women over the past 10 years since you were 18?

STONER: No, no. They're still male chauvinists. There are still too many men who believe a woman's role is in the kitchen and bearing children, and that it's really cute for her to have a say every now and then. They tend to be condescending and patronising.

25.

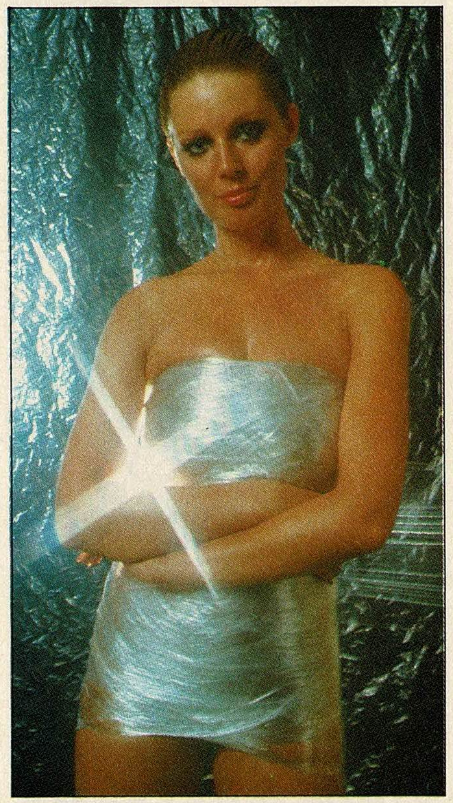
PLAYBOY: And what about in terms of sex?

STONER: [*Laughing*] Over the past five years I haven't had it off with, er, a fair sample. So I'm not in a position to answer that. But I do think too many men think a woman is a commodity for sex. But, please don't get me wrong. I'm not generalising. Not all Australian men are like that — there are some terrific, intelligent men who think those kinds of attitudes are archaic and ridiculous.

26.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that the sort of sexual freedom that women now enjoy — like being topless on the beach, being encouraged to be sexual initiators rather than the passive partner, and being told by books and magazines that they ought to masturbate to get in touch with their bodies and their feelings, and so on — is good for women in general?

STONER: Yes, very much so! It should never have even been an issue. Men and women should always have been on an equal sexual footing. Women should always have been able to be the initiators. People get so hung up about sex, and it becomes such a big issue in their heads. I've had a lot of flak about being so honest, especially when I was growing up in the media. People knew I was living with John (actor John Walton), and I got a lot of dreadful mail about that. But, if you're living with someone and you're in love with them, you don't want to get married, but you're still making love with that person, how can that be wrong? It's such a beautiful thing. I mean, if you're imposing your sexual needs on someone who doesn't want them, or hurting someone because of your sexual desires, then that's dreadful. But if you're in a loving relationship, then it's no one else's business.



27.

PLAYBOY: How about the case where you are not in love with somebody but you fancy them. Should you end up between the sheets then?

STONER: I've changed a lot over the past seven years. I think that when you're a teenager, you go through that thing where if you're attracted to someone the next step is to sleep with them. (I think I'm going scarlet.) Now, love is terribly important to me and I just don't believe in sleeping around.

28.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the new information on sexual performance and the open discussions in the magazines about it puts new pressures on men and women in bed?

STONER: If you're in a loving relationship the main objective sexually is to show that love and to please one another sexually. And yes, there are pressures because of this new enlightenment. There are pressures on women to have multiple orgasms and so on. But at least now you can talk about it. Beforehand, in a relationship or a marriage, women have been unhappy sexually because they couldn't express how they felt and what they needed. Now it's much easier to talk about these things, and that can only be constructive about a relationship. There's so much more honesty now. You can talk about what pleases you. And also about what you don't want to happen.

29.

PLAYBOY: Have you changed your attitudes towards sex over the past few years?

STONER: Yes, I have. Look I say each to his own. If it gives someone some kind of happiness to go sleeping around and to have a dozen partners a month, then fine providing you're not hurting anyone else — except that I think you are ultimately hurting yourself. But it's your business. Whatever anyone does in their bedroom has nothing to do with anyone else. I don't see the point in having sex with someone unless you are in love with them.

30.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is the key to a good relationship with a man?

STONER: Honesty and a real friendship. You ought to be best friends and you should feel you can come home and tell them anything, even if you feel it might have an adverse effect. If you start lying and being deceitful I think your relationship can only start to slide downhill.

31.

PLAYBOY: Would you appear topless on a public beach, given that other women were topless?

STONER: Well, there's a publicity problem. I won't do nude or topless photographs. I

(continued on page 147)

ONLY IN QUEENSLAND

in the deep north folks dare to be different

QUEENSLANDERS, as every Southerner knows, are a race apart. They love freedom yet keep electing a peanut farmer to rule them with a rod of iron; they are fiercely patriotic yet seem determined to sell every inch of the State that they haven't already mined to the Japanese; they have the greatest marine asset in the world yet want to cover it with oil slicks.

Sometimes it's hard to take them seriously. In fact, it has been said that while the situation in Australia as a whole is often serious but never desperate, in Queensland it is often desperate but never serious.

Out of this mysterious Deep North come tales of its even more mysterious denizens. Our Queensland correspondent Frank Robson, with associates Mick Barnes and David May, went so far as to make a collection. Here are some extracts from their book, *Dare To Be Different* (to be published in July by Jacaranda Wiley).

●

WHEN Ernie Woolley smiles, he also snarls. So would anybody whose dentures had been fashioned from the teeth of a full-grown dolphin.

You're probably wondering why Ernie is wearing those terrifying-looking sunglasses, a gold lame cloak and various strange pieces of bone and shell. . . but first, let's deal with those teeth.

A few years ago, Ernie was clumping along the surf beach near his home, cursing the condition of his worn out dentures. He was reluctant to have new teeth made because, in his experience, they soon wore out again.

Suddenly the retired painter and docker found himself staring at a set of chompers that would *never* wear out. They were attached to a big male dolphin washed ashore during a storm. Ernie used his fishing knife to remove the jaw and next day took it to his local dentist at Marcoola Beach, 100km north of Brisbane.

For a dozen bottles of beer the dentist made old Ernie the meanest set of ivories this side of Transylvania. Soon billed as "the man with the world's most porpoiseful smile", Ernie was delighted with all the attention.

He demonstrated his new ease of mastication by chomping through the toughest cut of meat that his pleasant but bemused wife, Beulah, could find in the freezer. It was like a tiger eating fairy floss.

EDDIE MATTHEWS

Eddie knows more than most of our military bigwigs about the hideous technicalities of sudden death.

But Ernie, a fun-loving pensioner, soon realised that his new choppers had other uses. Frightening people, for example. He began wearing them to local clubs and pubs. In fact, he wore them everywhere — except, in deference to Beulah, to bed.

To call what happened next unconventional is understatement akin to calling Genghis Khan a bad sport.

Ernie had an operation to remove cataracts. When they removed the bandages, doctors told Ernie he would be as good as blind for about 18 months. There would be no further point to the terrible Woolley snarling at strangers — he could not see their reactions.

Ernie had a new plan. "Dolphin teeth had been such fun," he explained, "I decided to create a full dolphin disguise. I had buried the old dolphin up the beach and I figured, as he wasn't doing anything, I would build my disguise from him."

(The idea here was not cosmetic, Ernie had always been an active man, and the dolphin project was his way of staying sane — yes, sane — during his temporary blindness.)

So Ernie gathered up lots of old dolphin bones, seashells and miscellaneous flotsam from the seashore. Working by feel, he sat up nights creating bizarre dolphin sunglasses, a dolphin hat, dolphin bow tie and various bits of dolphin jewellery. The patient Beulah dug out her trusty Singer and ran him up a flashy gold lame cloak with tiny embroidered dolphins and the words ERNIE THE FANGTASTIC across the back. In this amazing outfit, capped by those slashing teeth, Ernie looked dynamic.

But being blind he couldn't tell how dynamic. Several months later, Beulah was working in the kitchen when she heard screams from the bedroom.

Beulah rushed in to find Ernie flopping about on the floor in front of the mirror, in full dolphin disguise, laughing so hard he couldn't breathe.

"I thought he really had gone nuts," sighed Beulah. "But it was just his sight come back."

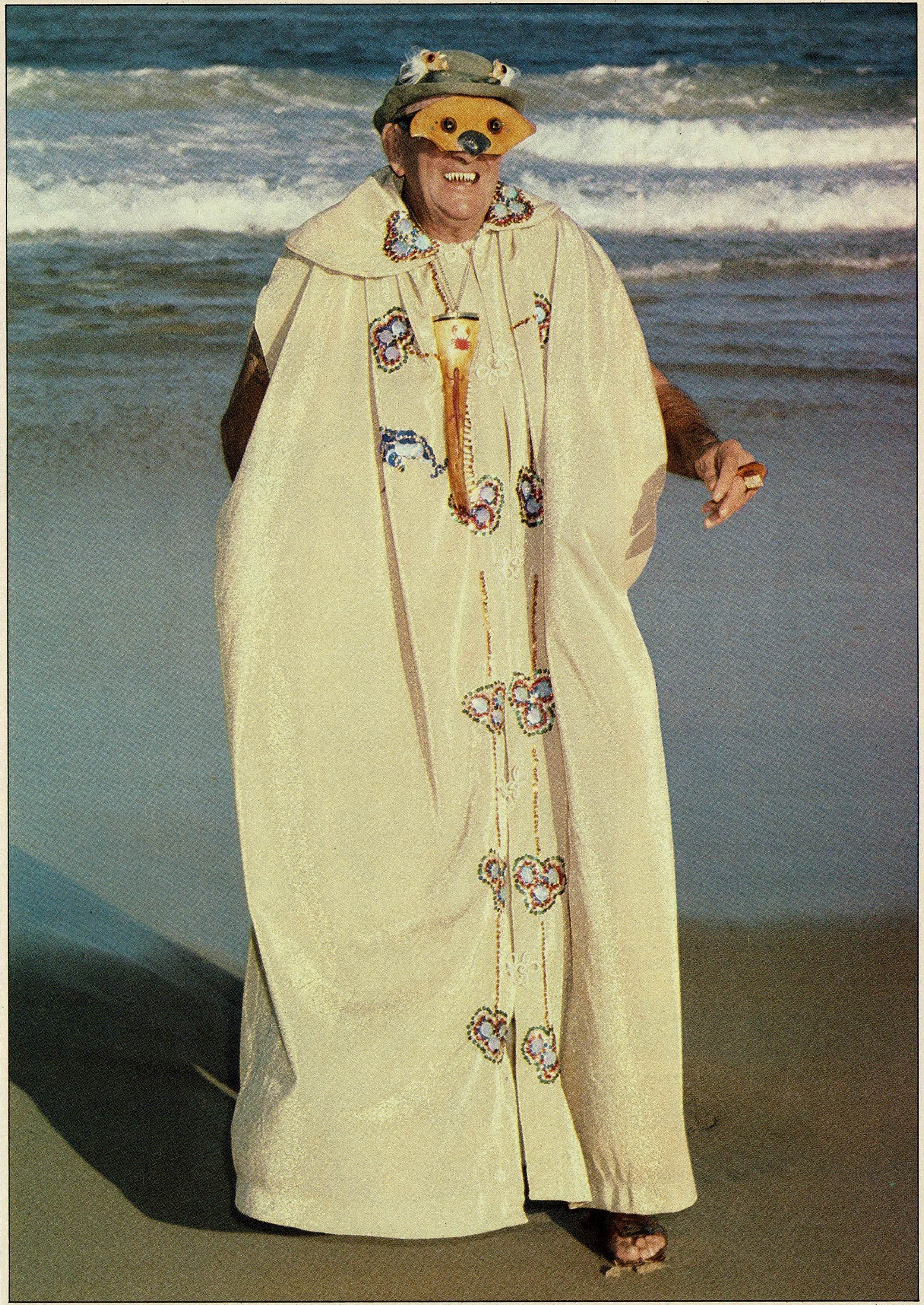
●

Veikko and Vaino Piispanen are arguing about who will wear the light blue tie. There is another blue tie available but, as Veikko and Vaino have identical taste, they both prefer the light blue one. Let's hope they don't have a fight because, being equally matched, neither twin could win. And, of course, they can't both wear light blue ties: no one could tell them apart.

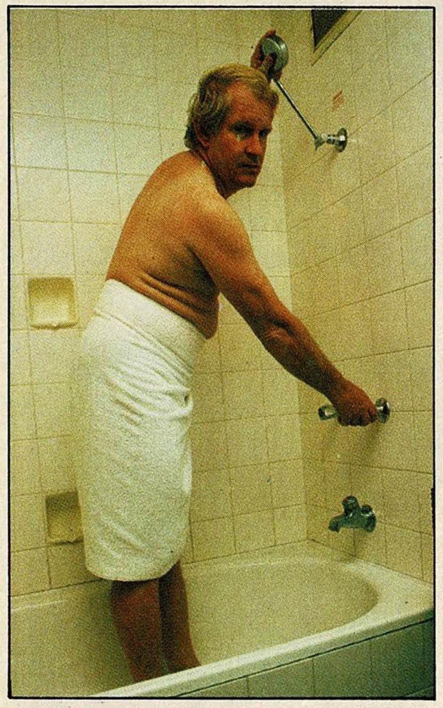
Born five minutes apart in Finland 49 years ago, the Piispanen brothers are inseparable. They are not Siamese twins, but they might as well be. By a joint decision they came to Australia in 1969, finding work in rough Queensland mining towns.

photos by david may

article by frank robson

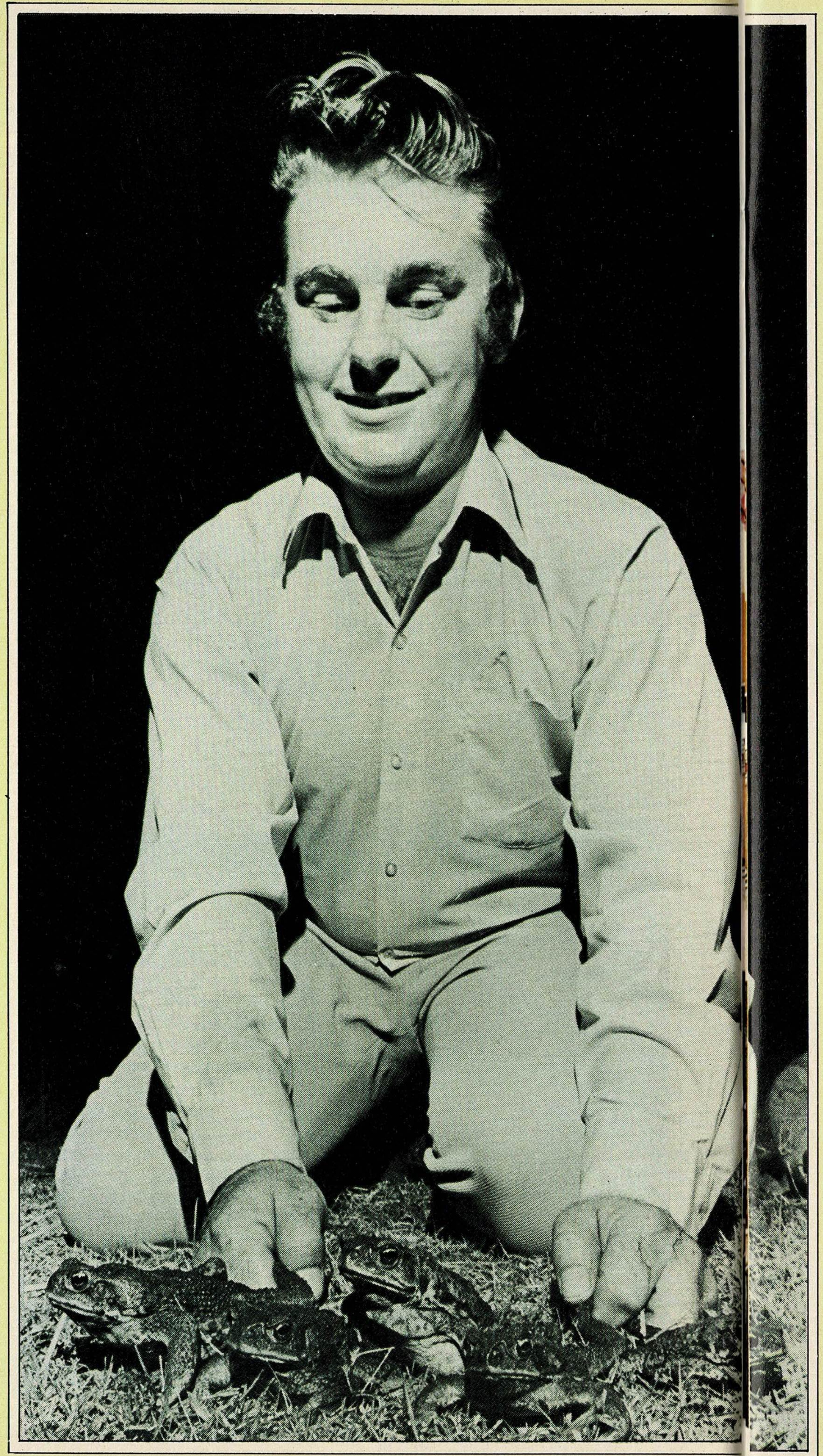


ERNIE WOOLLEY *The man with the world's most porpoiseful smile went one step further and built (made?) himself a full dolphin disguise, including sunglasses.*



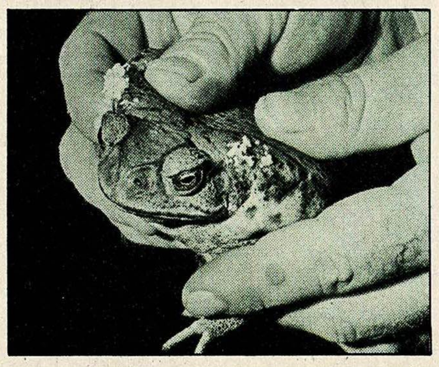
VINCE LESTER

This MLA has been dubbed the most trivial politician in the world, and he wears the mantle proudly.



WAYNE POOLE

Wayne learned the hard way that being a professional toad hunter has its dangers as well as its rewards.



They used to be heavy drinkers — shout for shout, naturally — but this got them into quite a few brawls. The locals soon found that to fight one Piispanen meant fighting two Piispanens.

On January 5, 1979, the twins chose to give up booze and cigarettes in the same minute of the same hour. This happened a few months after Veikko had suffered a heart attack and was hospitalised. Two hours later, Vaino joined his twin in hospital with a coronary of his own.

It's spooky. . . but the twins see it as perfectly natural. Since they abandoned smoking and drinking, time has dragged at the Piispanens' little South Brisbane flat. Occasionally, one of the twins will look at the other and shake his head. "No," he will say, although the other hasn't spoken a word. "No we are not going to break our promise and go to the pub."

The twins say reading each other's minds is second nature. . . they've been doing it since they were infants on the family farm in Finland. "I know what's in there," says Vaino, tapping Veikko's head. "You want to wear the light blue tie."

Veikko grins. "And you," he replies, "have decided to let me!"

●

Frogs may turn into princes, but toads turn into more practical things — like handbags and cowboy boots. That's why professional toad hunter Wayne Poole creeps through stormwater drains in the middle of the night, senses tuned for signs of the terrible Bufo marinus.

Wayne Poole used to be a stockman. But things were lean in the bush, so he came to Brisbane and began to round up toads instead of cattle. There's more money in it (he gets 80 cents per toad skin) and Poole is doing the rest of us a favor. Toads contain a deadly poison, and their toll on wildlife is appalling. They almost got Poole, too.

First night on the job, Poole and a friend collected 350 toads in a few hours, just a couple of blocks from Poole's home in Inala, an outer Brisbane suburb. Poole couldn't believe how easy it was. On the way home he thought about becoming a fabulously wealthy toad baron. He killed the creatures and stacked them in his wife's Kelvinator Deluxe.

"We'll get a special toad fridge soon," Poole told his wife, who wasn't what you'd call jumping for joy. Then he made himself a sandwich and sat back to dream some more about being rich.

After a while Poole noticed that his dreams were getting a bit wild. . . the vase of flowers on the television set turned into a muscular lizard with bloody teeth. . . the room filled with rainbows.

"Christ!" moaned Poole, holding down the top of his head, "It's trying to lift off!"

When he could move, Poole staggered to a local doctor who diagnosed bufatenine poisoning. The toad hunter had ingested the toxin by getting traces of it on his sandwich. Poole didn't know it at the time, but bufatenine in minute amounts is an hallucinogenic so powerful it makes LSD seem like aspirin. In larger amounts it is fatal.

For this reason, toads are deemed an illegal drug in Queensland if prepared for ingestion. The doctor told Poole to go home and rest. He was trying to do that. . . sitting, grinding his teeth and looking out the window, when two big detectives came up the path.

"Oh no," Poole thought, "the hallucinations are starting again."

But when he opened the door, the detectives were depressingly real. "Hand over the toads," they snapped. Poole watched them stagger away with his 350 frozen toads. "This time," they told him, "we'll let you off with a warning."

They also advised him to get a licence to collect toads, and always to wash his hands after touching them.

Nowadays, Wayne Poole is having more luck. He sells his toads to Terpstra Toad Farms, near Canberra, where the skins are treated and exported to the United States and parts of Asia. During the months when toads are scarce the versatile Poole, 25, buys and sells antiques.

●

Like cane toads, peanuts and daylight spending, Rock 'n' Roll George is part of the Deep North heartbeat. Unlike other public figures he has neither power nor privilege. His title is honorary — they call him Grandfather Bodgie.

George achieves his pre-eminence in the Queensland capital by his consistency. For 25 years he has cruised the streets of Brisbane in his cream FX Holden, on the lookout. No one is quite sure what Rock'n'Roll is on the lookout for, because like many a celebrity he doesn't give interviews.

Every night, George is on the prowl, cruising slowly through deserted streets, arm draped out the window in proper kerb-cruiser style, looking. . . forever looking. He rarely stops. He doesn't attempt a pick-up. He cruises.

He is said to be about 55, and looks like a cross between Jerry Lee Lewis and an astronaut. His hair is as grey as that of the now elderly women George cruised by when they were teenagers going to Cloudland, a local dance palace. George works for a printing firm — workmates say he has a public life and a private life.

"Around here," one of them said, "he is a friendly enough bloke — but if any of us see

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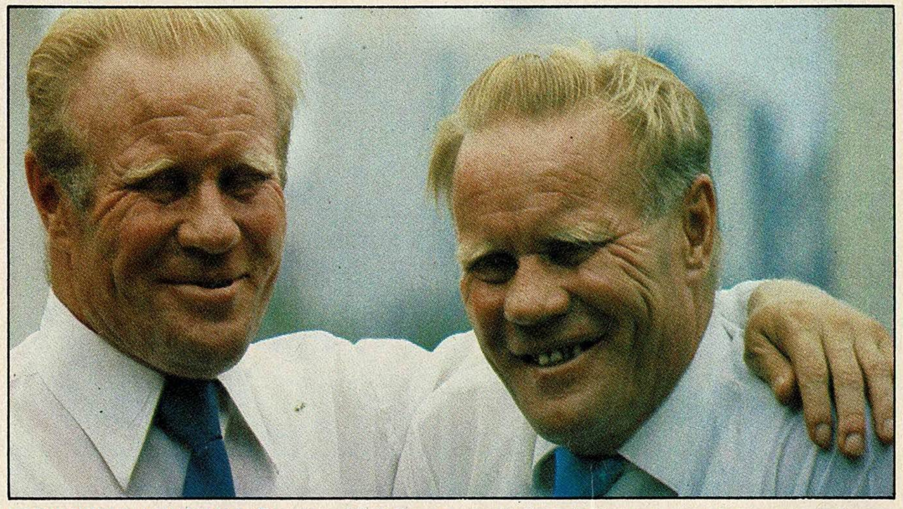
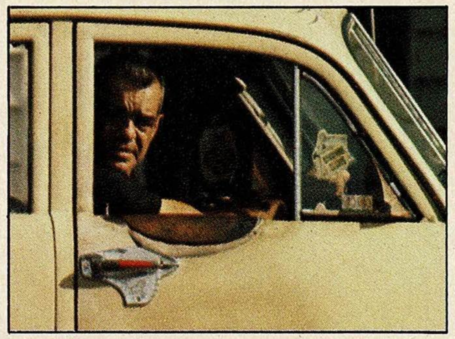
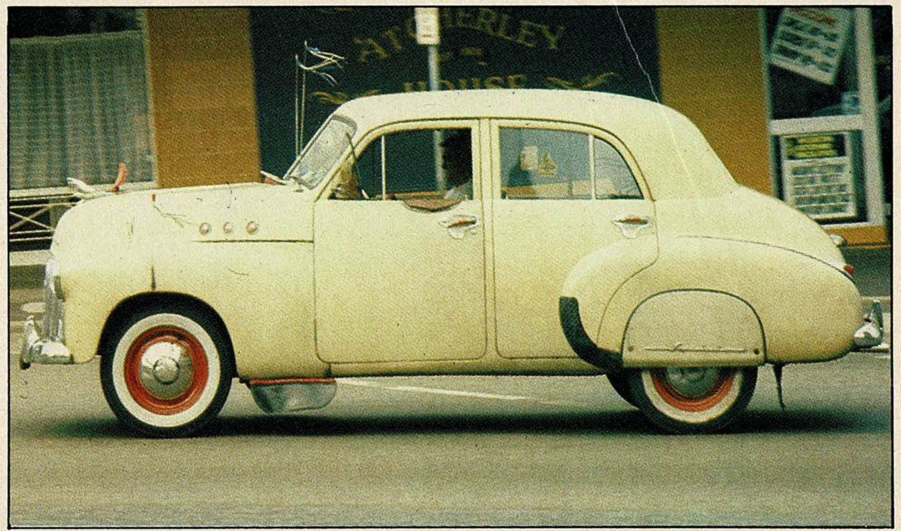


TWIN FINNS

For Veikko and Vaino Piispanen, the twin Finns, reading each other's minds is second nature.

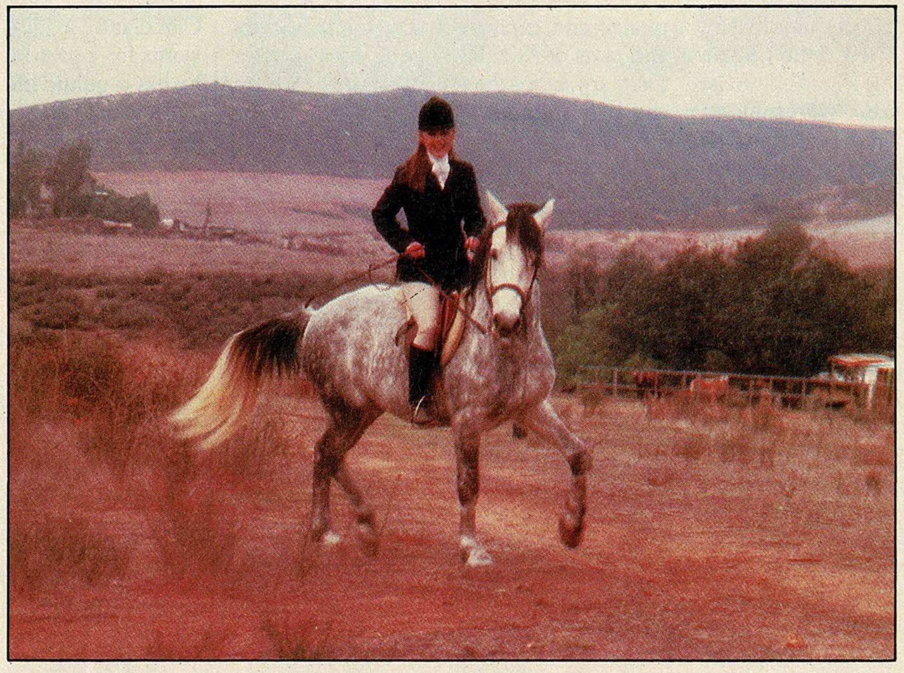




ROCK 'N' ROLL GEORGE

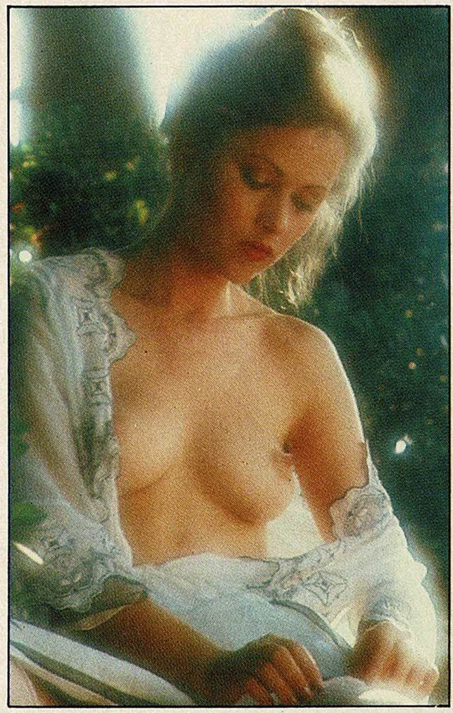
They call him Grandfather Bodgie, and for 25 years he has cruised the streets of Brisbane in his FX Holden.

SMALL WONDER

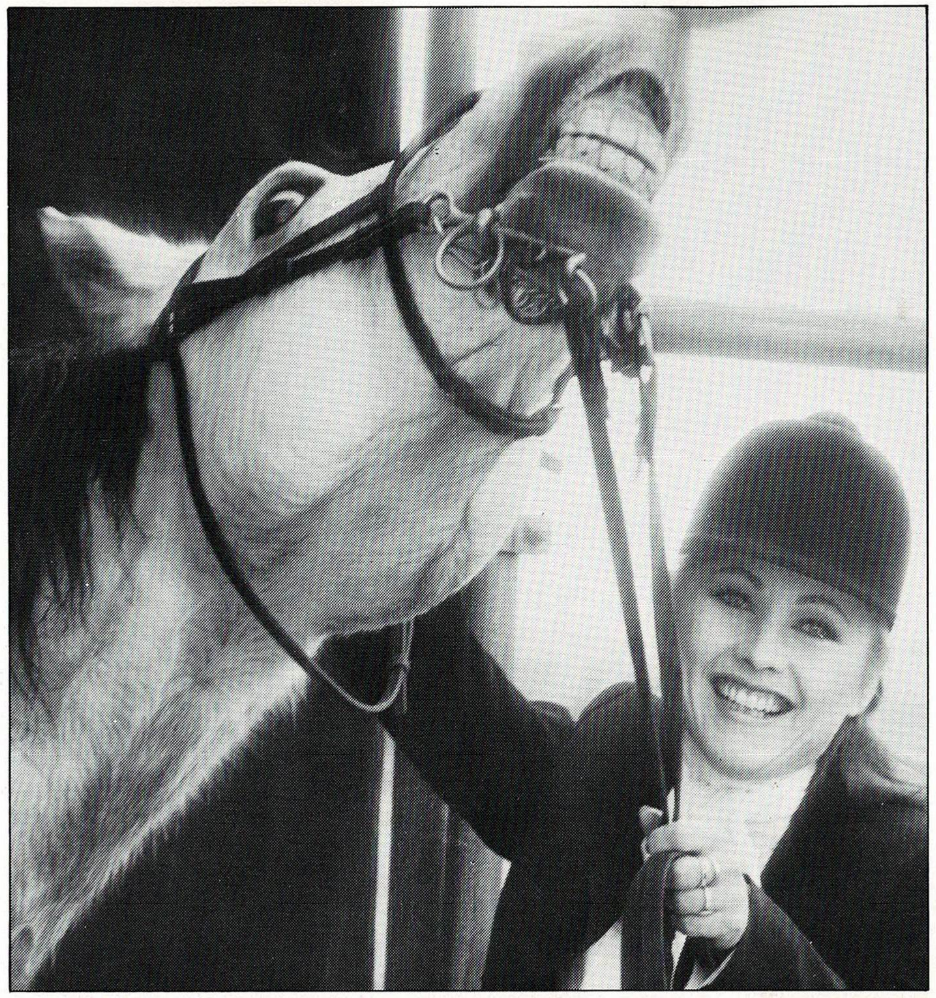


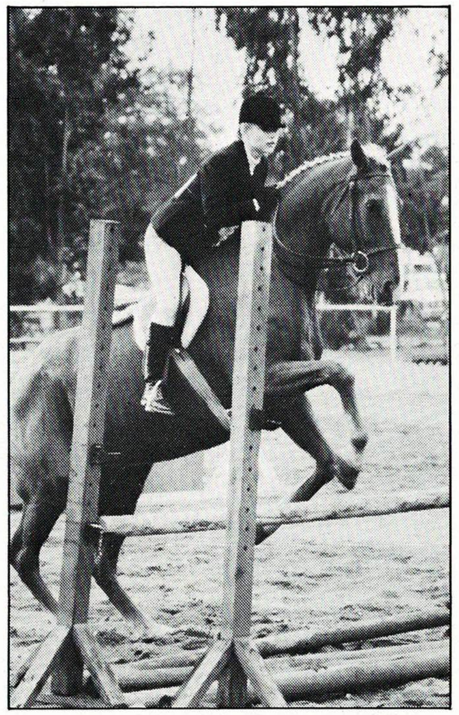
Like Mercury, petite Linda Rhys Vaughn is hard to pin down. A wanderer by nature, she lives a rapid life like a small, hurried trickle of quicksilver. "I'm a mover and an experimenter," she says. "I can't judge anything without trying it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
POMPEO POSAR/KERRY MORRIS

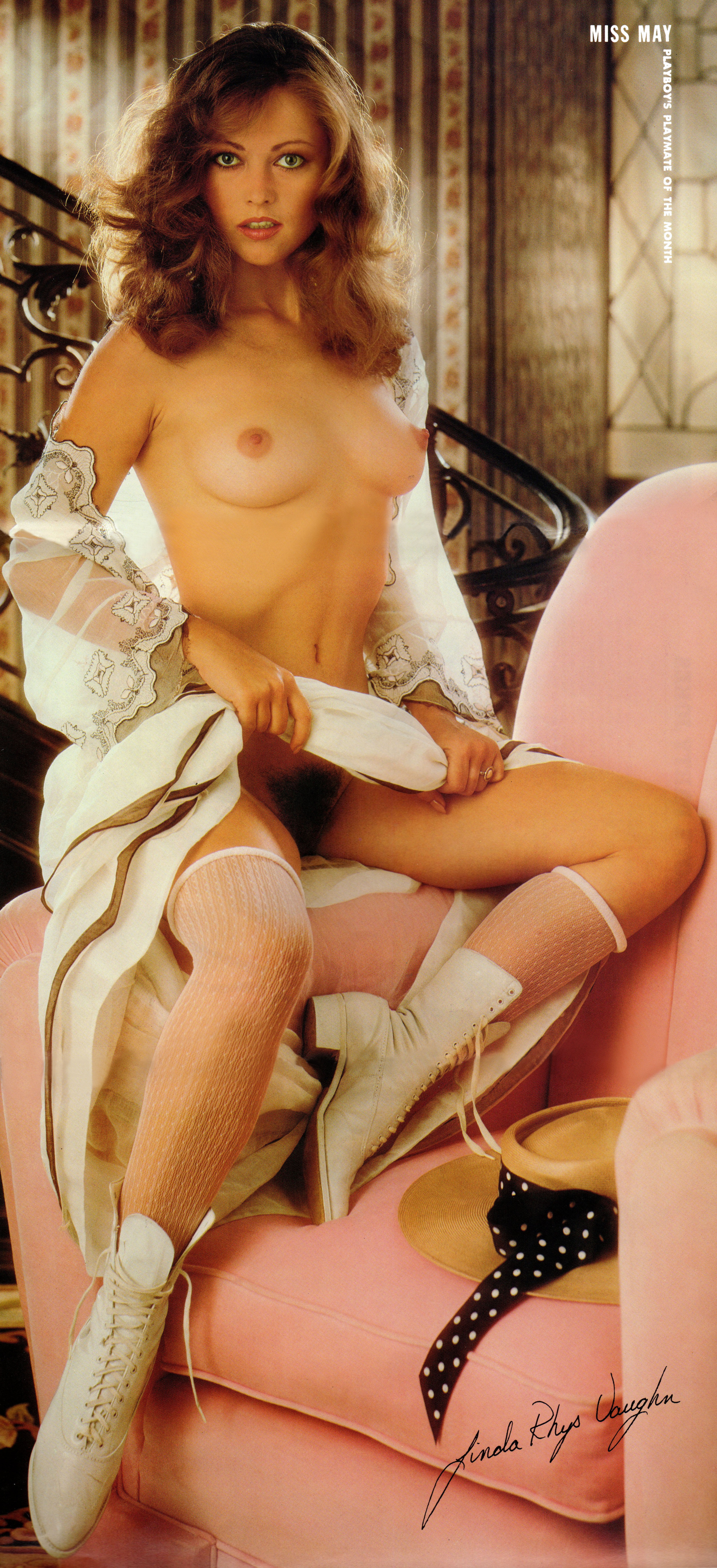


"I really do wear lacy things and English riding attire — I'm a romantic," says our Playmate of the Month. "I like full skirts, black boots and tons of petticoats. If I had an interesting date, I'd wear a suspender belt and stockings. That's pretty conservative, isn't it? And I'm the only one who knows they're there. Usually."





"I have always wanted to be a fine equestrienne," says Miss May, "so I compete and pick up a trophy every now and then. The relationship of a girl and her horse is one of the most important elements of all. It's very special. My favorite horse is an Irish stallion, a Connemara Pony. We both love the action."



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Linda Rhys Vaughn

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Linda Rhys Vaughn

BUST: 34 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'½" WEIGHT: 98 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 8-11-59 BIRTHPLACE: Grossmont, Calif

AMBITIONS: Study hard to become an actress and return to college.

TURN-ONS: Wide open country, Big Dogs, Sports Cars, Sexy Lingerie, My horses.

TURN-OFFS: Closed minds, War, People who don't have anything nice to say.

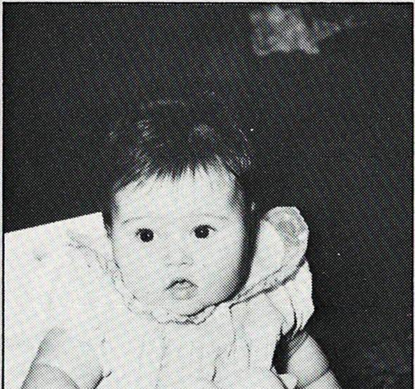
FAVORITE BOOKS: Anything by James Michener, "Morte d'Arthur", Mary Stewart's Merlin trilogy

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Faye Dunaway, Sally Field Harrison Ford, Dudley Moore.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Rodeo, Polo, Fox Hunting, "Indoor Sports"

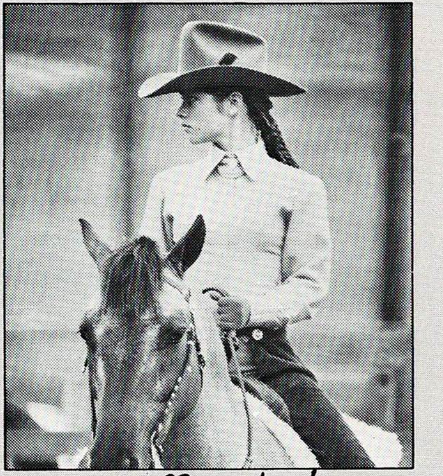
IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, Masculine, Unselfish, Someone who makes my knees shake!

SECRET FANTASY: To take a midnight ride with someone special to a secret place I know.



3 mo.
Kinda Chubby!

3yrs. dressed up
w/brother George.



16yrs. Me & King
The Competitors!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I haven't been feeling myself lately," the young girl told her doctor.

"Good!" he replied. "At least that's one dirty habit you've managed to quit."

Maybe you've heard about the apprentice massage-parlor girl who quit her job because she was tired of playing second diddle.

Oh boy, that was like, you know, a religious experience," sighed the young man as he and his girlfriend drove away from the motel. "Was it that way for you, too?"

"Well, almost," sighed the girl. "I was hoping for a second coming."

The detective was looking through the suspect's folder.

"Quite a record," he said. "Shoplifting, hit and run, armed robbery, sexual assault, sexual assault. . ."

"Yes," replied the crim modestly. "It took me a while to find out what I was best at."

Did you hear about the gay train driver who was always on his guard?

We suppose that successful masturbation by a 90-year-old man could best be termed miracle whip!

Our unabashed dictionary defines *Little Red Riding Hood* as a Russian contraceptive.

Why wouldn't you let your father and I see your costume before you left for that fancy dress party?" the pretty teenager was asked on her return home that night.

"Because I felt a little silly in it, Mum," the girl answered. "You see, I went as a bee."

"You come right over here, young lady!" her mother demanded sternly. "I want to check your breath for pollen."

An attractive young woman entered the solicitor's office and announced, "I want to divorce my husband."

"I see," replied the solicitor. "And for what reason?"

"He's 200 percent impotent," she answered sadly.

"You mean that he's totally impotent?"

"No, I mean that he's 200 percent impotent."

"What exactly do you mean?" questioned the solicitor.

"I mean he was already totally impotent but yesterday he tripped over and bit off his tongue."

They say the navy separates the men from the boys. . . with crowbars.

LeRoy Neiman

A naive young girl, on the eve of her wedding, was questioning her mother about the facts of life.

"Go outside and watch the chooks for a while," snapped the mother, "and then come in and tell me what you've learnt."

The girl obeyed, and returned inside about an hour later.

"Well," said the mother, "did you learn anything?"

"Yes Mum," replied the daughter. "I've got the idea now."

On her wedding night, the groom went to shave after telling his new wife to prepare for bed. When he returned to the bedroom, he found her with her head buried in the pillows and her backside in the air.

"You can do what you like to my arse," she screamed, "but you're not going to make my head bleed!"

Shouted Frosty the Snowman, "Hooray!
I'm agog with excitement today!
And the reason, of course:
A reliable source
Said a snow blower's heading this way!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

PLAYBOY MUSIC AWARDS '82

a year in which we crawled through the oily chemistry of errol flynn's bad habits

FOR 25 years PLAYBOY's annual music awards feature has been an index of achievement. Each year the PLAYBOY awards have recognised musical contributions with an accent on creativity rather than straight consumer appeal. This policy has attracted considerable credibility for the awards and they now rate as one of the longest running, highly regarded forums for

international music recognition. The rapid maturity of the Australian music business in all respects has prompted Australian PLAYBOY to credit the real achievers on the local front. We don't hold with the idea that Australian music will conquer the world tomorrow, but we're certain the local business has never been in better shape. Overseas receptiveness to Australian acts is high, the promotional and professional standards of Oz management are the strongest ever, and the quality of local recording facilities means it is possible to do it all from this end and still crack it internationally. By dipping our lid to this progress we're aiming to recognise the standards set and applaud those performers responsible for providing the best audio thrills of the year.

A short time ago the scarcity of outstanding singers and musicians meant any Australian awards system just about picked itself. The selection is a lot tougher now and it shows in the quality of the music. If a tag could be tied on local music of the past 12 months it would just about summarise the current jingoism. As Broderick Smith's Big Combo might say (on My Father's Hands) — "lucky to be an Australian".

This year we saw Australian Crawl get up and run with *Sirocco*, the smart follow-up to their debut work *Boys Light Up. Sirocco* was basically Australian in its themes, using Tasmanian folk hero Errol Flynn as the biographical hook. Lotsa buckle and swash. Throw in Men At Work's Down Under, Dave Warner's Kookaburra Girl and a Little River Band tune about a guy who leapt off Sydney Harbour ferries and we had the makings of the bringing-it-all-back-home movement.

A guy in a conservative suit and a bow-tie cranked himself away from his studio empire long enough to craft an album around a tune about his vices. *Bad Habits* became the fourth top selling album of the year and left Billy Field wondering if he can ever go back to the relative quiet of being a businessman. Mental As Anything waited till November to release their best album to date. Called *Cats And Dogs*, it set the group of former Sydney art students apart as an act with a style and sound totally their own. In terms of new product, Cold Chisel rested primarily on their laurels, preferring to skip off for a US tour while *Swingshift*, a live recording, stomped to the top of the charts in their absence. The recent release of *Circus Animals* missed the awards cut but proved the recording lay-off was worth it.

Renee Geyer preceded her announced intention to resettle in Melbourne after a long US sojourn, with the release of *So Lucky*. Expertly recorded in the US and released in Australia through Mushroom, *So Lucky* is a high point in the lady's career, reinforcing our opinion that it was a year of progress for just about everybody. But there were one or two major exceptions, the most notable being the Little River Band, who crashed locally with *Time Exposure*. The Wheatley Bros management team wheeled in the legendary ex-Beatles producer George Martin to blast a shot of inventiveness into the LRB sound. The move threw the ejection switch on guitarist David Briggs who had been hot to handle the production work following his earlier success with Australian Crawl. Much noise was made about Martin's arrival but the project bounced badly for the Wheatleys when LRB had to supply their own garnishing to compensate for Martin's outmoded offerings. Definitely no *Sgt Peppers*. Ironically, the project did little harm to their sales rating in the US where the single, Night Owls, performed strongly in the charts. It all left vocalist Glenn Shorrock with the impression the only route was out and he pulled the plug early in the New Year, leaving former MOR soloist John Farnham grasping the mike.

It was a year to gauge whether Split Enz had the guile to beat the recording pinnacle achieved by their magnificent *True Colours* album. The disappointing response to *Corroboree*, follow-up plus the band's desire to pursue many and varied projects, left the impression the boys will have to refire the act before the enz is nigh. The new album suggests they've taken the hint.

Early in the year, Mondo Rock released a wondrously moody single called State Of The Heart. It was a perfect prelude to the suitably named *Chemistry* album. At last Ross Wilson had found the perfect counterweight to his considerable songwriting skill. The band had gone looking for a guitarist and instead found a guy whose real strength shone when he had the pen in his hand. Eric McCusker crafted songs which rate among the best of the year and his part in State Of The Heart, Chemistry and Summer Of '81 gave Mondo a shiny, new dimension which has kept the band looking good from any angle. Ross Wilson is still one of the smartest vocalists in the country but it is his flair for the quirky arrangement or subtle change of emphasis which hoists the music to a higher peg. The accessibility of McCusker's music meant Mondo Rock emerged from 1981 as one of the most-in-demand live bands. The status was justified by their ability to rock the roaches out of any venue while never abandoning the poise and suave musicianship displayed on their recorded work.

Big City Talk faltered as the vehicle for Mark Hunter's resurrection and Jon English went nowhere, with *Inroads* leaving the distinct impression Australian fans have relegated the solo strutters to the discount racks. While a clutch of the longer running routines were heading for the scrapyard, there were plenty of new acts to fill the gaps. As Australian Crawl moved up a notch by proving with *Sirocco* they were prepared to stick around, Men At Work, Sunnyboys, Divinyls, The Church and Moving Pictures made the successful leap to the recording shelf.

Sunnyboys' migration from Kingscliff, NSW to Sydney introduced a hot, new

Icehouse proved rock and roll is still supreme with Aussie audiences.

OF ALL the bands to mature last year, INXS, were perhaps the most impressive. For two years they'd been working around the traps, putting on shows that were undeniably spirited but rough. Their debut album had been disappointing, falling into almost every trap normally associated with an immature act in the throes of its first recording.

Early last year, however, things began to change. While they still hadn't discovered the right chemistry for their live performances, off-stage they were coming together. Within a matter of months, vocalist Michael Hutchence and keyboardist Andrew Farriss had come to the fore as songwriters and the band's sound began to establish a cohesive direction.

"The whole band has grown up," Hutchence told PLAYBOY. "It's really been quite ferocious."

With the release of their second album, *Underneath The Colors*, INXS finally came of age. Produced by Richard Clapton, it was a sensuous album, a relaxed, refreshing session.

In performance, INXS finally started putting on the kind of shows they'd always been capable of but had never managed to control.

Guitarist Tim Farriss came into his own on stage and Michael Hutchence finally came to grips with the dynamics of live performance.

As a performer, Hutchence is vibrant and charismatic. Off stage, the singer, who describes himself as "a beatnik at heart", presents a gentle and quietly provocative personality. His sense of humor is as developed as his songwriting.

PLAYBOY: Before you started working on *Underneath The Colors*, you really seemed to be floundering. But that album went a long way toward establishing a recognisable direction.

HUTCHENCE: For a start, *Underneath The Colors* isn't our stock direction for the next five years or anything. In fact, *Underneath The Colors* was, in some respects, a risk. We wanted to let everybody know we can write and hopefully record material that puts forward our musical ideas rather than go primarily for catching the listener's ear on a commercial level. So we sat down and thought: "Let's make this album so it has a bit of backbone."

I still don't think we've completed the task. The third album should be the final chapter in establishing direction.

PLAYBOY: INXS strike us as being one of the few bands who try to balance a mainstream approach with pretensions to the underground.

HUTCHENCE: That's certainly what it is — a question of balance. I'd like to think that, as you said, we had pretensions toward getting off the mainstream. We've always tried to do that.

TIM FARRISS: That's why we're putting together an epee of experimental b-sides (like The Unloved One, Lacavocal and Prehistoria). It's the other side of INXS and it's not just a light thing with us.

PLAYBOY: How do you think audiences have changed in recent years?

HUTCHENCE: The Top 40 is the only problem as far as that's concerned because a lot of people just don't have the money, I guess, to go out and buy lots of records any more. So radio must play an important part in the general audience's listening habits. And *Countdown*, I guess, to a point. But *Countdown*'s sort of a sheep in wolf's clothing in many ways.

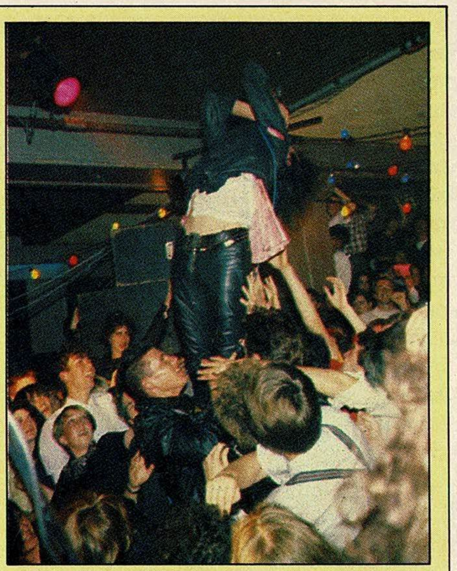
PLAYBOY: Have you noticed any significant changes in rock audiences?

HUTCHENCE: I don't know. I don't go to many gigs apart from our own. Usually the bands I see aren't big bands. Especially when I'm touring and I'm tired, I don't really enjoy standing around in a great big place where there's no air.

PLAYBOY: Recently you've tended to remind us of a Melbourne band rather than a Sydney act. There's always been a distinct difference between the bands emerging from Sydney and Melbourne.

HUTCHENCE: I really like going to Melbourne, because the bands there are always one step ahead.

Maybe it's because of that climate, that environment. Sydney's very top-down-in-your-Mini-Moke-with-your- board-shorts-on. It's not nearly as inner-city as Melbourne.



WHEN Birthday Party returned home to Australia for a national tour late last year they stood out like a blister — one of the few rock acts still capable of actually shocking people. Their return performances were violently erratic, ranging from the turgid to the brilliant.

The best were primal and bitter exhibitions in which discordant anarchy clashed heavily with excessive auto-destruction to create a situation that was as vicious and as frightening as a street fight. And any shows that failed to click with that devastating flash just weren't worth attending, unless your sense of humor was as warped as theirs. To the uninitiated, every Birthday Party appearance was positively dangerous.

They hadn't always been that way, of course. Back in the late Seventies, Birthday Party were simply a curiosity. One of those strange Melbourne bands that flourished in the post-punk scene and had little effect outside its parameters.

Fronted by vocalist Nick Cave, they were originally known as the Boys Next Door. The acknowledged doyens of the Melbourne underground, they recorded a patchy post-punk album, *Door Door,* before stealing the ball and heading for the boundary.

Outside of inner-Melbourne, few people took any notice of them. But that was before their first trip to England. Before they went through such a total collective brain-snap that it was doubtful whether they'd ever recover.

After that first disappointing year in London they returned to Australia, made some drastic changes and recorded an album called *Prayers On Fire.* Its impact in the UK at least was significant but paled beside the inroads made by the release of Release The Bats, on of 1981's most devastating singles.

No doubt the release of a live album, *Drunk On The Pope's Blood,* will cement that tenuous position.

PLAYBOY: Why did you go to England in early 1980?

CAVE: It was just the typical case of a band playing new music in Australia who were consequently ignored by everybody. We were just lucky enough to be able to raise the money to get over there. At the time London seemed like the obvious place to go. That was supposedly the centre, where people weren't quite so narrow-minded about it all. Plus we all just wanted to get out of Australia for personal reasons.

PLAYBOY: That first year in London was a failure for the band, wasn't it?

CAVE: Basically it was a complete waste of time for us except that what we saw of London was enough to make us really repulsed by it, particularly the atmosphere and the type of music that was fashionable at the time. We were incredibly confused about what we were doing there and really disillusioned. Consequently, all the live performances — of which I think there were only about six in the first year — were just pitiful.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that struggling existence of living in the London squats during that first year accounts for the extremity of the music?

CAVE: No, as far as I'm concerned, the environment I'm living in has very little to do with the atmosphere of the writing. I consider the lyrics in particular to be far more internal views rather than external things pushing you to write in a particular way.

PLAYBOY: What sort of reactions or responses are you getting from audiences these days?

CAVE: The atmospheres vary from gig to gig, but they generally have a fairly violent edge to them and are really sort of physical — people really jumping around — which is unusual for London.

PLAYBOY: Your approach to audiences seems to be one of confrontation.

CAVE: It depends on what they're doing. I hate any mass of people where they act as one body. And our particular aim, which may or may not work, is to incite the individual rather than the mass. But a lot of the time that doesn't happen.

band to the capital. The release of their self-titled debut album justified the faith of their strong live following and again exposed the deficiencies of AM radio which offered minimum airplay for the Sunnyboys' thumping Alone With You.

The Divinyls lit up '81 with one of the hottest singles of the year. Boys In Town snapped the brassy petulance of Chrissie Amphlett singing the unforgettable admission "... I musta been desperate..." It nominated Amphlett as one of the smartest runners in the female league and only a shortage of material prevented Chrissie winning more hearts.

Sharon O'Neill, a prolific songwriter and an imaginitive singer, has never had that problem. Her single, How Do You Talk To Boys? displayed a flair for the original theme, something she was to develop on her '81 album release, *Maybe.* It showed that this Kiwi, who spends most of her time in Australia, can plan a vicious assault on her own rock and roll ragers yet play a soft, acoustic line when it suits. Never likely to suffer from over-exposure, Sharon O'Neill is one of the more accomplished and credible performers in the land.

Record sales have been declining steadily for the past five years and one would be naive to think the simultaneous increase in blank tape sales and equipment has nothing to do with the slump. The price of records must be partly responsible for making times tougher for the buyer who enjoys a bit of artwork with his vinyl product. In relative terms, $10 doesn't seem too much to pay for an album considering most manufactured items have been subject to higher percentage hikes. But there must be some cause for complaint when an album, recorded years ago, still costs as much as a current item.

Take the Rolling Stones' *Sticky Fingers.* Ten years ago you would have paid between five and six dollars. Now it will cost almost twice that, with no apparent consideration for the recording bills having been paid so many years ago. The companies claim it is one way of subsidising the new product and is therefore counter inflationary. Meanwhile, tapes which can be played in cars, on portable headset equipment or at home on your stereo stack, continue to sell.

One enterprising group to offer an alternative were the Mushroom people. The Australian company launched a clutch of local acts on 10-inch mini albums which retailed at a basic $5.99 and fell midway between the extended play concept and the standard 12-inch album. *The Sports Play Dylan* (and Donovan), Models with *Cut Lunch,* Jo Jo Zep and the Falcons with *Dexterity* and Kevin Borich Express' *Shy Boys/Shy Girls* embraced the idea. The Sports' mini was noteworthy as the last product from one of the better Melbourne bands of recent times. Kevin Borich's effort was produced by Lobby Loyde and included interesting guests, notably Renee Geyer on support vocals. A side issue to the mini concept was where to slot them in the charts. Nobody seemed quite sure whether they should be rated as albums, or not.

Mental As Anything rectified earlier recording flaws with the release of their Cats And Dogs *album.*

For those who draw comparisons between sales and quality, the year definitely belonged to Australian Crawl. *Sirocco* wasn't released until August, but there were still enough weeks left in the year for buyers to establish it as the second most purchased album of 1981. It was eclipsed by the Lennon/Ono high-tide mark, *Double Fantasy.*

Billy Field's *Bad Habits* was definitely the debut album of the year. It surfaced in July, rapidly claimed the number one spot and in the final account was the fourth most popular album over the 12 months. Two singles from the set — You Weren't In Love With Me and Bad Habits — sold strongly enough to finish in the top 40 and complete a profitable year for Field.

Incidentally, the third best selling album of the year was *Back In Black* by those skull-thumpin' multi-nationalists, AC/DC.

Bad Habits won its rating for the breadth of its appeal, but in almost any other contest the award would have gone to Men At Work for *Business As Usual.* The album surfaced in November — too late to make the cut or any real impression on the '81 chart. By January it had dug a nice enough niche in the top spot. Not bad for a debut from a band who 12 months before were unknown outside their Melbourne circuit. The first single, Who Can It Be Now? was released in August last year, and we had to look no further for the best single of the year. It was a bonus when the band followed with Down Under, the second single from the Peter McIan-produced album.

Mondo Rock's *Chemistry* deserved better than its highest national chart rating of third spot. Perhaps its August release date (same month as *Sirocco*) had something to do with that showing, but in the final scrutiny it was the 24th best selling album of '81.

Cold Chisel's die-hard support recruited members during a year which was relatively quiet by Chisel standards. When the live double, *Swingshift,* hit the stores in April, Chisel fans scraped up the $14 plus bucks in

THE TUNE on everybody's lips. Maybe it was the memorable hook of Greg Ham's sax line. Perhaps it was Peter McIan's uncluttered summery production. Or the curious innocence of the chorus. Or maybe Colin Hay was one of those rare songwriters whose talent almost guaranteed a hit.

Whatever the reasons, Who Can It Be Now? was, without doubt, one of the great singles of 1981. Released on May 25, it thrust a relatively unknown Melbourne pub band into the national spotlight within a matter of weeks.

The band's name? Men At Work.

It was, as it's turned out, an appropriate handle to adopt. Within days of the release of Who Can It Be Now? Men At Work were being hailed as one of the freshest bands to emerge from the Melbourne pub circuit in years.

By the end of the year they'd cemented the claim with a pair of number one hits in Who Can It Be Now? and Down Under, and a double platinum album in *Business As Usual.* And behind them they'd left a glittering trail of polished live performances.

Not a bad effort for a band that had quite happily been gigging around Melbourne for two years, entertaining a couple of hundred fans with residencies in such illustrious back-rooms as The Cricketers' Arms in Richmond (the very same province that gave The Sports their start a couple of years earlier).

Despite (or perhaps in view of) their accelerated rise to prominence, the band has maintained a distinctly cautious relationship with the press.

PLAYBOY: Over the past 12 months you've had immense success. What was it that kept the band going before you won that recognition?

HAY: I know we've had two years on the Melbourne pub circuit, and I know that if you can hang that together you've got to come over the top at some stage. There's a lot of people who see you in that time, and if they like you they keep coming back. And if they don't, they don't bother coming back. We've always been positive, and pretty strong. People kept coming back, which was our main inspiration. People never tired of the music.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the obvious growth in the live following how did the chart success of Who Can It Be Now? affect the band?

HAY: The live following was always big and strong, even before we had any chart success. The chart thing wasn't as big a deal to us as it was to people from the outside looking at the band. We're glad to have it, but we never went over the top about it. We thought it was a logical extension of what we were doing.

PLAYBOY: Both the name of the band and the album's title seem to typify a professional approach.

HAY: When we got together, we didn't want to break up in two or three months. We wanted a band that was going to happen, that was going to be productive.

A band doesn't play well together if there are imbalances, like not knowing where your money is going. Everyone had been through those scenes before and we all wanted to take it slow and steady, and push nothing. Basically, the music is the most important thing to us.

We started in August 1979. There's been six of us — five players and one manager — from the start. It's significant that we've had no line-up changes. We only added one person in that time and that was over two years ago.

PLAYBOY: How far does that level of professionalism extend?

HAY: Basically what I'm paid to do is to come up with ideas and play them. I used to walk around with that in the back of my mind all the time, getting songs together for my job. Actually it makes an incredible difference, the business-like thing. It takes you so long to make a quid out of playing your music that when you actually make a dollar it feels like the past 10 years have been worth it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the trappings of fame?

HAY: I try to ignore them, but I'm constantly surprised at the power of the media. It amazes me how many people must watch shows like *Countdown.*

I haven't got a car. I still travel by tram in Melbourne, and people are surprised. They don't really expect to see people in bands on trams, or travelling by bus or trains. But I really like that mode of transport. I don't like having a car. I don't like driving around the city.

PLAYBOY: Do you find that you're now under a greater pressure to come up with the goods as far as songwriting is concerned?

HAY: At this stage we're under no great pressure to come up with material immediately, because we've got a backlog of good songs. We find it stimulating to come up with new songs because it's good for the audience and the band. It keeps us developing. ANDREW McMILLAN

sufficient numbers to break it at number one and 22nd best seller of the year. If the band's accountants were shedding hair at the prospect of no studio albums in sight, there was really nothing to worry about. *East*, undeniably a superb album, has plotted remarkable sales since its release in June, 1980 and disappeared out of the stores in such numbers in '81 to rank as the year's 39th most popular long play. *Circus Animals* could repeat that form.

Split Enz' relative quiet left a vacant lot for Mental As Anything to park their bizarro vehicle. Whereas *Espresso Bongo* contained snappy tunes but suffered from a hurried recording job, *Cats And Dogs*, their 1981 release, rectified the flaws. Promoted by the catchy single, If You Leave Me (Can I Come Too?), the album scored well inside and outside the band's Sydney headquarters. In their art school days, the Mentals had changed nicknames at will but fame caught them in the guise of Reg Mombassa, Martin Plaza, Greedy Smith, Peter O'Doherty and Wayne de Lisle.

Cold Chisel's long stretch off the live circuit gave those masochists who can't go past a live gig a chance to have a hard look at Midnight Oil. In hot, city sweat boxes, sports stadiums or at balmy evening beach shows the conclusion was Midnight Oil, live act of the year. To complete the year with the most emphatic explanation mark of all, Oil left it till November to release *Place Without A Postcard.* It was recorded in England under Glyn Johns' direction and in no way compromised the band's rip-out-their-innards stance.

The amphetamine rush which boosted Jimmy and the Boys' live show into something more than an S and M parade, found few bridges in the recording studio. Their *Teddy Boys' Picnic* album was a study in sterility, sadly out of synch with the numbing energy and splendor of their live set.

In direct comparison were Icehouse (they used to be called Flowers). At times sounding embarrassingly like Bowie and, even David Essex (the single Love In Motion might have had Essex's solicitors groping for their plagiarism clauses had it been a success in the UK), Icehouse proved rock and roll is still supreme with Aussie concert audiences. The moody keyboards and powerful studio technique worked well on Icehouse's November 1980 self-titled release, but 1981 revealed it hardly rocked 'em in the aisles when performed live.

If *Night Attack* wasn't the album to reclaim the Angels' title as the best for stage and studio, the subsequent national tour of summer 1981-82 had the mercury soaring in 20 of the country's top venues. Doc Neeson and the boys ruled in 1979 and three years down the track finds them a little dated. But don't tell that to all those who still rate the Angels among the best thrash-and-burn merchants on the circuit.

Suffering under a most-promising-young-band tag for much of 1980, Sydney band INXS found greater credibility but never quite fulfilled the forecast in 1981. Shortfalls aside, it was a progressive year which peaked with the release of their second album *Underneath The Colours.* The accompanying single, Stay Young, catalogued all that is good and energetic about a young, creative band.

Tamworth isn't Nashville, but there was plenty of tradition-building evident when the Australian Country Music Awards jammed the NSW city in January for a 10th anniversary bash. Country and western traditionalists can afford to take themselves seriously these days, which is why just about everybody would want to forget the Webb Brothers' Slaughtergate chuckle, Who Put The Roo In The Stew. Not surprisingly it was the top selling country single of the year.

A father and daughter duo might not sound the stuff of which award winners are made, but Jewel and Arthur Blanch proved country music's appeal pays no heed to form or fashion. After 12 years in America, Jewel, 23, and her dad returned to Australia in 1980 in time to get back in the saddle and promote their *Lady And The Cowboy* album. It won for them the best album award at Tamworth and Jewel collected the best female vocal prize for her performance on I Can Love You.

Slim Dusty's *Where Country Is* was among the finalists for the best album award and he reinforced his legendary status by collecting the Heritage award. PLAYBOY looked at the other end of the scale where newcomer, Paul Wookey, a guy with a voice for all reasons, shone as the best new talent.

It might not show in the Australian awards but country music is a lot more sophisticated than the hard-livin'-truck-drivin'-cow-punchin' image some performers project. That's why The Bushwackers get PLAYBOY's nod as the best country act of them all. As instrumentalists, modern purveyors of the rural theme and the one band with the scope to string it together whether in or out of town, the Bushwackers are without equal. Their 1981 release, *Beneath The Southern Cross* is uniquely Australian and does well to project their live sound. The band has undergone many line-up changes since the early days of Kelly Gang beards and funny hats. But their sense of tradition, matched by their modern relevance make them the most adventurous country band.

A sense of adventure was the element which swayed our judgement in nominating the Jim Morrison Quartet as the jazz act of the year.

Sydneysider Morrison has attracted a tremendous following with his subtle trumpet playing and leadership. Alto saxophonist Bernie McGann and his group caught the ear in '81 in a season which introduced enough new acts to the popular ranks to relieve the Gollas, Burrows, Barnards, Sangsters and Galapagos Ducks of their splendid isolation.

PLAYBOY MUSIC AWARDS

BEST ACT:

Australian Crawl
Mondo Rock
Midnight Oil
Cold Chisel

BEST ALBUM:

Chemistry (Mondo Rock)
Sirocco (Australian Crawl)
Cats and Dogs (Mental As Anything)
Bad Habits (Billy Field)

BEST MALE PERFORMER:

Ross Wilson (Mondo Rock)
Peter Garrett (Midnight Oil)
Broderick Smith (Big Combo)
Jimmy Barnes (Cold Chisel)

BEST FEMALE PERFORMER:

Renee Geyer
Sharon O'Neill
Chrissie Amphlett (Divinyls)
Marcia Hines

BEST NEW ACT:

Men At Work
Sunnyboys
Moving Pictures
The Church

BEST DEBUT ALBUM:

Bad Habits (Billy Field)
Business As Usual (Men At Work)
Sunnyboys
Days of Innocence (Moving Pictures)

BEST LIVE ACT:

Midnight Oil
Cold Chisel
Mondo Rock
Broderick Smith's Big Combo

BEST SONGWRITER:

Eric McCusker (Mondo Rock)
Billy Field
Colin Hay (Men At Work)
Steve Kilbey (The Church)

JAZZ
BEST ACT:

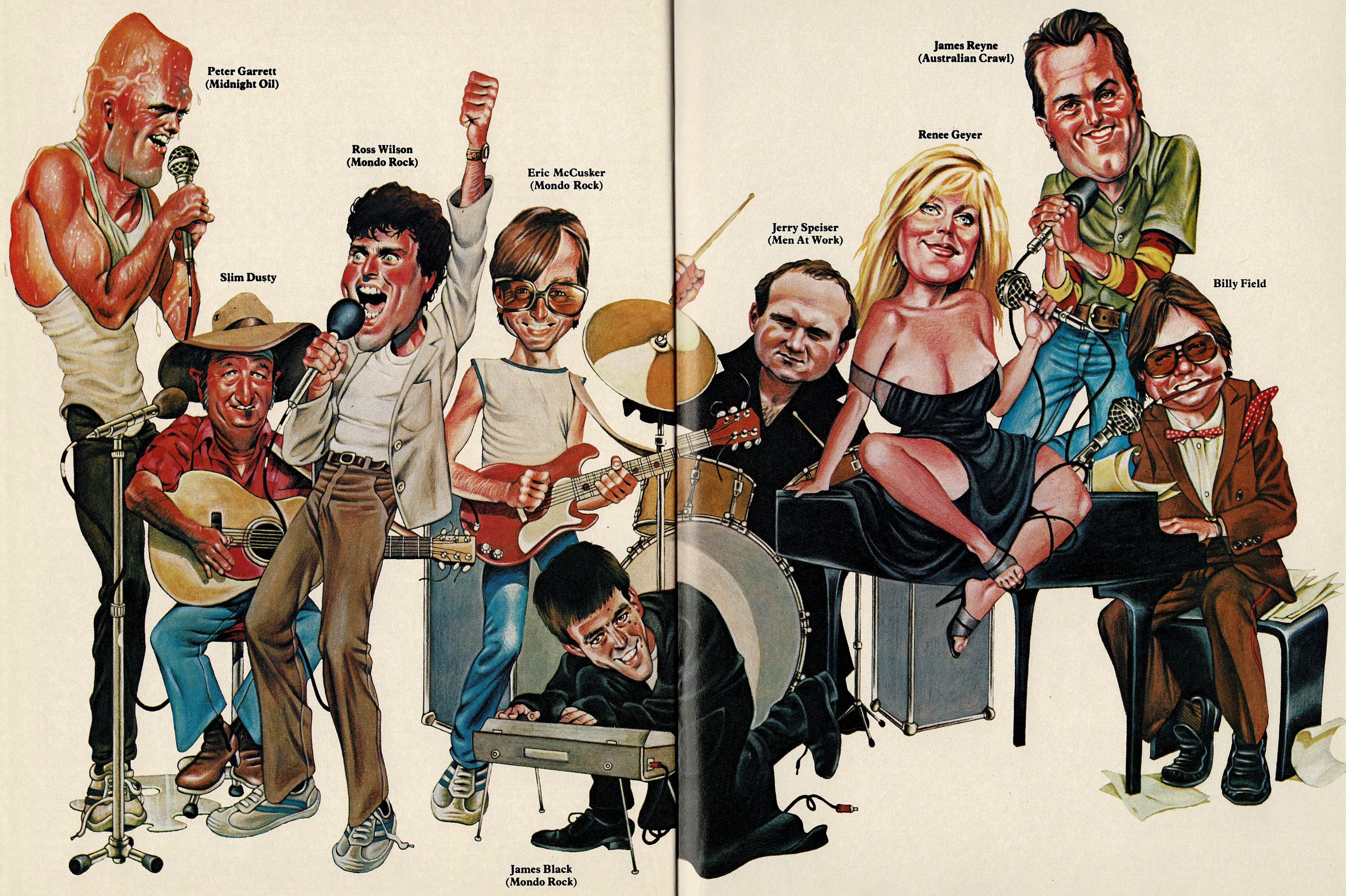
Jim Morrison Quartet
Bernie McGann Quartet
Dal Barlow Quartet
Crossfire
Galapagos Duck

COUNTRY
BEST ACT:

The Bushwackers
Grand Junction
Paul Wookey
Jewel and Arthur Blanch

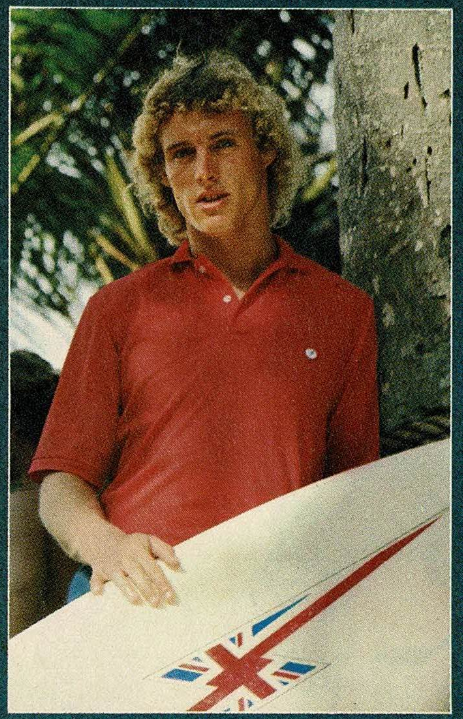
BEST CONTRIBUTION:

Slim Dusty


Peter Garrett
(Midnight Oil)
Slim Dusty
Ross Wilson
(Mondo Rock)
Eric McCusker
(Mondo Rock)
James Black
(Mondo Rock)
Jerry Speiser
(Men At Work)
Renee Geyer
James Reyne
(Australian Crawl)
Billy Field

the next earl of coventry is a very different kettle of fish

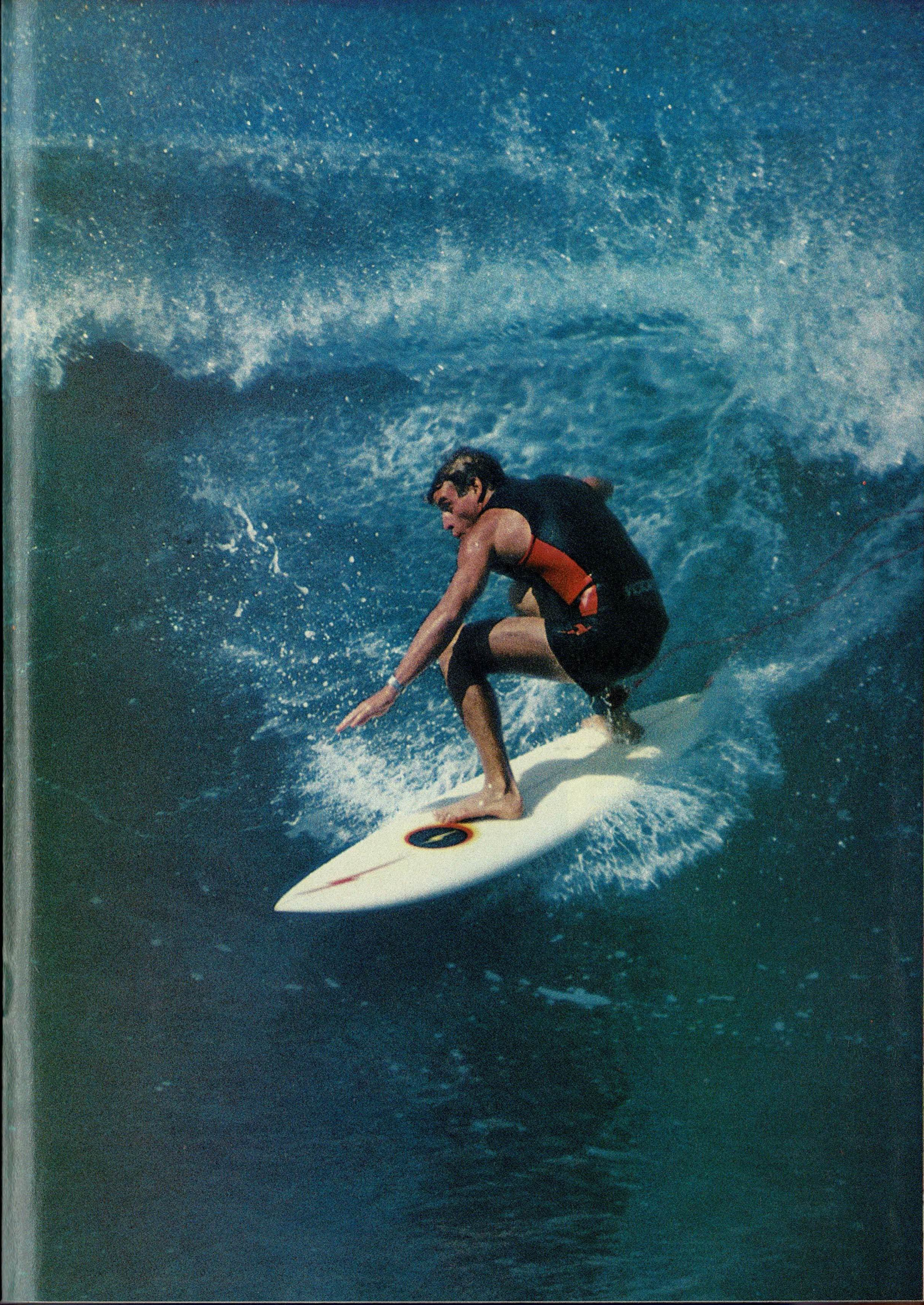
LORD TED



PHOTOS FROM THE FILM *STORM RIDERS*

THE FIRST thing that throws you is the almost-American accent. The soft mid-Pacific drawl. The second thing that throws you is the general physical appearance — deep tan, tight muscular body. The type of physique you don't get grouse shooting and

profile by clyde strange



pouring down Bollinger champagne between chukkas. But then Lord Ted Deerhurst is not your typical British aristocrat. In fact he's not quite a lord at all — but the shorthand speech of the surfing crowd has him Lord Ted, rather than his full handle, Viscount Edward George William Omar Deerhurst, the next Earl of Coventry and 60th in line to the British throne.

Unless the IRA starts nuking people there's little likelihood the 60 to one shot will ever rule over us, but these past five years Lord Ted has made quite an impact on Australia as Britain's only full-time expatriate professional surfer, a sort of cultural attache in reverse.

Now happily ensconced on Queensland's Gold Coast with a South African girl he recently married in Sydney, this human egg-beater continues to speak American and create total confusion everywhere he goes. But Ted's used to confusion. He's been creating it since the day he was born.

According to William Hickey, social columnist with London's *Daily Express* back in 1958, Lord Ted's christening was something of an exercise in Kruschevian diplomacy and *savoir-faire*.

Malik, the Soviet Ambassador, tickled young Ted under the chin and clucked: "He looks typically British. I expect he will prefer whisky to champagne. Tomorrow I shall send him a bottle of vodka." The 60 or so, somewhat dazed toffs gathered in the crypt of the House of Commons, could but smile and wonder.

Later the Soviet buffoon set the record straight by declaring: "This baby is perfect, but babies throughout the world are the same."

Then there was a pause as the 24-year-old Lady Coventry — who, as Mimi Medart, daughter of an American hot dog tycoon, created a stir at 16 when ex-King Farouk took a shine to her — insisted that "Vodka from Moscow" Edward cut the cake himself. A strapping lad already, Lord Ted obliged.

After such a start in life it is not entirely surprising that Ted Deerhurst should have grown into an unusual young man. At 12 he moved to California to live with his mother and took up surfing. Already active in a variety of sports, he quickly developed an obsession for the ocean.

At 15 he moved back to England with his father and began travelling 60 miles to the cold Devon beaches each weekend to surf in amateur contests. Within a year he was a regular finalist. Within two years he was Britain's most aggressive and consistent surfer.

At 17 Ted was on the move again, this time to Hawaii for university studies. He majored in photography at the University of Hawaii, planning to become a Bachelor of Fine Arts.

But, living so close to the best surfing beaches in the world, he was bitten badly by the surfing bug.

England: the Deerhurst mansion in Worcester.

Lord Ted fell in with the surfing crowd on Oahu's notorious North Shore. A free-spirited group of young men who travelled widely and lived off their wits and their winnings, the professional surfers took Ted under their wing.

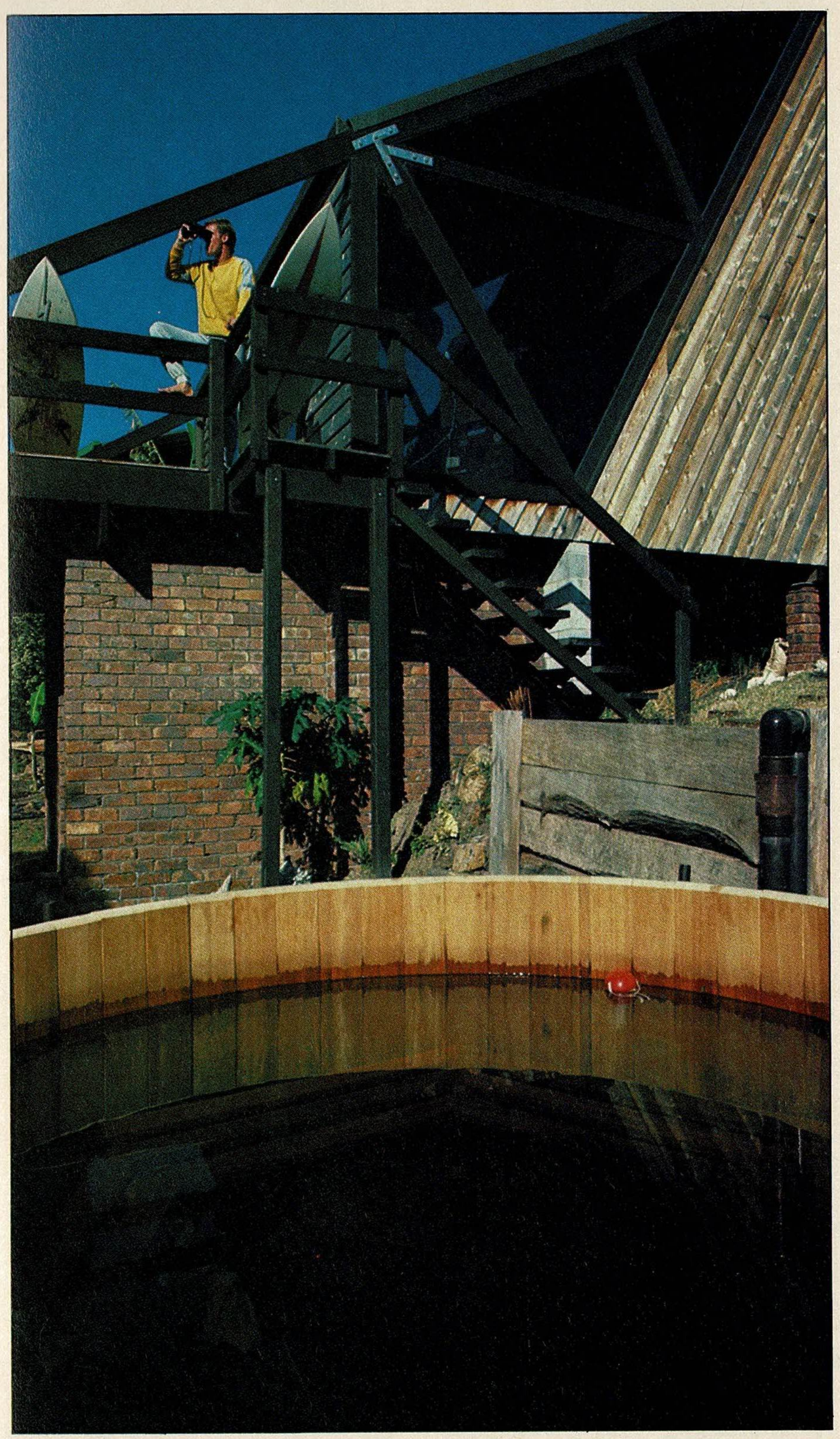
In the subsequent conflict of interests the halls of academe came off second best. Viscount Deerhurst decided to become a pro surfer.

"I could see the advantages of the lifestyle these guys enjoyed," Ted recalls. "They were fit and healthy and they could actually make a good living out of the sport they loved. Until then I'd never considered surfing as a business."

Ted represented Britain in the 1978 amateur World Championships, and then turned pro. He painted a Union Jack on the bottom of his surfboard and decked out the top of it with the legend, "Ted Deerhurst — The British Lion".

The Earl of Coventry, watching these developments from his mansion in Worcester, made no comment. Says Ted: "I think it's fair to say father had something rather different in mind for me."

To train for the rigors of the international contest circuit, Ted installed himself in a tent by the sea at Croyde, North Devon. Throughout the lukewarm English summer he trained four hours a day. Then, as the first frosts hit the Deerhurst mansion, Ted took off for Hawaii, Australia and anywhere there were waves to be ridden.



Australia: the Deerhurst bungalow at Burleigh Heards on the Gold Coast.

Initially noted for his pluck in the big stuff rather than his natural ability, Ted managed to scrape into the big money contests by virtue of the fact that he was British. (Surf contest promoters love a dash of international chic.) For his first few seasons the British Lion roared infrequently, but with the passage of time and the experience gained from surfing around the world, eventually Ted crept into the semis, and then the finals.

By 1980 he had competed for Britain, and for the Deerhurst coffers, in Hawaii, Australia, California, South Africa, France and Japan. And, while his success rate was not exactly dazzling, he had established a reputation as a powerful, consistent surfer with a flair for riding big waves.

It was around this time that Lord Ted decided to bring the thrills and spills of world class surfing back home to Britain. And more particularly, back to his old training ground, Croyde. But even a blueblood can run into trouble when dealing with the landed gentry.

The beach at Croyde happened to be the property of one Lieutenant Colonel Godfrey Incledon-Webber, whose entry in *Who's Who* had him "interested in most kinds of sports and games". More interested, however, in protecting the peace and quiet of his local in the village.

When Viscount Deerhurst approached the old chap about permission to stage a surfing contest, he was politely but firmly informed that his scruffy surfer friends were not welcome. "I want to keep Croyde beach for family bathers," the colonel told the North Devon *Journal-Herald*. "These surfers go into the pub and make a fuss and I get local residents complaining to me."

Never one to take no for an answer, Lord Ted enlisted the aid of well-known surfer and blueblood, HRH The Prince of Wales, but the combined weight and social pressure of heirs to the British throne numbers one and 60 failed to move the peppery old west country colonel. The contest was off and so was Ted — to warmer climes and, eventually to a new home on Queensland's Gold Coast.

Deerhurst had his first taste of Australia on the Gold Coast in 1977, when he competed for Britain in the Stubbies Classic Pro Am. The contest was held in the powerful waves that break along the rocky beach at Burleigh Heads. One mistake and you're nursing some nasty rock bites. Ted averaged one mistake a wave and can't have been too disappointed when he was eliminated. Nevertheless, the mauling made him determined to master Burleigh's unique waves and on subsequent visits he was frequently seen practising his moves from dawn until dusk. These days he surfs it like a local.

"I'll still surf for Britain, but Australia is home from now on," says Ted, relaxing at his recently-completed Burleigh Heads home. "I've grown up fluctuating between two lifestyle extremes — the British aristocracy and the laidback life in California. I think I've found the perfect compromise here."

And it's a fair bet that, despite the plethora of Union Jacks, British Lions and other self-advertisements kicking around the house, even his closest neighbors would not be aware that soft-spoken Ted is the lord on a board, a most unusual toff, and an outside chance to one day hand out the gongs at New Year.

A sequence devoted to him in *Storm Riders*, a new surfing film, has Ted running along the Gold Coast Highway, training for a contest. Sweat band glistening in the sunlight, he pounds along the pavement, declaring to the escapees from death duty who will listen: "I'm not like everybody else."

THE TEST

when geoffrey went to the footie, he was like a 10-year-old at the circus

GEOFFREY Davis of Geoffrey Davis and Associates opened his eyes and was awake immediately — probably more awake than he'd been for the past year or so.

He threw his legs over the side of the bed and quickly glanced out the window, smiling when he saw the blue, cloudless sky. It was going to be a wonderful day. A wonderful glorious day. He whistled a happy tune. He laughed for no reason except that he was excited. He couldn't wait.

Mrs Geoffrey Davis, the lines of motherhood and middle age etched deeply around her eyes, lay in bed looking at him and in her own, wife-like way, hating him.

"Look at you, you're like a 10-year-old at a circus," she said as she got out of bed. "Drunk on the thought of it. You'd think you could find something to do around here for a day. Take the kids out, clean the pool, something."

"Morning my cherub," he said, whistling his way into the bathroom.

After his shower he dressed. Usually she laid his clothes out for

fiction by michael colman

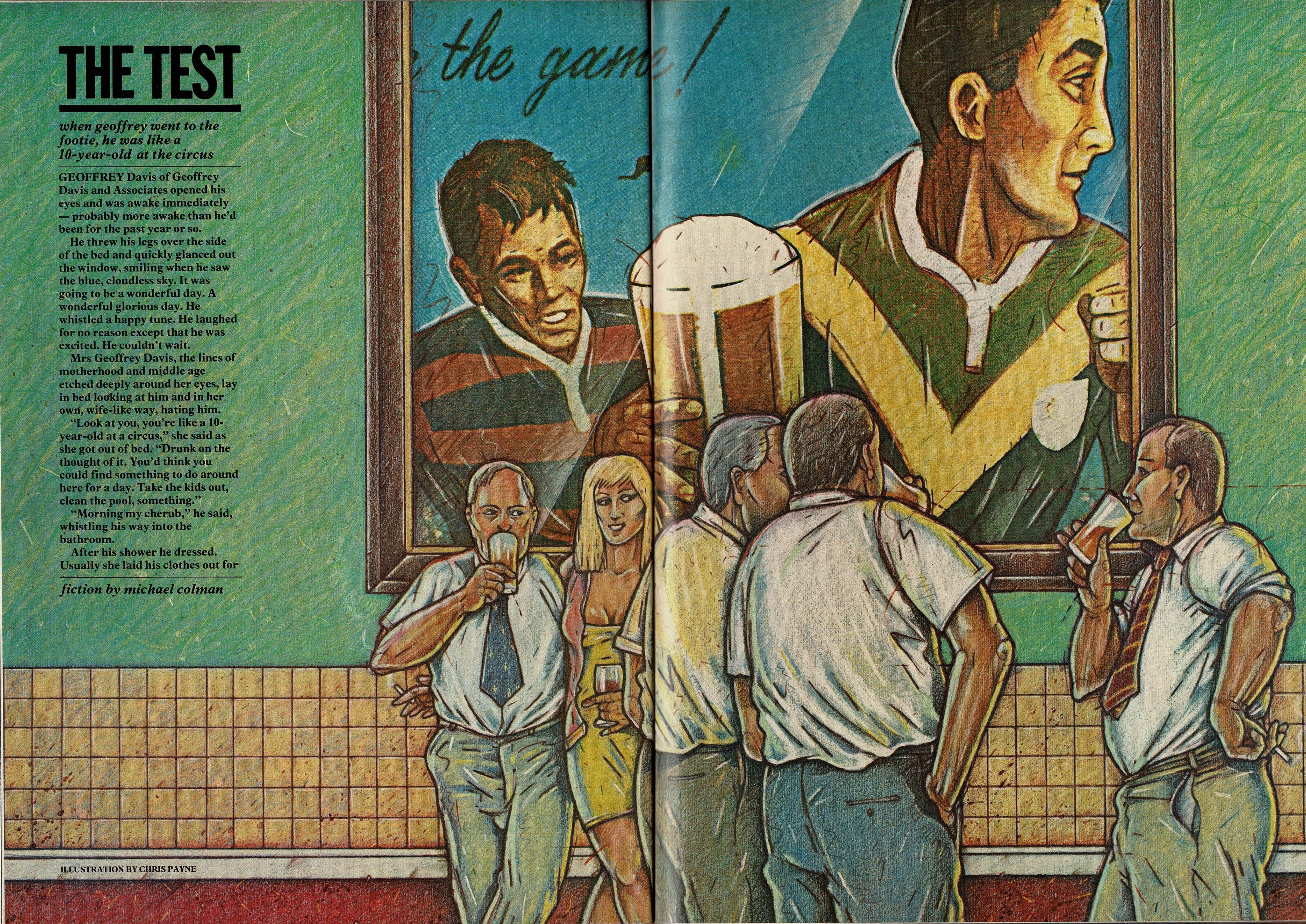


ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

him and he got into them, mutely trusting her judgement. Today was different, today nobody could tell him what to wear. It was just too important.

He decided on a pair of Hush Puppies, bone sports trousers, white shirt and, of course, the tweed coat with leather patches. The tie was not so easy. Finally he settled on his player's club tie of 1959, with the stains still visible from the anniversary dinner of 1962 when Schooners North had up-ended the official table and decked Maggot Molloy, the first grade prop. What a top night that had been. Magic.

Suitably attired he walked to the dresser and opened the top drawer. Fumbling under handkerchiefs and Y-front underpants he pulled out a red box which had once held his $600 Citizen watch. He opened it and looked at the small silver medal inside for a second or two. He savored it with his eyes — that first glance was always something special, like the first sip of beer at the club on a Friday night. He read the inscription: "Sydney Cricket Ground Trust. Member." He looped it through his lapel and strode into the kitchen.

His two daughters were eating their cereal, his wife cooking scrambled eggs. She took in his get-up, his beaming face and the boyish spring in his walk. She envied him and, in her own, wife-like way, hated him even more.

"I would have thought you'd have grown out of this by now. A stupid childish football game with a bunch of stupid childish bores. Why can't you spend a bit of time at home like any other father," she said, hoping for some response.

He kept whistling between bites of toast, then stood up, kissed his daughters and put his arm around his wife.

"It's not a stupid game my sweet, it's a Test against New Zealand and they're not childish, they're my mates and I'll be home late." He kissed her cheek and drove his white Mercedes to the pub.

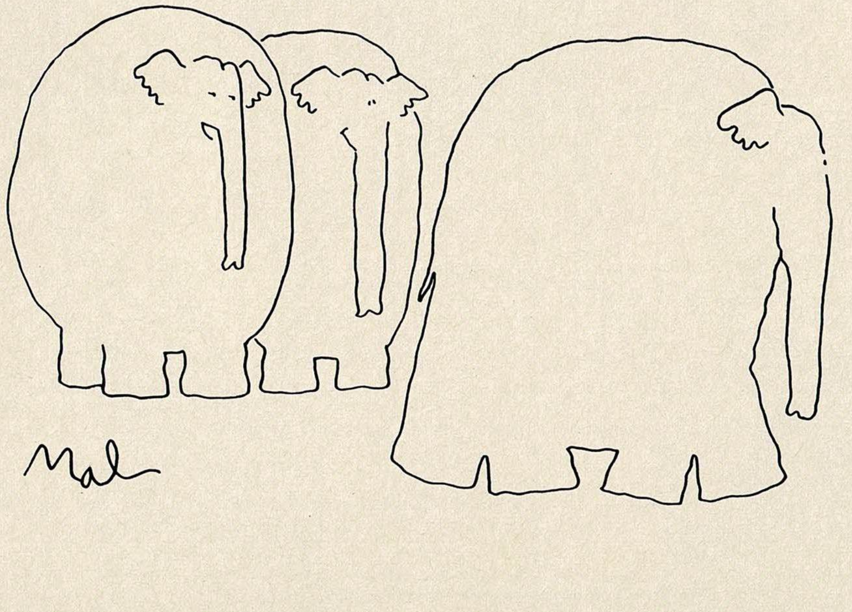
The pub had only just opened, but it was still packed with its Saturday morning regulars, listening to the races and watching a fight on the television.

He rarely came to this hotel any more but he never failed to get a thrill when he walked through the door. The bar held many memories of nights long gone. Boozy nights after training and late Saturday drinks after the games. They always met here before a Test. It was a tradition and somehow it made them feel part of it all again, part of the game which had once meant so much to them and then, cruelly, had not followed them into marriage, middle age and a different type of routine. Like Old Man River, Geoff thought, then laughed when he caught sight of Wacka Gibson and Dave Anderson, now of Anderson, Watkins and Partners.

"Jesus Christ, you still alive — I thought they would have locked you up by now," Wacka said as he pressed a beer into his friend's hand.

"Pot kettle," Geoff replied, feeling a little intoxicated even though he still hadn't had a drink.

Throughout the next few hours several more of their friends drifted in, all similarly dressed, some showing a few more signs of affluence or middle age — the gold watch, the thinning hair.



"She gives good trunk, but not great *trunk."*

The talk was all rugby. Some about the game they were about to watch but mostly about games long since played.

"And Wilso comes through on the blind side and gives the half a couple of quick ones before the ref's even blown the lineout. . ."

"Nine all against the leaders and Smacka McCarthy goes and flattens Dave Hennesey and gives away a penalty in front of the sticks with five minutes to go. . ."

"If they can swing it wide in the first half they're a chance but Ella's gotta give it quick. . ."

"They'll have to play it tight. . ."

The conversation died abruptly as Harry Porter, third grade lock of 1959, walked in with his arm around Suzy, the barmaid from the club. The one with the big knockers.

"Look who I found wandering the streets looking for a lift to the game. You all know Suze don't ya fellas."

They nodded in unison and got back to their beers, all with one thought in common: "If I can just get a few drinks into her tonight. . ."

An hour later Geoff Davis was feeling as good as he could ever remember feeling as he sat in the back seat of Rod McDougall's burgundy Volvo, crossing the Harbor Bridge on the way to the Cricket Ground. Half an hour after that he felt even better as he leaned up against the Members' Bar, nodding to acquaintances and downing sevens as if they were going out of style.

The first time he had walked into the Members' Bar the feeling was similar to that on his wedding night as he lay in bed waiting for his wife to appear from the bathroom. Unlike his marriage, the bar never failed to arouse him.

Outside the giant windows, two schoolboy representative teams threw themselves into the most important game of their lives. Inside the bar a hundred other games were being played with equal fervor.

"So with five minutes to go we're down 10-3 and the ref loses the pea in his bloody whistle. . ."

"I don't give a bugger — if they kick they'll lose. It's as simple as that. . ."

"Look, I'm serious, if you want to buy in, give me a buzz. You've got my card. . ."

Ten minutes before the main game they trooped upstairs and found seats. Dan Wilson had brought a flask of Scotch which was passed around and consumed before the police band had finished the national anthem.

The game, with skipper Mark Loane and aboriginal genius Mark Ella calling the shots, was superb, mighty, the best game of rugby they'd ever seen. Geoffrey Davis thought it was more than that. It was, he said after a meaningful pause, "historic", even though by the time he'd had a few in the M.A. Noble Bar, he couldn't remember too much about it.

After six or seven in the Noble they trooped back to the Members' Bar where they bribed the doorman to let Suzy in. After watching the game by herself in the Ladies' Stand, she was in no mood to let the men out of her sight.

"Geoff," she said slipping her hand around his forearm and batting her big brown eyes, "can you buy me a beer?"

In spite of himself, Geoffrey Davis broke into a cold sweat and knocked over a half-finished beer. His mouth was dry and a little voice inside his head started saying over and over: "You're in son, you're in. . ."

In a short while the beers had lost their taste. It was no longer a case of quenching a thirst, more a job of work. Get the beer, take off the top. Talk for five minutes, drink half the beer, talk for five minutes, finish the beer. Get another.

At eight o'clock Geoff was deep in conversation with a halfback who'd played for Australia before the war. He was wearing his Wallaby touring blazer and everything Geoff said seemed to sound insulting. Consequently he spent half his time apologising. The other half he spent introducing Suzy to the halfback. The halfback, a gentleman of the old school, bowed and said "charmed" each time.

Suzy thought he was cute. Geoffrey thought he was a dickhead and was contemplating knocking him out when he spied Wacka Gibson in a heated argument at the other end of the bar. He grabbed Suzy by the hand and arrived just in time to witness a blond-haired under-21 State player pour a beer down Wacka's shirt front. A potentially explosive situation was avoided when the rest of the Under-21 State team arrived, laughed and bought Wacka another beer. Within a few minutes they were all mates, although Geoff told Suzy to let him know if any of the young smartarses said anything rude to her. She winked at one and gave him her phone number.

Soon, or so it seemed, the bar was nearly empty and the blue linoleum floor was awash with spilt beer. Reluctantly they decided to move on. Outside the bar the cold evening air hit them like a train. By the time they got to the car Geoff was singing rugby songs and kissing Suzy's hair. On the other side Dave Anderson was trying to get his tongue into her ear. She was giggling and drinking out of the beer glass she'd taken from the bar.

When they were all in the car Geoff put his arms around his friends and announced: "You know what I love about this day? What I really love is the fact that you wake up in the morning and there just isn't any doubt about it — in about 10 or 12 hours, you're going to be absolutely drunk. There's just no doubt at all." He started laughing loudly. It just seemed like such a good thing to say.

Their first stop was the Royal. They always drank at the Royal after a game. After the Royal, The Crown and then The Occidental, until finally, after much wear and tear, they crossed the Bridge singing all the old rugby songs which none of them could remember properly.

Back at the pub they had one for the road and then, amid handshakes and bearhugs, they said goodbye, swearing to keep closer together, to meet next week, to make it a regular thing.

The last to go, Geoff turned and saw Suzy sitting at the bar with a curly haired carpenter from Naremburn.

"Carn Suze, we're off," he said, walking up unsteadily and putting his arm around her.

"I'm stayin' for a while Geoff," she said, turning her head as he tried to plant a wet, sloppy kiss on her lips.

"Aw c'mon lemme take ya home eh?"

"No I'm staying for a while Geoff, you go an' I'll see ya at the club on Friday."

"Aw c'mon Suze lemme go home with ya, please?" he pleaded, standing with his chest pushed out, trying to look more appealing but only accentuating his beergut.

The carpenter from Naremburn stood up.

"Listen mate, the lady said she doesn't want to go home so how about pissing off like a good fella."

"Don't you goo fella me, fella. Did you ever wear the green 'n' gold eh? Did ya?"

"Don't raise your voice pal, just go home."

Geoff started jabbing him in the chest.

"Listen sonny, I was playin' first grade when you were still. . ."

Geoff didn't finish his last statement as the young carpenter punched him quickly and firmly in the stomach, causing him to sink to his knees and gasp for air.

Suzy jumped up and knelt beside him, looking up at her friend viciously.

"Geez Terry, whatcha do that for? He's a harmless old bloke."

The words hurt more than the punch.

Together Terry and Suzy got Geoff to his feet and walked him out to his car. Terry whistled when he saw it.

"Strewth," he said, "what ya do, rob a bank?"

Terry apologised again for hitting him and Suzy gave him a quick peck on the cheek.

"See you Friday luv," she said and walked up the street to Terry's panel van.

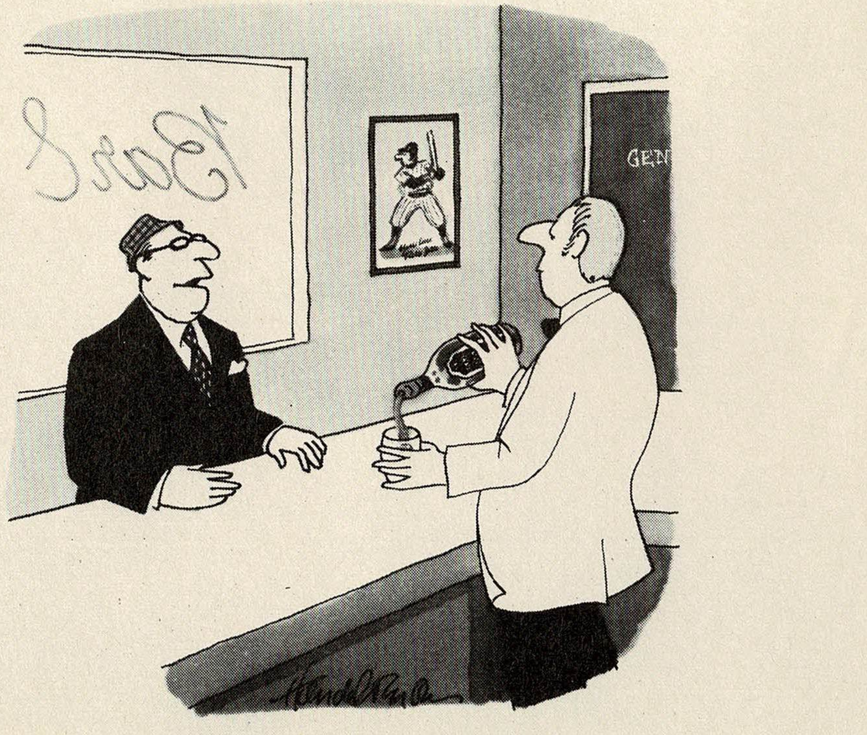
Slowly, painfully, Geoffrey drove his car the short distance home, mounting the kerb when he got there and knocking over his letterbox.

After a time he managed to get the right key in the lock and fell inside. He staggered down the hallway into the bedroom, leaving a trail of clothes across the room before collapsing on the bed, naked except for his socks.

His wife, without bothering to turn to look at him, asked sarcastically: "Well dear, and how was your big day?"

He opened one eye and said slowly: "Was. . . was. . . perfect." Then quickly leaned over the side of the bed and vomitted on his Hush Puppies.

Later, when the room had nearly stopped spinning and he was just falling asleep, the last thing he saw was 15 giants in green and gold running on to the field tossing around a football with effortless ease. But they, weren't led by Mark Loane, they were led by Geoff Davis and he wasn't balding and overweight, he was young and strong and handsome and the stands were packed with Suzys. And they were all chanting his name. . .



"Have you ever noticed, John, that people of no particular merit are often insufferably conceited, whereas terrific people like you and me aren't?"

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

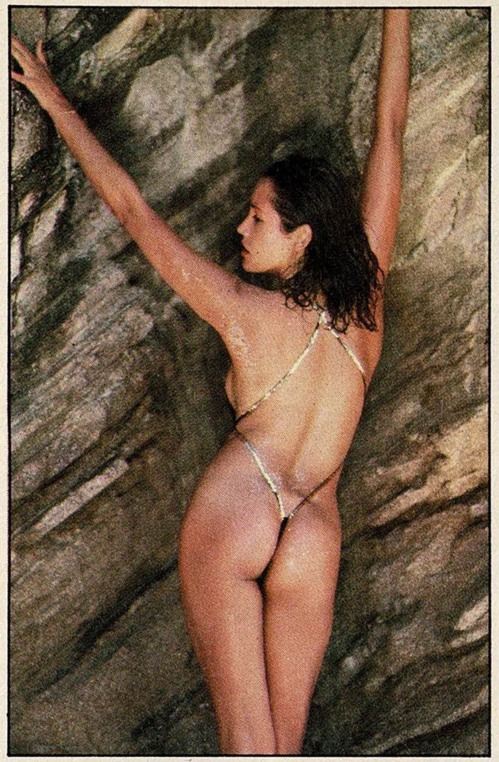
MASADA'S SUPERSTAR

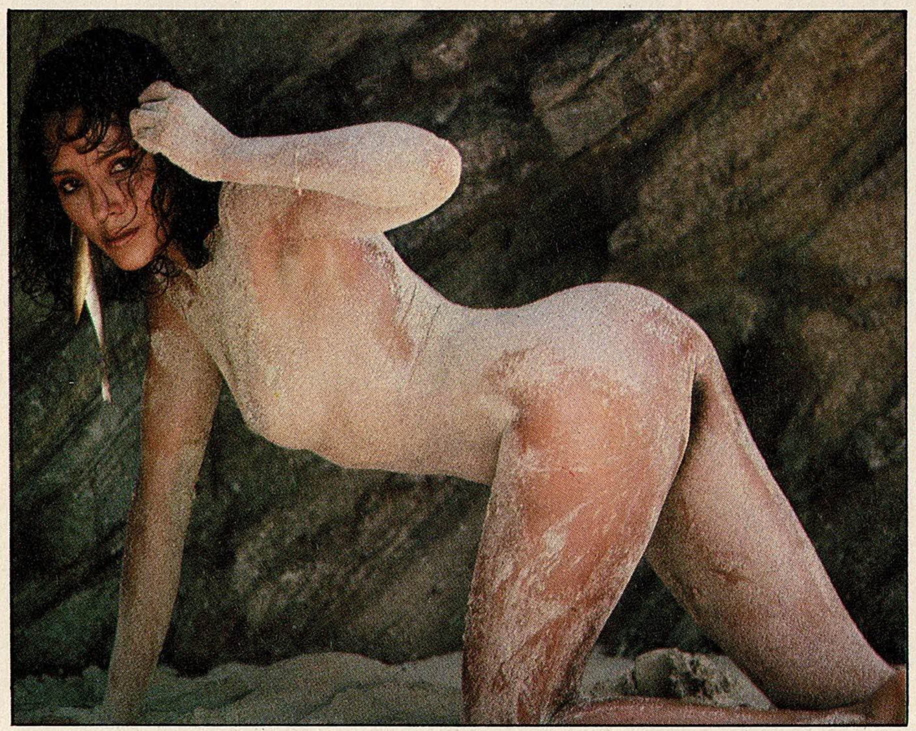
Barbara Carrera, the celebrated Latin supermodel turned actress, became an instant celebrity when 300 million people around the world saw her in the monumental television production, *Masada,* which starred Peter O'Toole.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARCO GLAVIANO

WORLD OF PLAYBOY

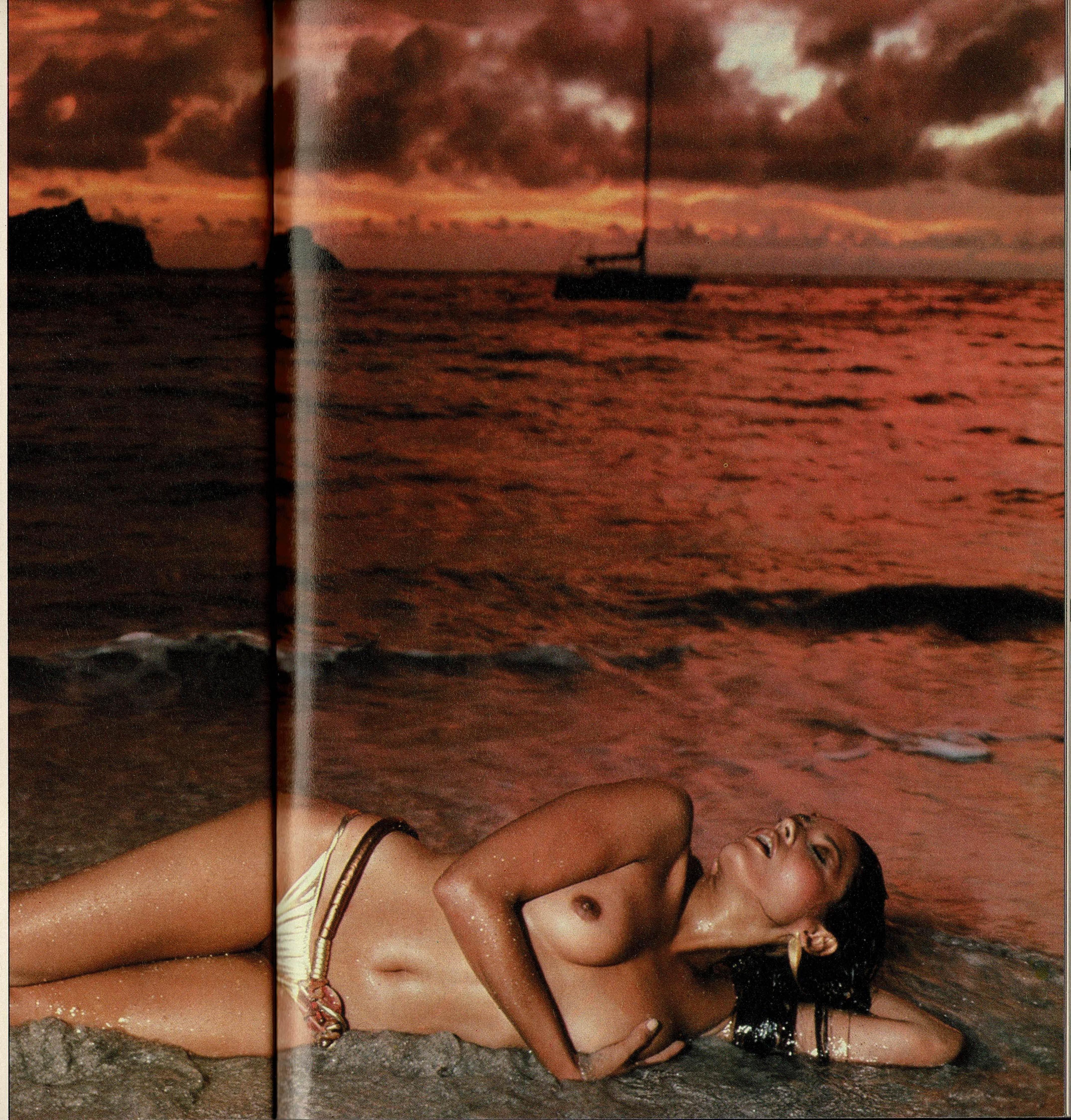
She is about to be seen as a murderous, predatory bitch in *I, The Jury,* the second movie version of Mickey Spillane's first novel, a perennial paperback best-seller. "I feel *Masada* proved to people what I wanted to prove," says the Nicaraguan-born beauty. "I am not just a glamor girl who wants to act, but a real actress, and more an actress than a movie star."





WORLD OF PLAYBOY

"Since *Masada,* which opened many doors, people have started to write for me, make deals around me — they send me scripts all the time," she says. Working with such seasoned actors as Peter O'Toole and Richard Chamberlain has fired her ambition to try a Broadway play, although Barbara's immediate goal is to form her own production company and launch several cherished projects.



LETHAL
KAMIKAZE
BEER

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

DAD'S PATRIOTIC HOME BREW

with the japs on our doorstep it was every man to his yeast and hops

WHEN I WAS a kid, back in the days when world wars were merely a grander version of the character-building sport of Rugby League, I was introduced to the arts and delights of home brew. It was an introduction I was not to forget in a hurry.

To set the scene, the time was World War II and the enemy, in the form of our now most powerful trading partner, the Japanese Empire, was at the gates. The Japanese had bombed Darwin and were playing a grim sort of hide-and-seek game with us in the benign hills and dells of New Guinea, sinking all our shipping along the east coast, and three of their midget submarines had actually entered Sydney Harbor. My unsainted father's response to all this general mayhem and distribution of shite feathers was instantaneous. Being over age, he joined the home guard, or whatever it was called, and made it to artillery gun sergeant.

Sydney's anti-aircraft emplacement was situated on one of the city's great slices of holy ground, the Royal Sydney Golf Course at Rose Bay. Gun emplacements had to be dug and the gunners, all being of the leftish persuasion, took the opportunity to dig up all the carefully tended greens belonging to the bloody silvertails and dump heaps of scrap iron on them. It would, of course, have been far easier to dig up the sand traps but that wasn't the point of the exercise was it? The Wimmera wheat-heavers and malcontents of the 617th troop were not fighting the Japanese at all at this stage, they were fighting those ginswilling bastards up in the clubhouse — the ones who gave the other mob all that pig iron. Now this anti-establishment battle made a man thirsty. He needed a beer in other words. But between the brave lads and their beer stood the figure of one John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia. Now John had liked a beer in his own time, but he'd gone on the dry. And when he went on the dry, he began to adopt a parsimonious attitude towards those who still fancied a gargle.

He'd already had a go at the trots and dogs mob and then, at a famous meeting in Sydney Town Hall, he told my old man and everyone else that they couldn't have a drink or a smoke either.

"You can't tell me and you can't tell yourself honestly there is any recreation that will contribute to your fitness for war by punting and getting drunk and making a Roman feast out of a national tragedy!" Curtin acidly informed his astonished toilers.

Remembering it all later, the old man said he and his mates bloody near marched straight to the Royal Sydney with the intention of putting the greens back. But they didn't and that's how the great home brew war effort came about.

It wasn't easy in those days because it was illegal to make your own beer or wine and besides which, thanks to the national austerity campaign, the ingredients were hard to get. But my old man had at least the basic set-up: a sandstone cellar and a gas-fired copper. The cellar had been sand-bagged on the outside in a misguided burst of national patriotism and fear. My old man believed we were going to be bombed in 10 minutes and then, five minutes later, the Admiral of the Japanese navy would knock on the front door and personally demand his surrender. In another burst of patriotism, he declared washing days to be rationed. My old lady didn't take this terribly hard as it gave her more time in the back parlor of the Rose Bay pub.

As an aside here: even as a kid it occurred to me that the sandbagging of the cellar walls was a somewhat futile gesture against a bombing attack because, given the law of gravity, the house would fall downwards and into the cellar and on to everyone sheltering there.

To make beer one needs malt, hops, sugar and yeast. One also requires bottles and the things that go on top of them known as crown seals. The hard bits were the hops, yeast and the crown seals. To obtain these one had to have a mate in a brewery.

My old man didn't, but our next-door neighbor did. This was one Norm Fisher, who used to walk around shouting, "as free from money as a frog is from feathers", kept his mad sister-in-law locked up in a back room and was a dab hand at making stuffed dates.

So the great patriotic brew-up, or anti-Curtin campaign, started. The first batches were okay. I didn't know it then, as I was allowed only a small glass, but it was generally considered by my elders and betters that on the drunkenness scale of one to 10, the old man's stuff was about eight.

There were some fairly bizarre brews around then. Those who couldn't get hold of hops (which were the scarcest

humor by sam orr

ingredient), resorted to haunting the public library searching through books of ancient brewing lore. They used stinging nettles and other noxious weeds. Some of the results were decidedly interesting. One also gathers that the word went round *not* to accept a beer at certain houses because one would simply not emerge from the establishment alive.

The end for my old man came in the form of a splendid fellow known as the vinegar germ. At its best, it simply turns the stuff bad in the vat and one either does the washing in it or throws the contents at the chooks. But if one unwittingly bottles the stuff, one is left with a more-or-less non-flammable Molotov cocktail.

I was in bed the night it happened. There was a sudden monstrous explosion, and then another, and then the whole house seemed to blow up. The reason for this was that the old man's careful sandbagging had managed to confine the blast to the inside of the dwelling. Others who had gone through this ordeal before had merely suffered the indignity of having their fibro washhouses blown straight through to the neighbor's outdoor dunny. But our stuff came straight up through the floor. If the Admiral of the Japanese fleet had chanced to give a polite knock on the front door that night, he would have received a severe answer.

It was bedlam. The old lady ran about screaming that the Japanese were about to rape her, the old man put on his stupid tin hat and prepared to hoof it for Rose Bay golf links and I hurtled out the back door to be bitten by the damned cocker spaniel (who was basically the bravest of the lot of us). Having decided that I was not a Japanese, he contented himself with howling for the rest of the night. Finally, the old man realised that the explosions were coming from underneath him and, having had the wit to realise that the Japs could not possibly have tunnelled from their homeland to break into the cellar, he took off his tin hat.

It looked like the aftermath of the old lady's normal washing day (she *always* let the copper boil over), with the added attraction of nine tons of broken glass. To do the investigation, we had to turn the lights on and the next day some whacker of an official accused the old man of deliberately signalling to the enemy to enable them to bomb the Sunderland flying boat base down the way. As he was unable to admit he was simply inspecting the wreckage of his illegal booze factory, it took him about a month to extricate himself from the mess.

All this cured him of illegal brewing and it prevented me from even contemplating it. I stolidly plodded through the Fifties when beer was still rationed to six bottles a person, although you could get moderate quantities of that vile stuff, Cascade, and a packet of Turf was a thing to be treasured. The ghost of John Curtin was still babbling on about punting and getting drunk and muttering about Roman feasts even though Hiroshima had long since declared "all in the whippy's taken". The stuff was dangerous. It not only poisoned you but it was likely to blow you to pieces as well.

But time moves. Suddenly it became possible to buy kits almost anywhere to enable you to make your own "near beer". These kits were rather amusing. After giving the main instructions of how to go about the process, the manufacturers added words to the effect that while it was, TOTALLY ILLEGAL TO MAKE FULL STRENGTH BEER, all one had to do to bring the revenue officers down upon one's neck was to halve the quantity of water.

So the law eventually changed. This had nothing at all to do with good old Anglo-Saxon Australians boiling up in the washhouse, and everything to do with 10,000,000 or so Italians making wine in the bedroom and distilling grappa in the bath. There weren't enough revenue boys to go around.

The Federal Government just gave a great sigh and said everyone could do what he or she liked. Some sort of vague rule was made about the number of litres allowable in deference to brewery interests, but no one paid much attention to that anyway.

> *I had this deep suspicion that if I started brewing up, World War III would break out. Besides which, home brew carried a social stigma.*

I remained unimpressed. I had this deep suspicion that if I started brewing up, World War III would break out. Besides which, home brew carried a social stigma. If you brewed your own, you were poor. But then I did become poor so the matter was settled.

Now my neck of the woods isn't exactly a vast metropolis, but a mate of mine directed me to a nearby town where, he claimed, I would find everything I required in a health food shop. I thought he was mad but he was dead right. Right at the back, behind all those energy bars, packs of cow pat tea, bottles of perfumed duck oil and senna pod sandwiches, lay the makings of a brewery. Buy a tin and get drunk. Buy six and destroy the neighborhood. I got so excited that I bought the economy neighborhood pack.

When I got home to Muck Hall again, I rang the old man. War memories evidently remained with him. "Jesus Christ," he said, "Jesus Christ, you'll blow yourself up. Remember the bloody vinegar germ. That stuff's lethal." I pointed out to the old bloke that careful packaging and hygienic preparation methods had long since replaced the throwing-the-stained-sheets-out-of-the-copper madness, and then I went about it.

It worked and it continued to work, the only initial difficulty being patience between bottling and drinking. One is theoretically supposed to wait six weeks. I first waited two weeks, but as thirst bore down on me, I cut it down to 10 days and then five. One day I bottled a batch and opened the first two hours later. This was idiotic, I reasoned: why waste crown seals and all that bottle washing? After all, the good old Poms used to drink the stuff — when it was known as ale and had no hops in it at all — straight out of the barrel. Might as well get into the tub.

Some learned gentleman once said that history never repeats itself, only historians do. I've got news for him. It was funny in retrospect I suppose, but it was somewhat off-putting at the time. In my madness, I had been brewing in three containers at once. In the same shed, I had also been putting down some sauerkraut and putting up some home-made dills. You might say the air was alive with interesting and warring yeasts. As I had a great quantity of the brown fluid, I had to bottle some. . . you can't drink three tubs at once, even if you have a fearsome appetite. So I did.

I was sloshing idly around in the remaining tub the next day with a jug, when the first one went. Now my shed has a six-metre ceiling and the top of the first one reached it with no effort at all. I had enough brains to realise that no foreign fool was about to knock at the front door of the house, but after about half of the first case had finished decorating the shed, quiet descended and I was left with an intriguing problem.

One is very thirsty and there are five cases of beer staring at you. But if one walks over to these cases and reaches out, is one going to lose a hand? It was virtually a matter for the bomb disposal squad. I tried to devise a sort of self-preserving opener by lashing the thing to the end of a long iron bar and grasping the battle by the neck with a wrench that had a metre-long handle, but I was shaking so much that the bottle got itself crushed rather than opened. Sweating profusely, I threw a bunch of hessian bags over the horrors and walked away with as much dignity as I could muster.

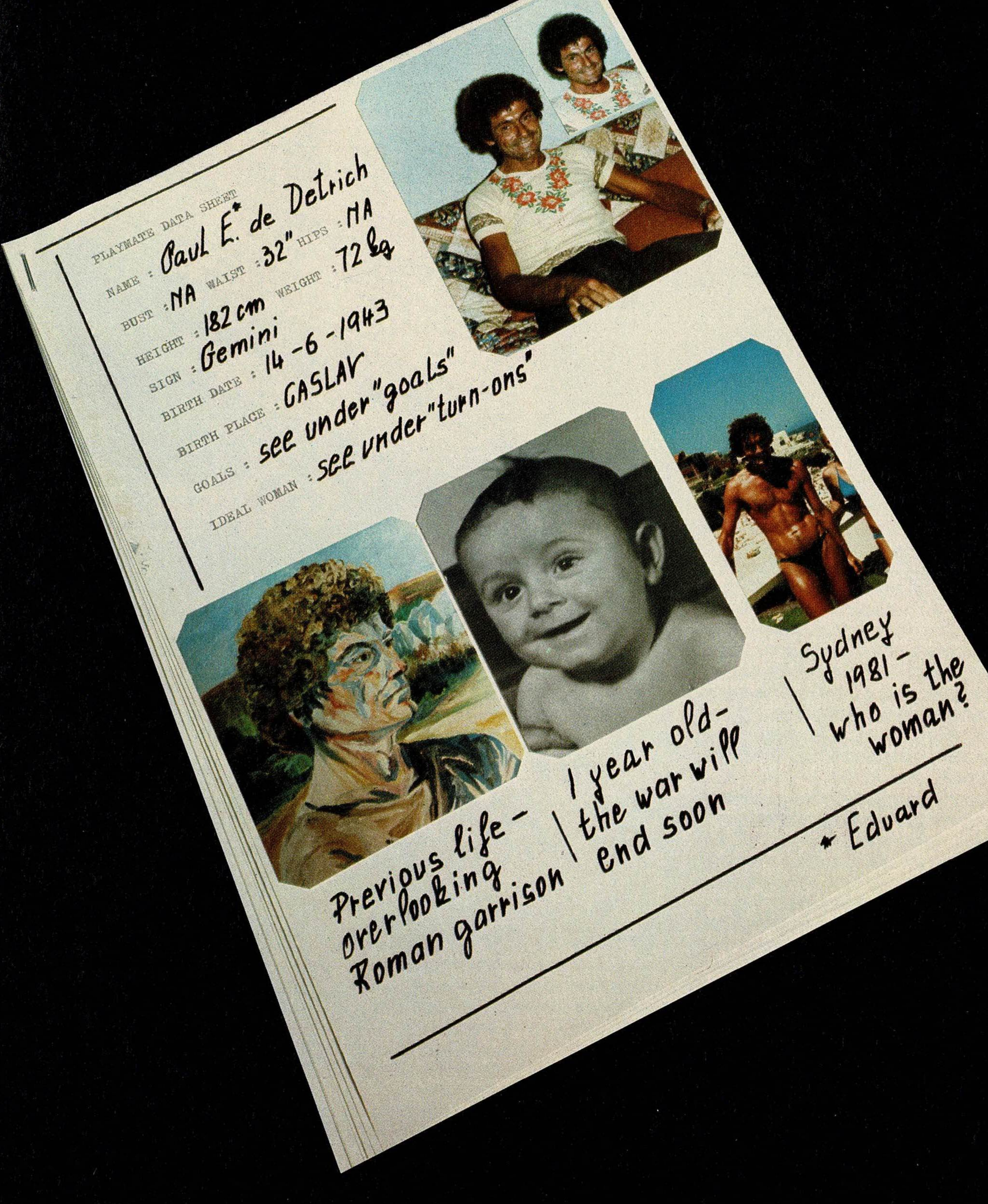
They're still there, under their bags. I've managed to drag the damned dog back from the bottom paddock and I've got over the usual female lecture about *greedy drunks*, and *people who won't wait*, plus *it will do you good anyway and while you're sober you can fix a few things.*

So here I am in the house thirsty, and out there in the shed are five and a half dozen kamikaze crates. I was right in the first place. I've spared the rest of the population, but I've got World War III going in my own backyard.

WHO IS OUR 'LE CLUB' MAN?

announcing the winner of our birthday contest

PAUL Eduard de Detrich. Remember the name (how could you forget a handle like that?) and if you hear he's in town lock up your old lady. Why? Simple. Paul is Australian Playboy's Le Club Man — the proud owner of two weeks timeshare at a luxurious new singles complex near Noosa Heads, Queensland. That means for two weeks



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME : Paul E.* de Detrich

BUST : NA WAIST : 32" HIPS : NA

HEIGHT : 182 cm WEIGHT : 72 kg

SIGN : Gemini

BIRTH DATE : 14-6-1943

BIRTH PLACE : CASLAV

GOALS : see under "goals"

IDEAL WOMAN : see under "turn-ons"

Previous life - overlooking Roman garrison

1 year old - the war will end soon

Sydney 1981 - who is the woman?

* Eduard

every year he's got the pad that dreams are made of. Le Club, just south of Noosa at Coolum on the Sunshine Coast, in Australia's first time-sharing resort of singles and separates. Soon to be featured in a Playboy pictorial, it is the first in a series of Le Club projects planned for Australia. Le Club, nestled between one of Queensland's most magnificent beaches and the scenic backdrop of Mount Coolum, enjoys a near-perfect sub-tropical climate, with year-round temperatures ranging between 22 and 28 degrees.

Le Club's 15 fully-furnished luxury units blend skilful architecture with imaginative design. Interior designer Tom Brink-Larson has created an indoor-outdoor effect by incorporating the living courtyard with the lounge area. Each unit has a color television set, AM/FM stereo cassette player, custom newbuck leather and silver ash furniture, pure-wool carpet and a spacious cocktail bar.

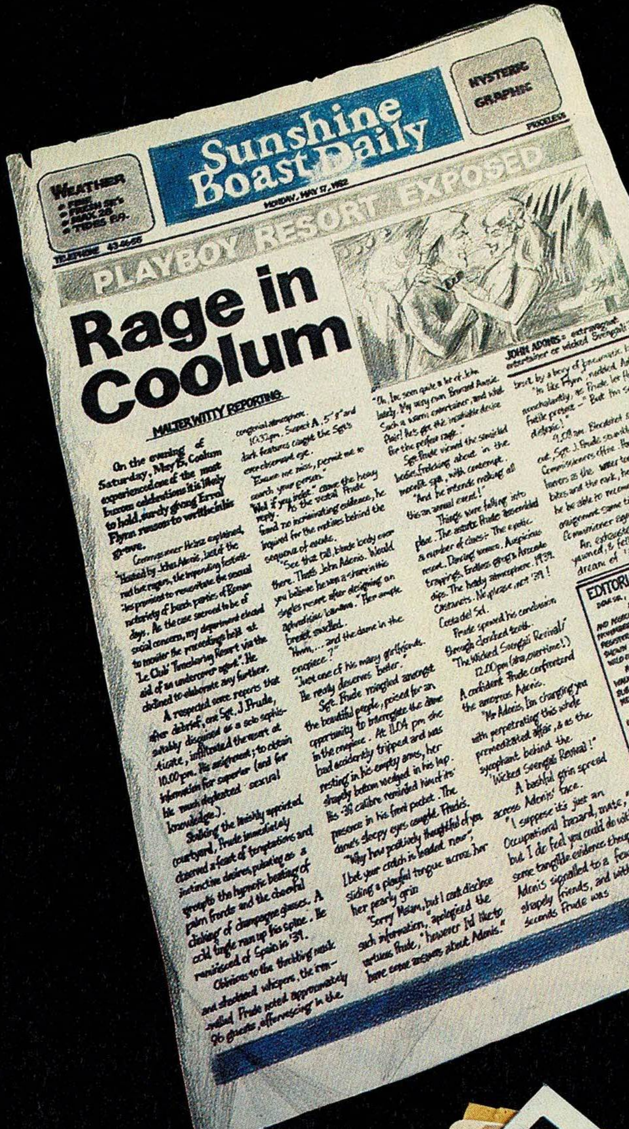
The 2739 square metres of the resort house a total living environment with tropical gardens, rock pools and a host of amenities. Le Club hoasts a swimming pool, hot spa and fully-equipped gymnasium. Breakfast is served at Brassy's Restaurant from 7am, and there is a charcoal grill from noon to midnight. The Lost Horizon Bar and the Coolum Courtyard serve exotic drinks or simple, freshly squeezed juices from 10am.

Life at Le Club is, 'ow you say. . . terrifique.'

Paul de Detrich took out the big one by sending in the entry our panel of judges agreed was the best and most original.

And remember the rules for this contest (announced in our February birthday issue) were wide open. All you had to do was show us your credentials. Some readers took us too literally, but more of that in a moment. The response was overwhelming, and the judges had a torrid time sorting through the avalanche of evidence.

M de Detrich probably clinched it with documentary proof that he once consumed a bottle of Chateau Cantenac Brown 1966, which he somehow pilfered from the Army and Navy Stores in London. You're not impressed? Well, how could you say no to a bloke who can trace his family tree back to 1230 AD and who once had lunch with Sir Alan Moncrieff at the Puffin Club? Who writes poetry, reads Kierkegaard and Kerouac, likes cold beer and hates noisy beds, sat through *Born Free* and remembers the Kingston Trio? Right, our judges cried, de Detrich by a short half head, and went off whistling Tom Dooley.



WEATHER
- FINE
- FRESH SE'S
- MAX 28
- TIDES 8.9.

TELEPHONE 43 46 55

Sunshine Boast Daily

MONDAY, MAY 17, 1982

HYSTERIC GRAPHIC

PRICELESS

PLAYBOY RESORT EXPOSED

Rage in Coolum

MALTER WITTY REPORTING

JOHN ADONIS: extravagant entertainer or wicked Svengali?

EDITORIAL EXERPT

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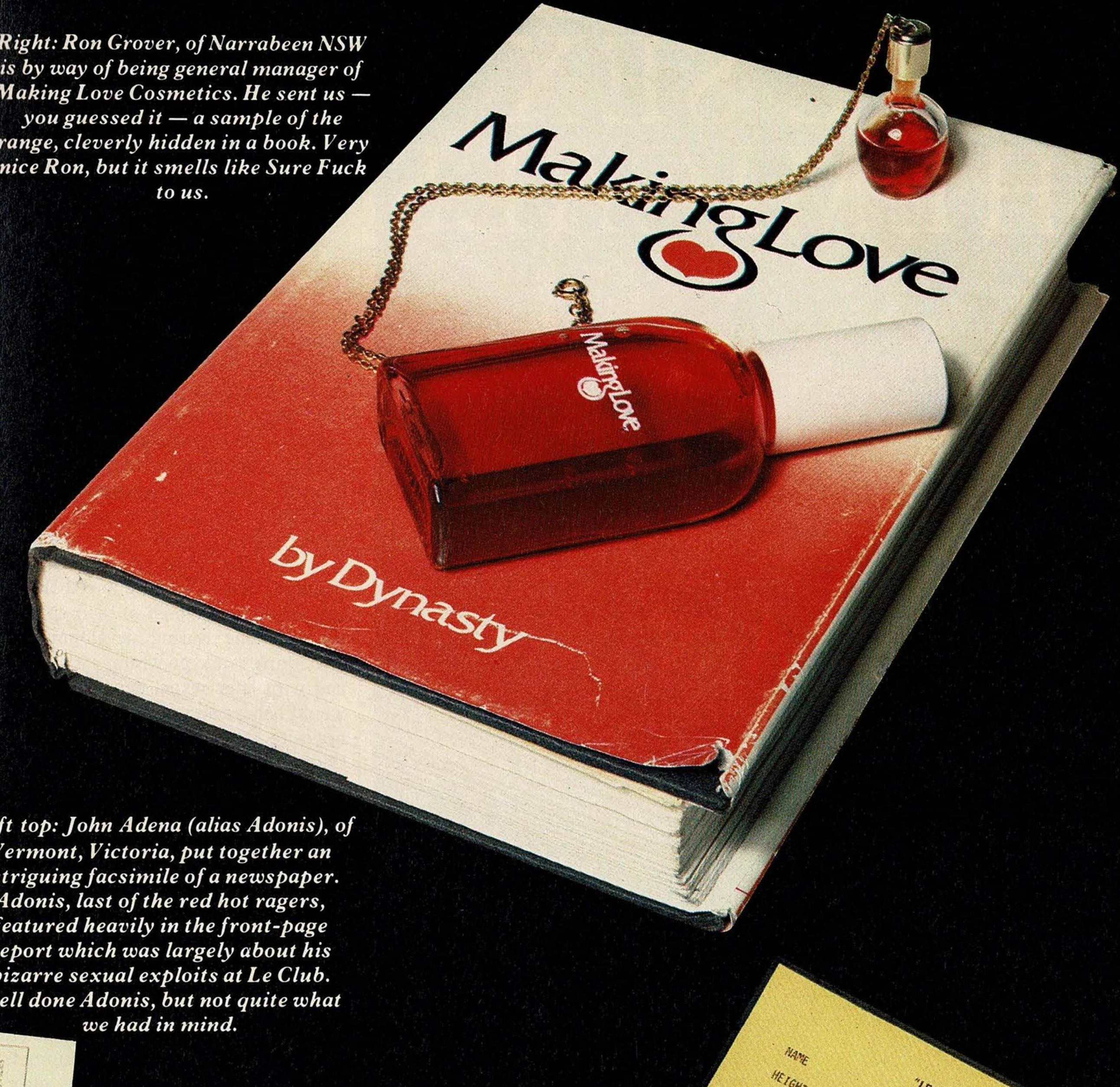
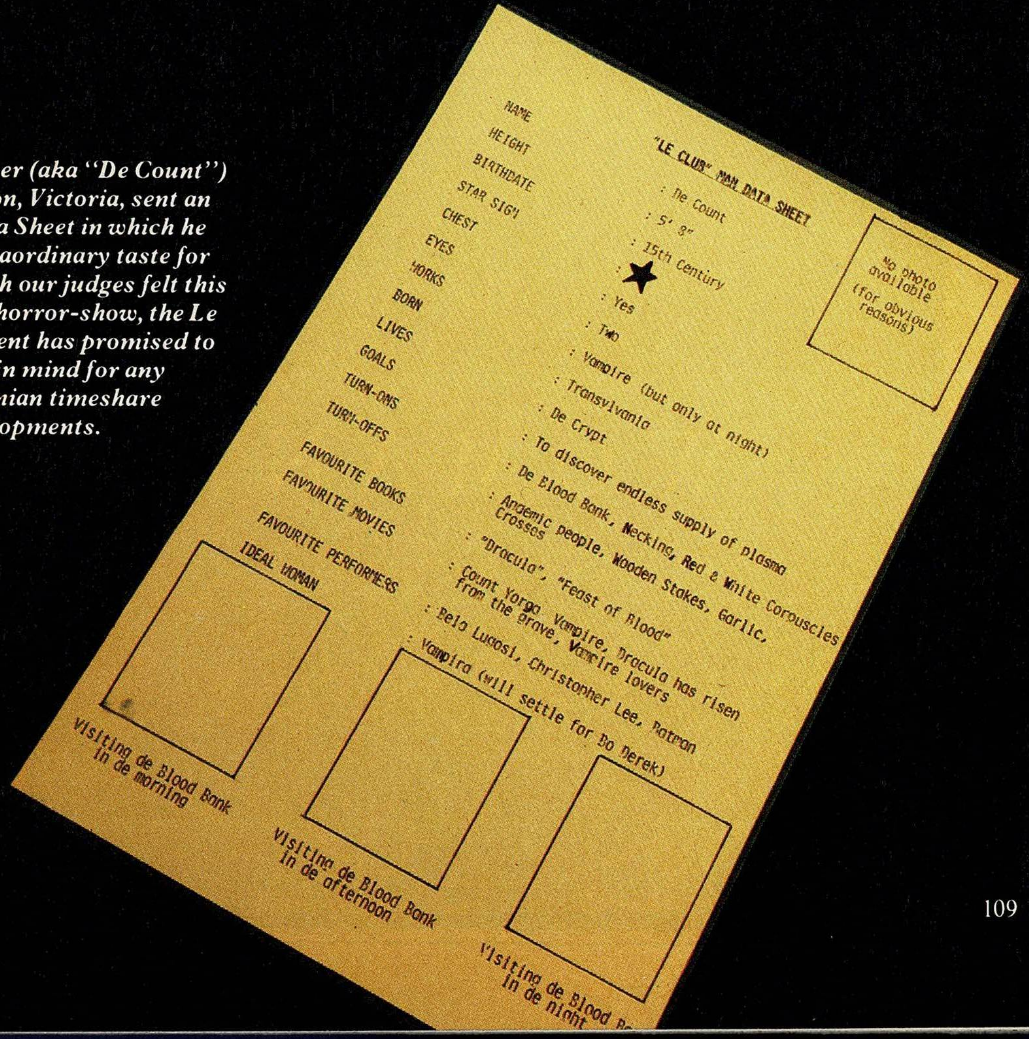
Right: Paul Bayliss, of Port Lincoln, SA, furnished a stack of airline tickets as proof that he was a man of the world and a photograph of his American Express card and Bankcard as proof that he's not silly enough to pay cash for anything. He also enclosed a photograph of himself as proof that he's not whatchamightcall a slavish follower of fashion

Right: Ron Grover, of Narrabeen NSW is by way of being general manager of Making Love Cosmetics. He sent us — you guessed it — a sample of the range, cleverly hidden in a book. Very nice Ron, but it smells like Sure Fuck to us.



Left top: John Adena (alias Adonis), of Vermont, Victoria, put together an intriguing facsimile of a newspaper. Adonis, last of the red hot ragers, featured heavily in the front-page report which was largely about his bizarre sexual exploits at Le Club. Well done Adonis, but not quite what we had in mind.

Right: Leon Zelcer (aka "De Count") of East Brighton, Victoria, sent an intriguing Data Sheet in which he reveals an extraordinary taste for plasma. Although our judges felt this entry was a bit horror-show, the Le Club management has promised to keep Leon in mind for any Transylvanian timeshare developments.



"LE CLUB" MAN DATA SHEET

No photo available (for obvious reasons)

NAME : De Count
HEIGHT : 5' 8"
BIRTHDATE : 15th Century
STAR SIGN : ★
CHEST : Yes
EYES : Two
WORKS : Vampire (but only at night)
BORN : Transylvania
LIVES : De Crypt
GOALS : To discover endless supply of plasma
TURN-ONS : De Blood Bank, Necking, Red & White Corpuscles
TURN-OFFS : Anaemic people, Wooden Stakes, Garlic, Crosses
FAVOURITE BOOKS : "Dracula", "Feast of Blood"
FAVOURITE MOVIES : Count Yorga Vampire, Dracula has risen from the grave, Vampire lovers
FAVOURITE PERFORMERS : Bela Lugosi, Christopher Lee, Batman
IDEAL WOMAN : Vampira (will settle for Bo Derek)

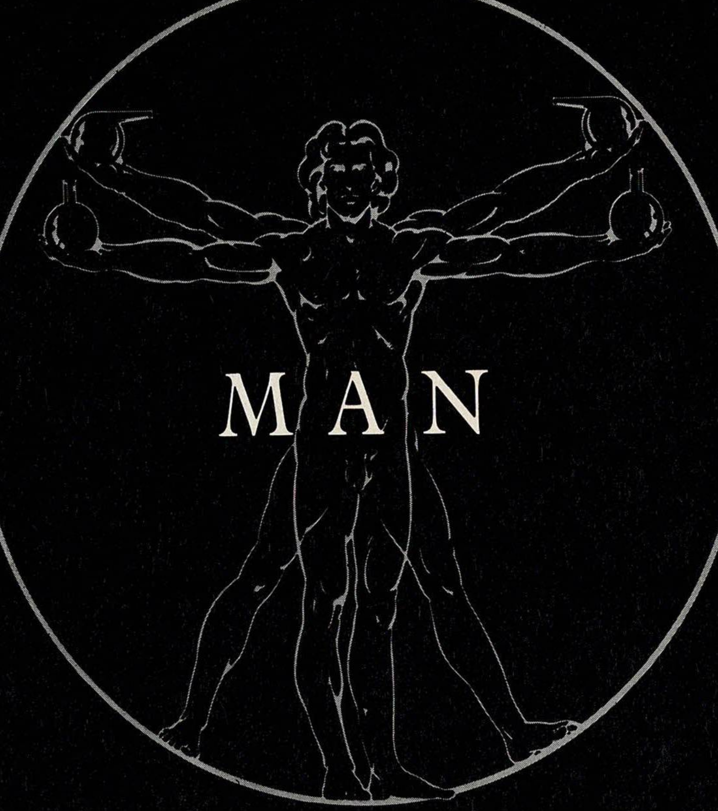
Visiting de Blood Bank in de morning

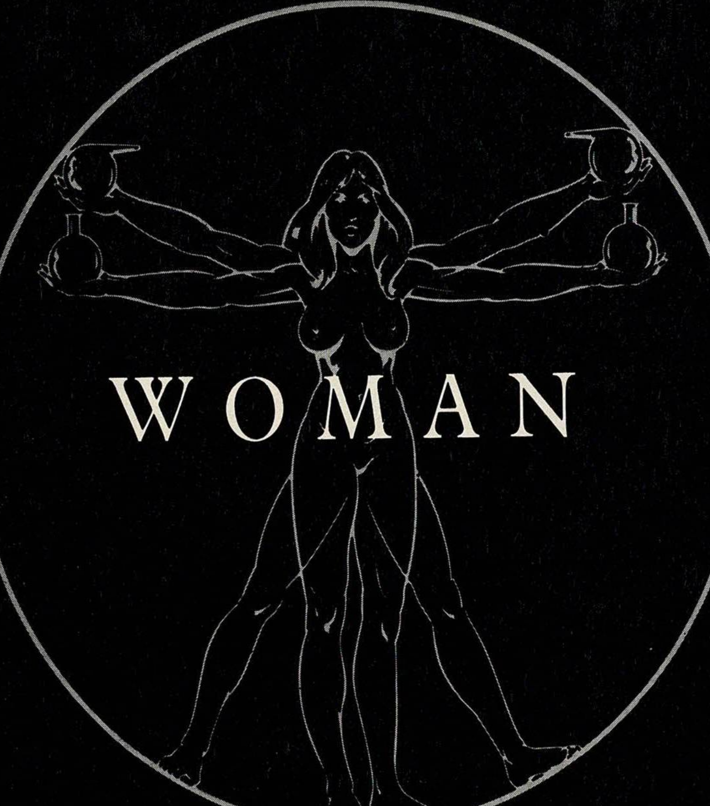
Visiting de Blood Bank in de afternoon

Visiting de Blood Bank in de night

THE SEX CHEMICALS

part four





by jo durden-smith and diane desimone

GUNTER DORNER is head of The Institute for Experimental Endocrinology (hormone research) at Humboldt University in East Berlin. Since the early Sixties, he — like other scientists — has been working to find a way into the connections between motivation, brain and behavior. And like other scientists, he has concentrated on the different sexual motivation and behavior of male and female.

When the scientific community began to understand that it is the hypothalamus —an important structure in the brain — that ultimately controls the output of the hormones and the different patterns of male and female reproduction, Dorner was quick to find in the hypothalamus of rats different male and female sex centres. These centres, formed under the influence of the sex hormones at a very early stage of development, were responsible, he believed, for male and female sexual behavior. And Dorner showed that if the rats didn't get enough of their appropriate sex hormone during development, then something would go wrong with the centres and with later sexual behavior. Adult rats would behave sexually like members of the opposite sex — they would become "homosexuals".

From that, Dorner argued that sexual behavior must also be stamped by the hormones into the *human* brain while it is still developing in the womb and that primary human homosexual behavior must be the result of a sexual stamping that has given the brain the wrong gender. He quotes a study in which male homosexuals obsessively attracted to children were "cured" by an operation on their brains' supposed *female* sex centre. And he himself has performed a series of experiments that show, he believes, that both male and female homosexuality are caused by the prenatal effect on the brain of either too little or too much of the main male sex hormone — testosterone.

Last year, Dorner attended a high-level conference of hormone and brain specialists in Cambridge, England — one of the rare occasions on which he has left his laboratory for the West. And we flew to Cambridge to meet him and to talk first-hand with this shock-haired, twinkling, forthright man who sparks controversy wherever he goes. What he told us gets right to the cutting edge of hormone research — and to the bigger subject of the differences between men and women in behavior and ability.

"You see," says Dorner, speaking fluent, accented English during our first, rushed conversation, in an empty student's room at Cambridge University. "I think people know quite well what we call the *activational* effects of the sex hormones, the way they control the reproductive cycle in women, and so on. And they know that the sex hormones influence at puberty hair, breast and muscle growth and attraction to the opposite sex. They know, too, what happens when various hormones are taken by athletes and transsexuals and so on. But what they *don't* know very clearly is what we call the *organisational* effects of these hormones.

"These effects are written into the organism long before puberty — in fact, at various stages of the foetus' development in the womb. And they affect not only the form and shape that the body will come to have but also the way it will at puberty respond to hormonal influences.

"They *also* affect — quite profoundly — the structure and chemistry of the brain. They lay the foundations for a range of behaviors that will characterise the organism as male or female after birth. We have found — in humans, rats, guinea pigs and other animals — that sex hormones operating on the brain during critical periods of early development can produce a variety of masculine or feminine sexual and social behaviors, *regardless* of the genetic sex.

"There's no doubt," Dorner says, "that this theory is controversial. And it's true that we don't know everything we'd like to know about these hormones. But my theory is completely consistent with what we do know from both animals and humans. We know that in foetal males, the highest level of testosterone coincides with the period when the hypothalamus is organised to control the later expression of male sexual behavior. And it's completely consistent to believe that this stamping is affected — both here and in other parts of the brain where these hormones have been found — when the hormones are present in abnormal quantities."

Dorner is late for the conference's official banquet. "We'll talk later," he says. But we continue to talk as we hurry through a medieval quadrangle in the direction of the dining hall. Then: "Look," he says, stopping, the light catching his rimmed spectacles, "it's very, very hard to test my theory reliably in humans. For that, we would have to monitor a large number of pregnancies, constantly check hormone levels and then follow the behavior of the children born for up to 20 or 25 years. How does one do that? I don't know." He shrugs. "So, in the meantime, we just have to make do with the available evidence. From clinical patients and from animals. This evidence, which is now coming at a very fast rate from laboratories all over the world," he says before disappearing into the darkness, "supports me."

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Nothing is really simple about the sex hormones. They are, in fact, among the most mysterious molecules in nature. They're produced in different quantities by *both* men and women — though they're only a tiny chemical step away from one another. Their levels in the body change all the time — monthly, daily, perhaps even hourly. And they act not only on the body but also on the brain. As Dorner — whom we will come back to later — says, much is known about the role they play in the body in the control of the female reproductive cycle and the maintenance of pregnancy. Much is known about the effects they have on how men and women *look*: give a male-to-female transsexual estrogens (the family of sex hormones related to estradiol) and he will often grow breasts and add fat at hips and thighs; give a female-to-male transsexual androgens (the family of hormones related to testosterone) and she will often grow an enlarged clitoris and gain facial hair, a deeper voice and a masculine musculature. Those are features induced by the sex hormones — in normal males and females — at puberty.

Very little, however, has been known until recently about the way the sex hormones affect the *brain* — not how we look and function as men and women but who we *are* as different genders with different sex-typical behaviors, skills and abilities. And that is what this installment of *Man and Woman* is all about. It is a dispatch from several new fronts of science. As you have already seen, its subject matter is extremely controversial, and it may be profoundly unsettling for both the men and the women who read it. For it suggests that men are the expendable, deviant sex and that women are genetically protected only for the purpose of motherhood. It suggests that we are much more like other animals in nature than we care to believe. And it suggests that not only is the length of our life directed in some way by the sex hormones but so — *before birth* — is much that is important about our personalities as men and women: our gender identity, our sexual behavior, our tastes, our special abilities and even our choice of career. It's a bumpy ride, this installment in the story of men and women. It concerns the accidents of nature and the mistakes of man: homosexuals and housewives, rats and monkeys, tomboys and jocks. And it needs a constantly changing focus.

Hang on.

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Focus One. At the Beginning: Nature's Point of View

Picture to yourself the minuscule cell that worked and divided to become the person you are today. It is an instant after conception, and your mother's egg has just been penetrated by one of the 350 million of your father's swimming sperm. The cell being formed now has in it two-millionths of a millionth of an ounce of DNA — all the information necessary to produce a 50-trillion-cell creature with your particular nose, feet, eye color and crooked grin. This information is arranged in 46 chromosomes — 23 provided by your mother's egg and 23 the gift of your father's sperm. They are now in the process of matching up into pairs.

Each of these chromosomes is a pack of genetic cards, the result of a more-or-less random shuffling of genes from each of your parents' matched pairs of chromosomes. And so the 50 percent you have inherited from each is organised by chance. There are, however, two exceptions to this rule. And those are two chromosomes that are relatively well protected and passed on *without* shuffling — the sex chromosomes. An X chromosome is automatically passed on to the original cell — and to you — by your mother's egg. And either *another* X or a Y is handed down to you by your father's sperm. If you are XX as you read this, you are a woman; if XY, then a man. And that's all the difference there is.

Not a lot, you might think. And genetically speaking, you would be right. What, after all, is *one* chromosome — the X or Y inherited from your father — against 45 others, 44 of which have been provided in equal ratio by both a male and a female, by both mother and father? Given that who we are is a complicated business, then it must be scattered over those other 45 chromosomes as well.

That is the line taken, quite understandably, by a good many people. One chromosome, they say, may be responsible for the way our bodies look and function. But how on earth can it be responsible for any other claimed differences between men and women? In the toys we're supposed to want to play with? In the different abilities we're supposed to have? In the sexual roles we're called on to fill; in the sexual tastes it's considered right for us to display? We must, they say, be more *alike* at birth than unalike — more bisexual. It must be only after birth, they say, that sex differences are forced upon us.

A perfectly reasonable point of view on the face of it. If you shuffle traits from both parents, as nature has chosen to do, then you're bound to end up with potentially bisexual creatures. It's a problem. One that nature *herself* had to face — and to solve.

Let's personalise nature for a moment. Her problem is this. Once she's made a commitment to sex and the sexes she wants to preserve it and to preserve all the advantages the new gene shuffling involves — the highly various offspring it makes possible. But at the same time, she wants to make sure that physically and behaviorally the two sexes remain distinct from each other and — very important — *attractive* to each other. She wants mating, sexual reproduction and a sexual division of labor to continue. She can't afford confused signals or a unisex.

So what can she do? Well, there are two things: she can abandon gene shuffling for a large number of the chromosomes. Or she can be more economical — she can put the X and Y chromosomes in charge of an auxiliary system that will intervene *after conception* in the way the 44 other chromosomes are expressed.

That is, in fact, what nature did. Instead of giving up any of the gene-shuffling advantages, she created, early in evolution, a mechanism that monitors the way the chromosomes' genes are expressed in the male and female body and brain. She invented a process that could reach within the same cells and switch them in either a masculine or a feminine direction. She invented the sex hormones. It is the sex hormones that are responsible for the different abilities of male and female rats. It is the sex hormones that are responsible for the different postures of male and female dogs when they urinate. And it is the sex hormones that, in humans, are responsible for differences in bones, muscles, kidneys, liver, pelvis size, hair growth, breasts and sexual organs. And a lot more besides. They are responsible for the cushion of fat a woman carries against the coming of lean times and for the sudden attraction that springs between male and female at puberty. They are responsible for a whole range of sex-typical risks, drives and behaviors.

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Focus Two. Hormones and the Sexes: The View from Outside

When scientists have looked from the outside at the effects of the sex hormones on the brain and behavior — which is hard to do — these are some of the disputed bits and pieces of evidence they have found: basses have more testosterone and less estradiol than tenors — and they also have more active sex lives. Rapists and exhibitionists have higher testosterone levels than is normal; alcoholics have lower. Tall male executives have sex more frequently than short ones, and their level of testosterone may go up both before and after sex. Old men produce more estradiol and less active testosterone than young ones. And in one part of the Northern Hemisphere, levels of testosterone are highest around September, when most children are conceived. The poet was too general. For in this particular part of the world, a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love not in spring but in late summer.

Scientists have found the beginnings of a connection, in other words, between sexual drive and testosterone. Give large doses of it to a female-to-male transsexual and even *her* libido goes up. There's also a connection in men among the Y chromosome, testosterone and another brain-behavior — aggression. Just as Japanese fighting fish can be made extra-mean-spirited by the experimental addition of an extra Y chromosome, so *men* born with an extra Y chromosome — an accident of nature — tend to be more impulsive, more antisocial and, perhaps, more aggressive.

It makes sense, perhaps, that sex drive, aggression and testosterone should come together in men in one evolutionary package. For males in nature usually have to fight to mate. The package is not, though, a particularly well-*protected* one, and it can easily take on a distorted antisocial shape. Young males — whose levels of testosterone are highest — commit almost all the violent crimes, and many of them are sex-related (the leading cause of murder of women by men in both Africa and the United States is the suspected infidelity of a sexual partner).

There are other distortions as well. There are, for instance, many more cases of men who combine sexual deviance and aggression than there are of women. Aside from their tendencies toward rape and exhibitionism, men commonly practise things virtually unknown in women: homosexual incest, paedophilia (sex with children) and homosexual sadism and masochism. One of the few ways these things *and* the fantasies they give rise to can be treated — short of brain surgery or castration — is with drugs that *block* the actions of testosterone.

So much for men. The picture for women is much less clear, partly because they're hormonally more complicated, partly because they suffer fewer genetic defects than men and partly because — since women are less deviant — science is less often called on to treat them. Women's troubles, if any, seem to have to do with *mood* rather than anything else. The premenstrual "blues", for example, are probably caused by an altered balance of estradiol and progesterone — versions of which are given in the various forms of the birth-control pill. And these two sex hormones are almost certainly somewhere behind women's proneness to depression (a connection we'll be exploring at length in next month's report). They are likely, too, to be at the root of the lack of aggression in the so-called weaker sex. Given externally, progesterone and its relatives induce calmness.

> *Tall male executives have sex more frequently than short ones, and their level of testosterone may go up both before and after sex.*

And estradiol and its relatives seem to promote a sense of well-being.

In women, then — though there is much less evidence than for men — the evolutionary package that comes with the sex hormones and the two X chromosomes also comes with a sensitivity to mood, an evenness of temperament and a general lack of volatility. Males born with two X chromosomes as well as a Y are unusually passive, and male-to-female transsexuals given large doses of estrogen are less arousable and less sexually aggressive. This packaging, again, would make sense. Individual females are important to nature as the main investors in the continuation of the species, so she's careful to protect them hormonally against impulse, hostility and a misplaced sexual drive. Individual males she cares much less about. Given their small investment, any of them will do.

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Focus Three. Men Versus Women: The Struggle Inside

Men are expendable — there's no way around it. And life is something of a struggle for them. They're victimised by nature's careless packaging and by her all-too-plain willingness, with males, to cut her losses if the slightest thing goes wrong.

This is the view from the inside — from the womb itself. For it is in the womb that the Y chromosome is first expressed and the Y-linked sex hormones start to shape male behavior. It is in the womb that the struggle to be male begins, a struggle that begins for one simple but devastating reason: the natural form of the human is female and the male has to be hormonally super-imposed on her. Like it or not, males are converted females with a high casualty rate. They have to do complicated battle to establish themselves in the world. And they often lose.

Picture to yourself again the fertilised egg that became who you are. It is somewhere in the second month of pregnancy and you are about 50 millimeters from top to bottom. Up to this point, there's no difference between a male and a female embryo — all the male and female parts exist in both in a primitive form. At about this stage, though, the male and the female begin to take separate paths. If you're to be female, the gonads, the two collections of germ cells, now begin to develop into ovaries. The male ducts disintegrate — and the female ducts thicken and become the womb, the Fallopian tubes and the upper two-thirds of the vagina.

If you're to be male, however, your Y chromosome interferes with this process. It forces development in another direction. It causes, scientists believe, production of a substance called H-Y antigen, which sticks to the surface of the ovarian cells and forms them into testicles. And the testicles then put out two sex hormones in sequence. One absorbs the female parts that would have become the womb, and so on. And the other — testosterone — protects the male ducts, thickens the spermatic cord and, through a third hormone called dihydrotestosterone, promotes the formation of the male external genitals.

What is interesting, though, about this male sequence is that a number of things can go wrong with it — things that *always* push the development of the male back in a female direction. Strip the H-Y antigen from the cells of a developing testicle in a test tube and the testicle will re-form itself into an ovary. Remove the testicles from the foetus of an experimental animal and it will return to the path toward femaleness. This refeminising can be found in humans, too. A number of genetic human males who make it through to life are born female, either internally or externally or both. The reason is either that they couldn't produce H-Y antigen or one of the three hormones it sets in motion or that they were *insensitive* to one or more of them. In other words, the target cells for these substances weren't equipped with the receptors — or special receiving stations — that are necessary for them to be effective. The sex hormones could not enter the cells and start the machinery that switches their genes in the required masculine direction.

So much for the differences between the male and female sexual and reproductive organs. The important thing to remember is that — in the male's case, at any rate — *genetic* sex is no guarantee of anything. It is the hormones produced by the testicles that do the work. What the hormones produced by the ovaries do is, again, much less clear.

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Focus Four. Meanwhile, in Another Part of the Forest

You may not like rats. But they are important to science. And in order to investigate just what effect the sex hormones have on the brain, and on sex-typical activities, drives and behaviors in humans, science has to start with the rat. Rats are cheap. They reproduce quickly. They are easy to manipulate. And, in a number of recently discovered ways, they are eerily like humans. Young male rats, for example — like human male infants — are more playful, more rough-and-tumble than young female rats. Adult males, too, have different abilities from adult females. Females are better at certain kinds of learning and they're more adventurous in the open. But males are better at figuring out mazes — just as human males are. That requires visual and spatial skills that are likely to be located in the rat's right hemisphere — as it is, again, in humans. Marian Diamond of the University of California at Berkeley has recently found that the surface of the female rat's left hemisphere is slightly thicker than the male's, while the back of the male's right hemisphere is significantly thicker than the female's. That is exactly what one would expect to find in humans, though no one can. For in humans, females have greater language skills — in the left hemisphere. And males have greater visual and spatial skills — at the back of the right hemisphere.

That may not seem like much — especially to a snooty lord of creation like yourself. But for our purposes, it means a great deal. For all of these abilities and attributes in rats can be altered, in a masculine or feminine direction, by the presence or absence of hormones during the rats' so-called critical period — the stage of development during which the sex hormones organise maleness and femaleness. This critical period in rats is a short one and its time span stretches from before to after birth. In humans, of course, the critical period is much longer. But it is probably *all* before birth.

Roger Gorski of the University of California at Los Angeles has done pioneering work on the effects on the brain of the sex hormones during that critical period. "We've known for a long time," he says when we visit his laboratory at UCLA, "that if we give male hormones to female rats during this period, they will neither ovulate nor behave sexually like normal adult females. If, as adults, they're later given testosterone, they'll behave sexually as males. The reverse is also true. Deprive a male rat of male hormones and then later give it estrogen, and it will behave sexually just like a female. It will proffer itself and arch its back in the female posture we call lordosis.

"These changes, I originally thought, were probably due to some altered responsiveness of the system to hormones. I thought it unlikely that any *structural* differences would be found in the brains of male and female rats that might account for them. But then various things happened. First, Gunter Dorner found differences in the nuclear size of nerve cells in the hypothalamus. Then, a British and an American group found differences in the interconnections between nerve cells. And then, Fernando Nottebohm of The Rockefeller University found *major* differences in the brains of songbirds. That really set us looking."

> *Deprive a male rat of male hormones and then later give it estrogen, and it will behave sexually just like a female.*

In 1976, Nottebohm and Arthur Arnold — now a colleague of Gorski's at UCLA — announced that they'd found two gaggles of nerve cells in the brains of canaries that were three and four times larger in the male than in the female. It's the male canary, not the female, that sings. Nottebohm and Arnold showed that these centres were responsible for the male song, which is both learned and left-hemisphere dominant, as is human language. They also showed that the sex hormones were dramatically involved in the formation of these centres and in song itself. For when adult female canaries were given testosterone, not only did their two centres grow, they also started — falteringly — to sing.

Here, then, was the first real connection linking the sex hormones, behavior and brain structure. And it led Nottebohm — a courtly, soft-spoken man — to predict two things: first, that whenever the male and female of a species differ in the development of a skill, a correspondingly greater or smaller amount of brain space will be given over to the neural organisation of that skill; and second, that that skill and the brain space allotted to it will be dictated by the sex hormones.

That was enough for Gorski and his co-workers. They quickly went hunting for a similar gaggle of cells — or nucleus — in an area of the rat hypothalamus that they knew to be involved in the regulation of reproduction. It wasn't long before they found what they were after. "We, too, discovered a nucleus," says Gorski. "We call it the sexually dimorphic nucleus, and it is larger — five to seven times larger — in the male than it is in the female. We couldn't alter this difference by manipulating hormone levels in adulthood. But we *could* do so by manipulating them during the rat's critical period, at around the time of birth. Females that we masculinised during this time had a much larger nucleus than normal females. And castrated males had a much *smaller* nucleus than normal males. The size of the nucleus, in other words — just like adult sexual behavior — depends on the hormonal environment to which the brain is exposed during the critical period. And this seems to be true even when it's taken out of the brain. Dominique Toran-Allerand, working with foetal mice at Columbia University, has put the general region that contains this centre into culture in the lab. What she's found is that it develops differently depending on whether masculinising hormones are present or not.

"The genetic sex of the tissue, like the genetic sex of our animals," Gorski says, echoing Dorner, "is immaterial. It is the sex hormones that are important."

Whether the sex hormones and Gorski's nucleus are, between them, responsible for the other sex-typical behaviors of male and female rats is not yet know. But more and more connections are now being made between the sex hormones, brain and behavior. Bruce McEwen of The Rockefeller University has discovered sex-hormone receptors during the critical period in precisely those areas of rat brain that are thought to organise differences in behavior other than sexual — maze running, avoidance learning and so on. And what Gorski has found in rats and Nottebohm and Arnold have found in birds, a tall, moustached scientist named Robert Goy has begun to find in a species much closer to us: rhesus monkeys.

It took Goy five years to fine a way of housing his rhesus monkeys in socially unstressful conditions like the ones they're in today — conditions more or less like those of the wild, in which their behavior would be natural. Even so, he has found it virtually impossible to study the effects of sex hormones on adult *sexual* behavior, as Gorski has done in rats and Goy has done in guinea pigs. "There are too many social variables we know little about and would have to take into account," he says.

What he *has* been able to study, though, is the effects of hormones on various sorts of sex-*typical* behavior. "We've done some work on dominance, for example," he says in his office across the road from the centre. "Males usually occupy the dominant position in a troop. But we've shown that females whose mothers were given testosterone during pregnancy are much more likely to be the dominant members in a mixed troop, as adults, than are other females. This effect of prenatal testosterone — I'm just now beginning to work on estrogen effects — can also be seen in the way infants and juveniles interact. And that's what I've mainly been working on."

Goy pulls at a cup of coffee. "There are four main ways in which male rhesuses at young ages differ in their behavior from females. They initiate play more often. They rough-house more often. They mount their peers — of both sexes — more often. And they mount their mothers much more often than females do.

"We can, however, produce a male-typical frequency of *all* these behaviors in young females if we give their pregnant mothers high injections of testosterone or dihydrotestosterone for various periods of time during the critical period of development — which is before birth, as it is in humans. These females will play rough and so on. And many of them will be born with masculinised genitalia to one degree or another — there's clearly a critical prenatal hormonal period for that.

"But there's *also* a critical period — much longer and much harder to define — for the acquisition of these sex-specific *behaviors* under the influence of the hormones. And what's so interesting is that they don't all come in one bundle. We can actually separate them out. We can give androgen injections for quite a short period of time, for example, and females will mount their mothers much more often — but not their peers. Peer mounting, in turn, can be separated from play behavior. And finally, the mounting of male *vs.* female peers can also be separated out. Incredibly, we've exposed male foetuses to additional male hormones for a really short time in early pregnancy, and we've recently found that they'll mount *only* female peers. No other male behavior is affected.

"This suggests — in *these* primates, at any rate — that the individual bits and pieces of behavior that make up masculinity are separately controlled by the sex hormones over time. Masculinisation, in other words, is a slow, iffy, complicated, more-or-less process; you get tooth-and-claw males and you get less masculine ones. This doesn't seem to be true of feminisation. Our altered females may be masculinised, *but they are not defeminised.* In fact, there are no feminine traits that we can identify and then suppress by exposing the foetus to hormones. And furthermore, there are no feminine behaviors that are not common to both sexes. Males — and our altered females — are, in other words, simply females who've had a male pattern superimposed on them."

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Focus Five. Men, Women and the Sex Hormones: Coming Full Circle

How can one argue from rats, birds and monkeys to humans? "One can't," say some scientists. "One can," others say cautiously — believing, above all, in the economy of nature. They point to the little we know about humans from the accidents of nature and the mistakes of man. They point, inevitably, to CAH women.

With CAH women, we come full circle, to take the results of work done with animals back into the human brain, as Gunter Dorner has done. CAH stands for Congenital Adrenal Hyperplasia, a disorder of the adrenal glands, which sit just above the kidneys and are responsible for our reactions to stress, among other things. In individuals with CAH, something has gone wrong — starting in the womb — with production of the adrenal cortex' main hormone, cortisol. Instead, during the human critical period, as the foetus is developing, large quantities of testosterone are produced.

In boys that has little obvious effect, but in girls it has the effect of masculinising — one degree or another — their external genitals, as is the case in Goy's monkeys. These days, the condition is usually recognised in early infancy. The baby girls are surgically altered — if necessary — and are given cortisone-replacement treatment for the rest of their lives.

Their behavior, though, has already been pushed in a masculine direction — and that isn't alterable by surgery or cortisone treatment, however soon after birth those are applied. The male hormone, in other words, has had its effect on behavior *before birth* as in Goy's monkeys. And after birth, the effect can be measured. According to a series of studies begun by John Money of John Hopkins University and Anke A. Ehrhardt, now at Columbia University and New York State Psychiatric Institute, CAH girls are more tomboyish than their female peers. They're athletic and highly energetic. They prefer boys as playmates. And they are quick to involve themselves in organised, competitive group sports.

Some of this behavior has been explained by saying that CAH girls expend energy in a way that has been masculinised — males, and maybe CAH females, have bigger lungs and hearts and a higher oxygen consumption than normal females. But there are *other* differences that can't be explained this way: CAH girls prefer toy guns and cars to dolls; they prefer functional to traditionally feminine clothing; they prefer playing cowboys and Indians to playing house and career-rehearsal games or fantasising about marriage and infant care. They show little enthusiasm for babies and little interest in stereotypical girls' activities. Their puberty is often later than other girls' though it is made normal because of the cortisone treatment. And they don't become as quickly attracted to the idea of romance and dating with the opposite sex.

All of that is vividly reminiscent not only of Goys' monkeys but also of Gorski's rats. But: "Look," says Ehrhardt in the cafeteria of the New York State Psychiatric Institute, "we have to be *extremely* cautious about this. I find the jump that Gunter Dorner makes from animals to humans absolutely unacceptable. These things, after all, are just trends. They're not found in every individual. And in the case of bisexuality and what may be bisexual and homosexual impulses, we don't even know if these are any more common in CAH women than in the rest of the population. We don't know enough. You see, this is so hard for people to understand. They think in terms of a hard-and-fast distinction between what is biologically determined and what is socially determined — nature *vs.* nature. And these things must interact. How one behaves, after all, depends a great deal on whether one's behavior is frowned on or not. Well, homosexuality and bisexuality aren't as frowned on as they once were. And so we find these inclinations in CAH women, just as we *might* find them in any sampling of women as a whole. As for tomboyism — well, yes, it's true that CAH girls are significantly more tomboyish than a population of girls matched for age, background and so on. But one, tomboyism is perfectly socially acceptable in this society. And two, not every CAH girl is a tomboy. It is not *biologically* guaranteed."

Ehrhardt, professor of clinical psychology at Columbia, is a very careful scientist. A precise, smiling woman in her 40s, she's well aware of the controversy that surrounds her field. She's quick to maintain the importance of learning in humans, and she discountenances any idea that our sexual and social behavior can be *dictated* by the hormonal environment in the womb.

Nevertheless, for more than a decade now, Ehrhardt has been investigating — most recently with Heino Meyer-Bahlburg — just *what* effects this environment may have. Besides looking at CAH individuals, she has also studied an entirely different population — children whose mothers were given hormones to maintain their pregnancies. Some of these hormones were estrogens — hormones related to estradiol — given either in a natural form or in a synthetic version such as diethylstilbestrol (DES). And some belonged to a group of hormones called progestogens. These hormones were, again, either natural (animal derived) or synthetic (laboratory made). Some were progesterone-based and some were androgen-based — closely related to testosterone.

As far as researchers can tell, the children born after their mothers were treated with

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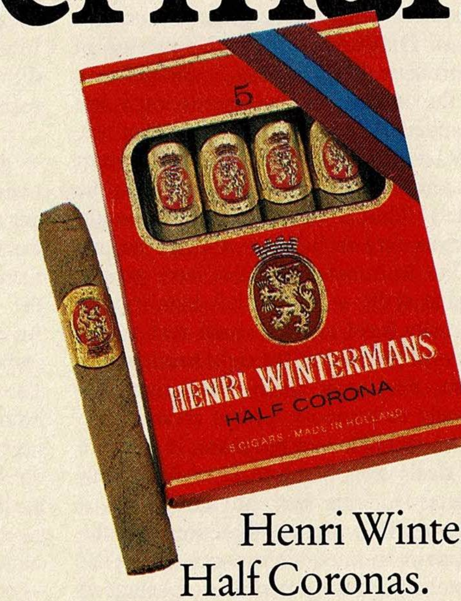

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these substances differ from controls only in the circulating sex hormones they were exposed to in the womb. Ehrhardt and Meyer-Bahlburg and groups headed by June Reinisch of Rutgers University and Richard Green of the State University of New York at Stony Brook, among others, have tried to tease out their effects on later behavior. The case is clearest for the progestogens. Girls exposed to androgen-based progestogens seem very similar to CAH girls — more tomboyish and energetic than usual and often born with subtly masculinised genitals. Boys also seem more energetic and aggressive than their peers — as CAH boys do.

The reverse, however, seems to be true of progesterone-based progestogens, whether given alone or in combination with estrogens. These hormones seem to have a slight demasculinising effect. Boys exposed to them appear as a group to be less aggressive and assertive than their peers. They show poorer athletic co-ordination and what one study calls "lowered masculine interest".

What does that mean for us as men and women? It may mean, as Goy says, that "sex hormones operating on the brain organise not merely sexual behavior but also social demeanor and orientation to social problems and their solutions." It may mean, as Ehrhardt says cautiously, that "a sort of pre-tuning takes place."

We may also have to rethink our whole attitude toward homosexuality. The day after our first Cambridge meeting with Gunter Dorner, we met him to talk with him about his presumption that homosexuals are born and not made.

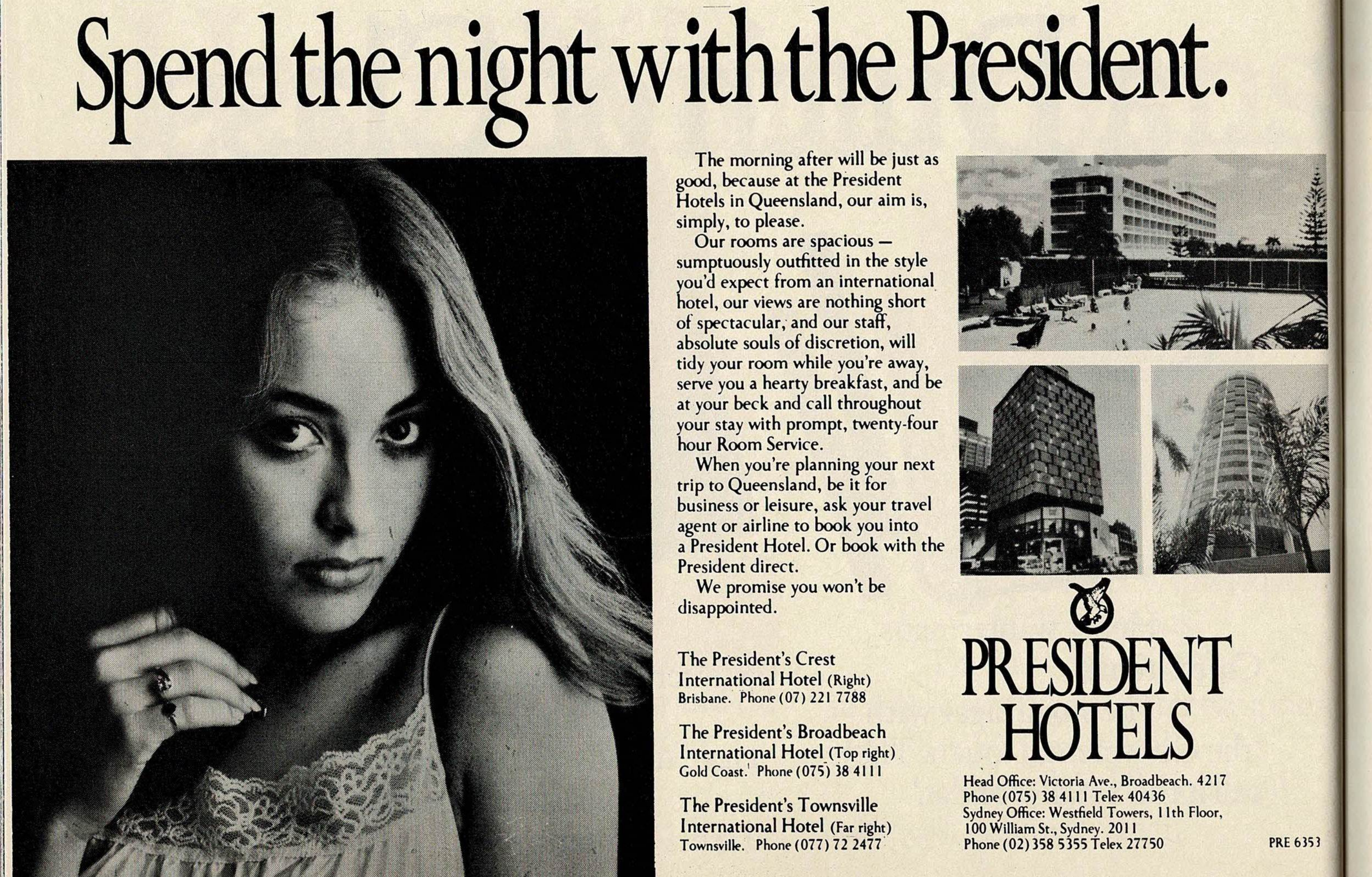
"Well," he says, "I saw in rats that they could be made homosexual if deprived of testosterone during the critical period of brain differentiation. And I had the idea that human male homosexuals might also have feminised brains as the result — perhaps — of stress in their mothers. Stress causes the production of substances in the adrenal glands that depress testosterone levels in the male foetus. In my laboratory, we've tested the effect this might have in three separate ways. First, we subjected rat mothers to stress and showed that their male offspring had lower testosterone levels at birth and exhibited homosexual behavior in adulthood — this has been confirmed by two studies in America, two studies that I know of. We then checked the population records to see if more *human* male homosexuals were born during the stressful period of World War II than were born either before or after it. And we found that this was so. At this point, we gave a number of primary male homosexuals an injection of estrogen, arguing that if their brain was indeed feminised, then it would respond as if to a signal from a nonexistent ovary — with a surge of ovulation-inducting hormone. This is what happened. And it did not happen in heterosexual or bisexual men.

"As a result of this," he says patiently, aware of the people around him who do not agree with him, "and as a result of studies done in my laboratory going back to 1964, I am forced to conclude that male homosexuality is the result of a feminisation of the hypothalamus, activated — as far as sexual behavior is concerned — at puberty."

Ehrhardt is not impressed. "I think Dorner has too much riding on his theory," she says. "The studies he refers to are inadequate. And until there is a series of well-designed, well-controlled studies on humans, I will remain intensely sceptical of the view that learning and the environment play only a small role in who people are and how they behave."

Gorski, however, isn't so sure. "I think," he says carefully, "in the work Dorner's doing, he's taking a great step forward. And he could give us a solid answer as to whether or not there's a dependence on hormones in human sexual behavior. I think the verdict's not in yet. But what he's saying is extraordinarily provocative at every level. You know, for example, that women in our society live longer than men, though it's still not clear why. Well, Dorner says that female rats also live longer and that male rats deprived of male hormones during their critical period live the same length of time as females.

"Well. . ."



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PRE 6353

DALE BUGGINS PT 1

(continued from page 43)

The clean-cut Aussie kid hadn't come to America to encounter the destruction of his hero.

Terry Blackwell passed a beer to Ken Buggins and slid the juice in front of Dale. Now he remembered. The previous time he'd see the barman, the guy had been in police uniform and was sitting in the front seat of a black-and-white, cradling a pump action shotgun. That was yesterday. The Buggins U-haul rental van, emblazoned with the red, white and blue signature colors, had pulled up outside a supermarket liquor store. A car gymkhana was in progress in the parking lot, and as Terry scrambled up top for a better view, Dale moved the truck closer.

"Move that thing outa here, now," growled a voice at the driver's side window.

"We're just watching the. . ."

"Listen, son, I'm not askin' ya; I'm tellin' ya. Now move it." They moved.

Blackwell wasn't keen on seeing that cop again but here he was, pulling beers in Vapors. The bar looked like Burbank's storage room for *CHIPS*, *Starsky And Hutch*, *SWAT* and every cop show made since *Car 54 Where Are You?* Police paraphernalia was everywhere. Red lights, blue flashers, sirens, badges and every cop appendage imaginable adorned the walls and shelves. The cop recognised the Australians, too. They got to talking, struck up a rapport, and the Aussies learned Vapors COP (as in co-op and cop) was operated by this cop and his buddies in their spare time. The cop was even more impressed to learn how the Buggins crew earned their living.

"Two beers and an orange juice, please."

This time the drinks were on the house, and so it went until a siren signalled closing time. The blinds were drawn and the Aussies drank on till the early hours.

When the Buggins had hit California in hot July, Terry found Michalob bottled beer the least likely to offend his palate. Rather than experiment, he stuck with Michalob throughout the trip and especially appreciated it in the hot weather and when he and Ken relaxed with a beer after the show. Whether at the bar, motel, or standing around the truck, it was good to unwind over a beer and conversation, to feel the tension ease under the impetus of the alcohol. It made little difference to Dale, he rarely drank anything stronger than orange juice.

Two beers and an orange juice became an issue for Ken Buggins, who had long been worried about Dale's inability to relax. Chantell had ceased to wonder why when she, Terry and friends would head for a club or disco, Dale would stay in the motel or van, pouring over receipts or technical aspects. It was nothing new. Dale had been that way since the show was put together more than five years earlier.

All the miles and months on the road, the places they'd been and the faces they'd met, had not changed him. He still couldn't relax.

On the American tour, with its long distances, strange towns, unfamiliar venues and the time spent away from home, it was vital to find some diversions. For a kid from a NSW country town whose life was one mad tango with death or injury, it was a ballbuster. Too damn much, particularly for someone without a safety valve.

Golfers on the pro circuit claim that if you eat hamburger, hamburger is what you get. It means the guys who ride third class don't pick up the cash. The Buggins crew ate too much hamburger on the American tour. Dale was at his worst when not working and was pissed off at having only 30 bookings in three months. Too much inactivity. The financial returns were disappointing compared with the overheads. There were no jets or five-star hotels. The four of them saw America from the cab of a U-haul van, and home was a chain of budget motels.

Crammed into the van, they followed a clockwise loop north from California into Canada, down through Chicago and into the midwest, where they performed their last show in Ohio. That left a straight drive from Ohio to California without one show or income on the way. By the time they hit the West Coast they were less than enamored with the entrepreneurial skills of rookie promoter Greg Kirklie, and on returning to his San Fernando base they let him know as much.

If this was the Buggins' attempt to leap into the hearts and imaginations of Middle America, it had stalled on the ramp. In between a Las Vegas spectacular, an appearance on the same bill as Willie Nelson and the Gatlin Bros, plus a Merv Griffen TV spot, there were too many small town fairs and days of immobility. At times the boys were under pressure to service the bikes while Chantell spent too many evenings washing costumes to maintain the zap-pow appearance that had knocked out Australian fans.

It all came down to attitude. Blackwell, who had quit a job as a railway fettler to break into stunt riding, was ecstatic about seeing America. Being paid for doing it was a bonus. Removed from the business traumas, Terry saw the three months as a working holiday which he was determined to enjoy. For the ex-railway fettler from Maitland, it was an experience worth cherishing. For the Buggins family, it was business, and one of the most critical steps they'd undertaken.

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Evel Knievel was the greatest bike jumper of them all. As a wild boy from Butte, Montana, he had taken the rough ridin', hell raisin' elements of rodeo, wrapped them up in star-spangled splendor and began jumping his bike over cars and just about everything they put in his way. He became the stunt bike world champ for distance jumping and led a lifestyle which was something akin to Jerry Lee Lewis on wheels.

With a bit of licence and romance tossed in, his biography cashed in on the early Seventies' bike movie boom and elevated Evel's mystique in time for a series of absurd stunts which peaked with his declared attempt to jump Snake Canyon. It was an extravagant exercise in hype, designed to milk the market to repay debts and put him in a soft saddle for approaching retirement. After all, he had damn near broken every bone in his body in 20 stormy years, and he walked with a limp and sometimes the aid of a stick. The Snake Canyon stunt ended in farce, drew a rip-off of-the-year billing and ruined Knievel's credibility forever. What friends he had left became fewer then he took to a promoter with a baseball bat and finished on the wrong end of a heavy damages suit.

But in Dale Buggins' eyes, Evel Knievel was still *the* man, and for the Aussie kid the trip was part pilgrimage, part crusade to meet Evel on his home turf. Oh, yeah, and beat him in a jump-off. But when Dale went in search of the legend that was Evel, he found it had long gone. Even in Butte, Dale found no edifice to his hero and there were few who had any fond memories of the hell raiser. Nobody knew where he was, but everybody was tipping the creditors wouldn't be far behind. Some said he'd hit the bottle and was flat busted in Miami. The clean-cut Aussie kid hadn't come to America to encounter the destruction of his hero. It rested badly with Dale because Knievel, who had been the king, had handed on the ultimate accolade to the Buggins kid: "He is the best bike rider I have seen," said the man from Montana after watching Dale perform in Australia.

In his suicide note to his parents, Dale had said: "Dear Mum and Dad, I'm so confused with life and the people in it. It's got to the stage where I can't think straight, too many ups and downs. Take care of the family, Dad. Always your loving son, Dale." After kicking through the coals of Evel's burn-out, maybe Dale's drive to inherit the Knievel boots had lost its allure.

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The each-way bet that comes with an obsession is that it will ultimately divorce the victim from reality. Since pulling a teenage prank to jump his mother's car, Dale Buggins had become obsessed with leaping a bike farther than anyone else,

(continued on page 120)

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Lawrence Harop Vartan/G004

especially Knievel. A former high school teacher of Dale's described him as a bright student — but distracted. Motorcycles were his passion, and they cut him off from school and eventually his mates. Sport, yahooing or chasing girls are the teenage experiences which, when shared, can cement the bonds of friendship. But jumping bikes is a lonely walk which takes skill of the brain surgeon variety, much guts and the coolest of temperaments. Some people crack it in one of those categories. Very few score in all. All three helped make Dale world champ, and they just as neatly removed him from most of the ties he shared with mere mortals. After all, when it came to staring that three-quarters-of-a-metre wide ramp fair in the teeth, there was only one guy who could make the jump. Not Ken. Not the back-up rider. Just Dale. And there was only one Dale.

Ken Buggins is a complex man. Industrious, often abrupt and distracted, the former migrant from Derbyshire who had turned an earthmoving business into a mound of money, was more like a brother to Dale than a father. Nobody in the Buggins family had wanted Dale to become a bike stuntman. Rows ensued with Dale threatening to leave unless Ken complied. Ken Buggins observed the rift and plugged it with a simple decision: if he couldn't stop Dale he would join him. After all, it was only a teenage craze. With Ken's mechanical expertise he could make the act as risk-proof as possible.

Life might have been much simpler for Ken and the family had Dale decided to play football or almost any other sport. Ken could have joined the other dads at the local park each Saturday morning and waited until time and talent decided whether his son was destined for a career in team sports. It would have placed no great demands on the family and would have reduced the anxiety level around the Buggins household. Instead, the father found himself fiddling about with bike equipment and in that capacity operated as a safety net to counter Dale's desire to jump farther than anyone else. Almost every sport has a risk element but riding a stunt bike has a few more than most. Ken Buggins made it his aim to erase as many of the risks as possible. Ken had worked hard at being Dale's guardian angel. He'd reduced the jumping, expanded the show with less dangerous stunts and put hours of thinking and endeavor into minimising the risk. He had taken Dale's jumping skill and expanded it into a two-hour spectacular with fireworks, lights, high wire acts, acrobatics, noise, flair and thrills. Ken designed the stunts and built the equipment around an act good enough to hold an audience of 35,000 rapt. He devised the image of the all-Australian kid hero with the trick of maximum thrills and minimum danger. Even when Chantell entered the act, the fact that Ken had curbed Dale's world jumping title pursuit meant the risks were lower than ever.

Yet, in steering his kids clear of danger, the insulation he'd built around them might have been all set to smother them. Ken's work on the stunt show meant giving away much of the earthmoving business, but the returns more than compensated. He doted on every detail — from promotion to pulling down the bikes. Eventually, he knew so much about the act that in some cities on the American tour it was Ken Buggins who showed local promoters how to run their shop. He was ringmaster, financier, engineer, book-keeper, promoter and a lot more. As Terry Blackwell says: "Without Ken, Dale would have stayed where he started — jumping cars at Wyong show."

But from where Dale stood, the view was different. The kid who only wanted to jump suddenly found himself the hub of an empire which provided the family income, paid wages and offered wholesale entertainment — all on the premise that there were those who paid to see him crash and burn. He'd carried that load since he was 15, and finally, but not surprisingly, it caught up with him. Ultimately, the view from the top of the ramp wasn't as good as it used to be.

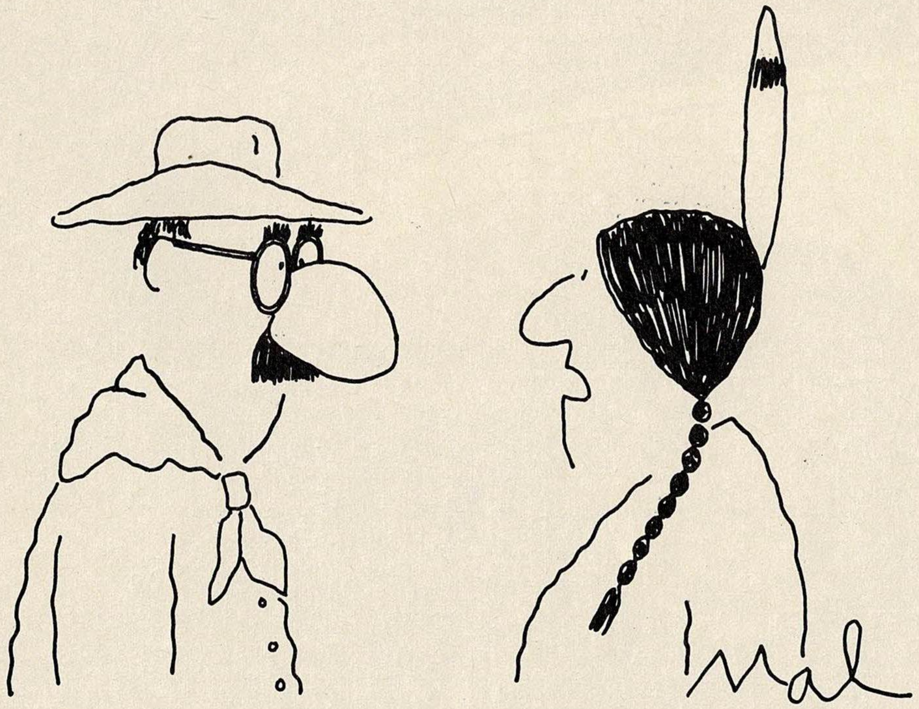
Ken Buggins was aware that Dale felt the weight. The boy's inability to relax grieved Ken. Dale was often moody, spent long hours alone in his room, and by nature was non-communicative, even with his family. But it all came out when he got on that bike.

"There was nobody like Dale," says Blackwell. "He could make a bike sing."

But Dale Buggins knew no other tune. There was only the bike. Ken *had* tried to prise him away. When they went to Djakarta on tour, Ken commented to other stunt men: "He might have gone away a virgin, but he won't come home one."

Nothing really worked. If Dale wasn't around bikes he was morose. Ken Buggins knew the depth of the obsession but was unable to broach it. On some nights on tour, particularly after a show, he would cradle his son in his arms in complete surrender to a paternal protective instinct as if to somehow exorcise the mania which gnawed away at his son.

"But Dale was like a blank wall," says Ken. "He gave nothing away."



"Kemosabe, if you insist on being a 'masked man', may I suggest a different mask."

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BLOOD, SWEAT& BLUEFIN

the men who chase tuna are the tattooed tough guys of the southern sea

YOU'RE STANDING in a steel cage hung from the side of the boat, with the coast of New South Wales some 400km away to the west. The Pacific swell heaves a metre below your feet, and a good breeze is whipping through your tattered old clothes. No point in dressing up out here: if you're lucky, you'll finish the day spattered with blood, encrusted with salt, wet, and weary.

Your fingers can barely close round the thick cane pole, which you rest in a rivetted leather pouch strapped to your waist like a Scotsman's sporran. From the tip of the pole runs a slender wire of immense strength, and at the end of that is a barbless stainless steel hook decorated with feathers and sequins, a gaudy little sparkler that looks like food to the southern bluefin. On either side your mates are working their rods in the same motion, working that lure so it moves like a wounded fish.

That's "Crazy" on your left. He's got the build of a good light heavyweight, and is down from Wollongong for the season. The bloke on your right, with the Triumph motorcycle Eagle tattooed on his back, answers to the name of "Animal". He's a 20-year-old Yugoslav from Adelaide.

Also in the cage with you is a blond kid from Tassie with a big smile and a legendary stomach — you call him "Groper" after the time he put away two dozen barbecued potatoes at the one sitting.

Mario, the skipper and owner, lives by the simple motto: "Concentration kills fish". He's standing up on the flying bridge guiding the boat back and forth through the school with the remote control steering unit, and psyching you up — and calming you down — via a crackly PA system.

Live yellowtail are raining into the sea in front of you, thrown there by Bobby the "chummer", the bantamweight of the crew, who stands beside the bait tanks. Enough live bait and the tuna will go mad, chomping at anything in their feeding frenzy.

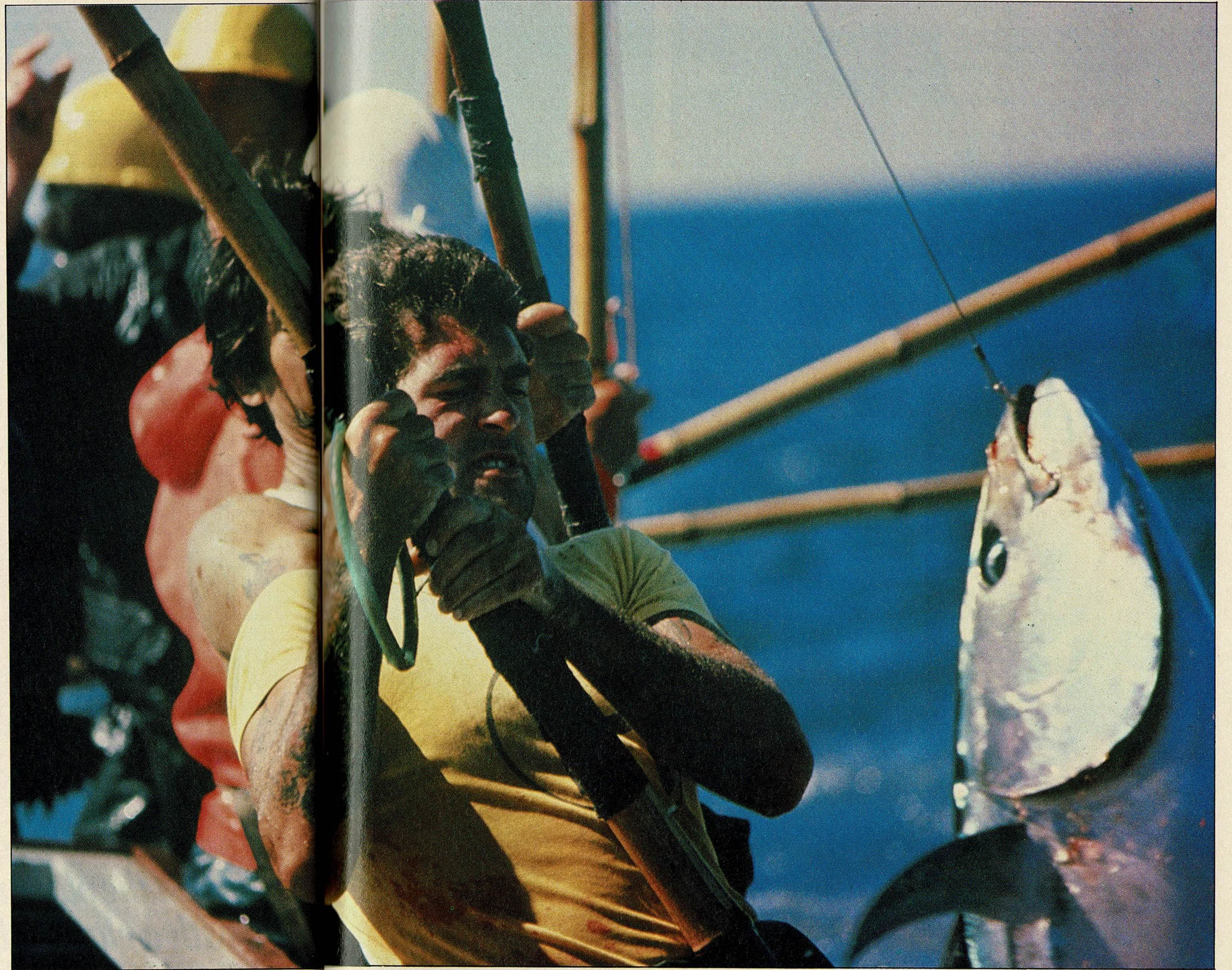
The V16 diesel is throbbing a steady beat through the steel hull that vibrates up your legs as you stand and wait, your eyes searching the water watching the silver flashes of the bluefin as they circle the bait and lures.

BANG! It's your first hit and your mouth opens without you knowing it and flings out a cry. Then your teeth clamp shut as your hands and arms lock on to the pole. Your back digs into the timber of the gunwhale and your feet spread themselves and brace your body against the steel cage. Fifty kilos of tuna has come on to your line.

The force of the impact wrenches you down and if you don't recover your balance you're about to go water skiing. This isn't big game fishing. You're not Papa Hemingway or Lee Marvin strapped in a custom-made fighting chair with 800 metres of line to play a marlin on for a day. You're a professional fisherman and you've got to get this tuna on board and get your lure back into the water because you get paid by tonnage caught.

What you've taken on here is a bit like an arm wrestle with Mohammad Ali. You either win or lose and it's over very quickly. You stand your ground with every muscle screaming till the tuna's head breaks the surface. If you can keep the pressure on, its torpedo body will follow.

A final heave and watch for the bone-crushing strength of that flicking tail as the tuna arcs over your head. In that instant when the tension eases on the wire trace the tuna will throw the lure from its mouth and fall on to the deck.



Turn in your cage then and look at the glistening beauty of the streamlined speed machine that you've pulled from the sea. In a few moments it will haemmorage to death as its body vibrates in a frenzy of tail-flicking movements, and patches of its electric blue skin will scrape off as it slides across the pitching deck.

That's just the first fish. At the end of your first day of tuna poling your body will feel as if it's been stretched on a rack and you'll be asking yourself if this is the way you want to earn your bucks.

For some it's the only way to go. As "Animal" throws the stiffened bodies of the tuna down into the freezer hold he sums up his feelings about the adrenalin rush of pulling these big fish from the ocean with the wry smile and economy of words that is typical of fishermen: "It's good sport mate. . . ummm. . . bloody good sport!"

Sport or work, tuna poling is a unique kind of fishing.

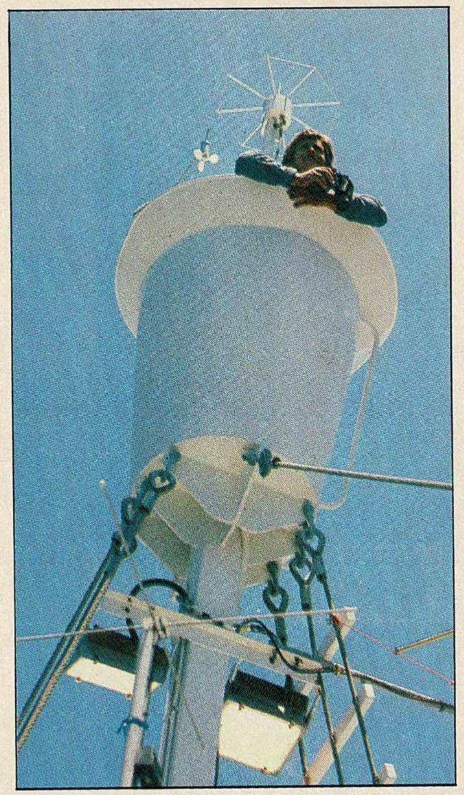
The first recorded sighting of the southern bluefin tuna was made by a French voyager called Peron in 1807. At the time he was cruising the waters off the South Australian coast in his ship *Le Naturaliste.*

If you had the taste for it, you could have bought tuna at the Melbourne Fish Markets as early as the 1870s, but apparently it wasn't a popular line at the time.

It wasn't till 1926, with the visit of the American Wild West writer Zane Grey, that interest in the species stated to liven up. Grey, an insatiable game fisherman, had travelled to Australia in search of new waters to indulge his passion for hooking the black marlin.

After returning from a fishing expedition off Bermagui on the NSW south coast he announced that the sea was "swarming with tuna!". His discovery put the sleepy little village on the map, and a beautiful azure pool gouged by the sea out of the rock platform just south of the town still bears his name. Others followed to sample the tuna's fighting ability, but interest was still mainly confined to sports fishermen. Serious commercial exploitation did not start until the Fifties.

photo essay by rowan fotheringham



Trolling was the method employed in the early years until the Commonwealth Government chartered an American tuna clipper to demonstrate the live-bait poling technique.

Things were never quite the same after that.

The Australian fishermen, impressed with the display, rolled up their troll lines and set about converting their boats to the more ruthlessly efficient style of the Americans.

Marine biologists are still unravelling the mystery of the southern bluefin's movements. The only known spawning grounds are the waters that lie to the south of Java, but some authorities believe that their range may extend around the globe in the latitudes of the Southern Ocean. Evidence to support this theory came in 1969 when five bluefin tagged by the CSIRO — two at Albany, WA and three near Port Lincoln, SA — were recaptured by Japanese long-line fishermen about a thousand miles south-east of the Cape of Good Hope. . . a long way from home.

One year the tuna failed to show up in the inshore waters off Eden where the boats were gathered and waiting. Investigations revealed that they were far out to sea where the water temperature was 18°C. A freak tongue of warm water that was running down the coastline kept the fish well offshore.

As a result the hulls of most boats today are fitted with thermometers that provide a constant liquid crystal temperature readout on a display terminal beside the helm. . . no dipping a toe over the side of the boat for these boys.

The season begins at Ulladulla on the NSW coast around October. The boats that have wintered there slip their mooring lines and head out to intercept the tuna that have begun to move south ahead of the warm spring currents.

Things move into top gear in late November when the Ulladulla and South Australian boats steam into Twofold Bay and tie up alongside the Eden wharf with the local fleet. A bit of muscle flexing goes on as the biggest boats jockey for positions at the head of the wharf. But size isn't all that counts. The reputation of the best skippers isn't based on the length of their boats, but on their ability to catch fish. More than one wooden hulled veteran has proved to be a splinter in the sides of the new steel super-boats that have been built in recent years.

Despite their small storage capacity a couple of these old-timers have consistently returned to port with full fish-holds while the bigger boats have stayed out empty and waiting. When it comes down to it, the skipper has to have his boat on the right patch of ocean at the right time.

As an act of faith, pockets are emptied before they are filled. The skippers make the short journey up the hill from the wharf past the little red brick museum that houses the complete skeleton of "Old Tom" the killer whale.

Right now, though, the skippers' thoughts are with smaller and faster prey. And they must pay their dues over the bar of the Eden Fishermen's Club. Old friendships and feuds are rekindled as the beer slips down and the new season's prospects are talked over.

Meanwhile, the barmaid behind the public bar at the Hotel Australasia down in the middle of Eden's main drag, is beginning to raise a sweat as drinking moves along apace amongst the swelling mob of desperadoes who are pouring in from all over the country.

Far left top: the boat bristles with hardware — it's a case of 90 percent looking, 10 percent fishing. Far left bottom: "Animal" is an admirer of thoroughbred British bikes. Left top: tuna bleed to death. Left bottom: Mario, the skipper, (centre) guns his boat across the swells 70km off shore while the crew wait for the sighting of tuna. That's "Animal" on the left and Bobby (the chummer) on the right. Above: "Crazy" with a big one.

In any type of fishing there are seemingly endless days tied up at the wharf waiting for the weather to clear. They are spent checking gear and carrying out any minor repairs. But it isn't long before the crew is drifting back to the pub or going below decks to deal out the cards for a euchre school.

Radios are turned on each evening for the shipping weather forecast. The bulk of the weather that hits the waters off Eden comes from the south and when it blows, it blows for three days at a time.

The forecast on the evening of the third day sounds promising. Crews are rounded up from the bars.

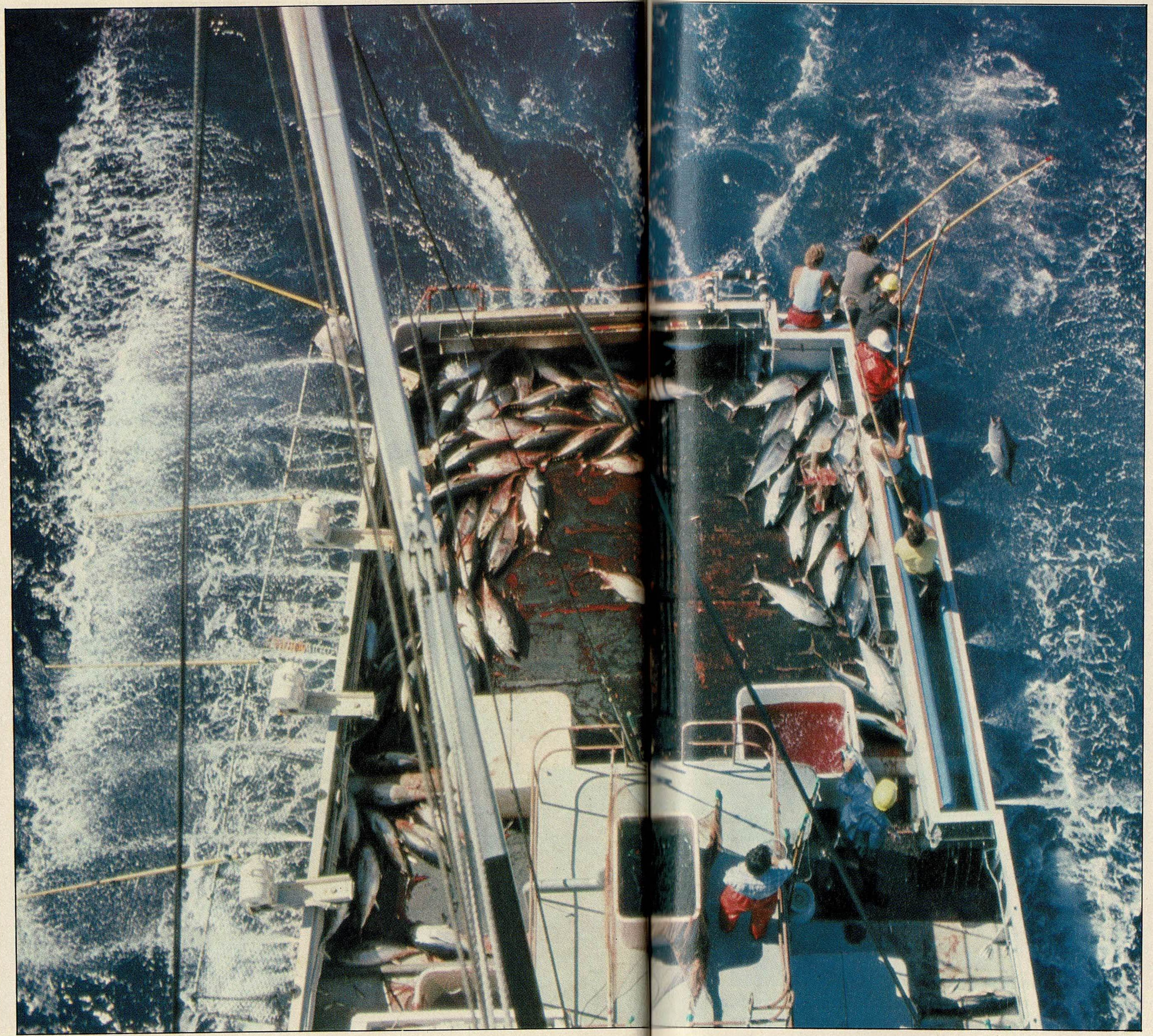
Some have shacked up in motels with girlfriends who jumped on a coach to Eden as soon as word of the bad weather reached them. They now stand waving goodbye on the wharf.

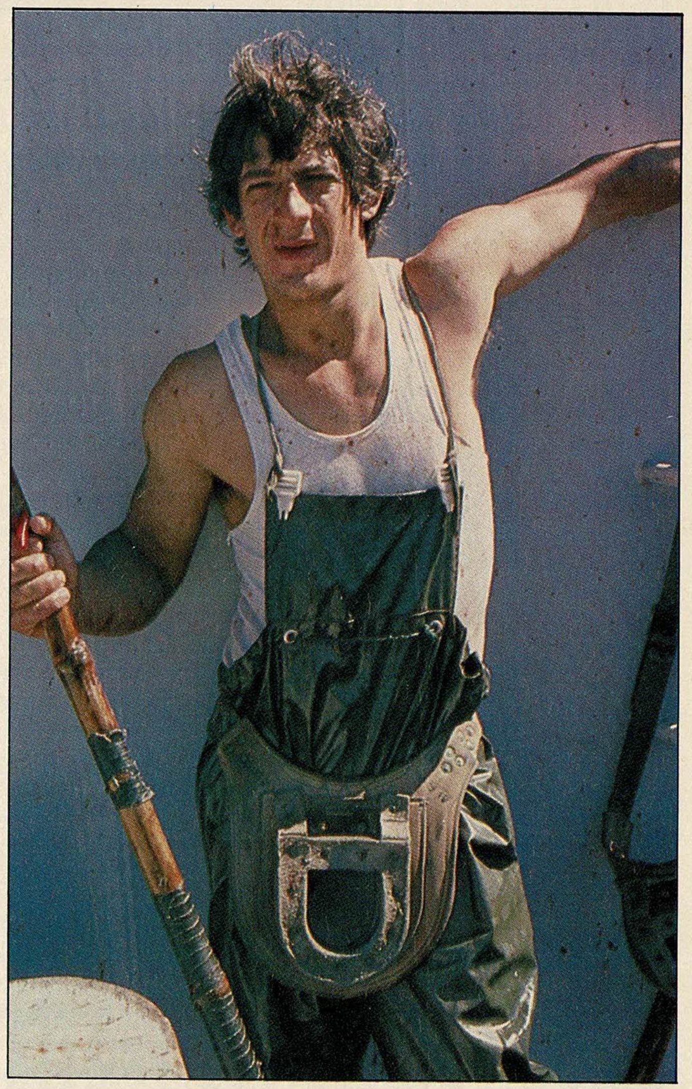
An hour or two after sundown the boats chug out into Twofold Bay. The depth sounders flick on and start to build up a scan pattern of the bottom. All eyes are watching for the specks that can appear on the sounder's graph above the bottom contour. If the specks appear and grow to form a black mass, the anchor goes down in quick time. There is a school of bait fish under the boat.

A light, not unlike the type you find illuminating tennis courts, is secured to the stern. It's time for a pot of tea and a wait.

By the time the tea has been brewed and drunk, the water beneath the stern light is teaming with yellowtail. A boat is lowered and two men shoot a net around the school. Then it's heave-ho as all hands drag the bulging bag of fish alongside. The next couple of hours are spent scooping the yellowtail up out of the purse net and passing them from man to man across the deck till they are tipped into the bait tanks. The rhythm quickly picks up as the dip net moves down the line then passes back empty and ready for another scoop. The trick is to disperse the catch evenly between the boat's five bait tanks which become fish holds as the bait is used and the tuna are caught. The tanks of this boat can hold 133 tonnes of continually circulating fresh seawater. The danger of capsize is very real if the tanks are unevenly filled.

Right: the killing machine — the deck viewed from the crow's-nest. At the centre bottom of the photo is the bait tank and chummer, to the left are the automatic poles. The spray from the jets around the gunwhale helps to attract fish. Far right top: "Crazy" is ready for action. Far right bottom: bait fishing — yellowtail, attracted by the stern light, are netted and scooped aboard into the bait tanks. The tanks become fish holds as the bait is used and the tuna is caught.





If you're lucky, several squid have been caught in the net along with the yellowtail. These are fried up and washed down with another mug of tea then it's back to the wharf for a few hours sleep before leaving at dawn to chase the tuna.

Safcol and Heinz are the two companies that compete for the biggest share of the Eden tuna catch. Competition is fierce.

Both companies have spotter planes that fly out from Merimbula airport each morning to scour the ocean for tuna and each has its own radio frequency which is kept a closely guarded secret from the opposition. The planes communicate with the boats under contract to their company for the season on that frequency, advising them where fish are to be found.

Gone are the days when the skipper relied on a man up the mast and flocks of sea birds wheeling over the water to lead him to fish. The bridges of the latest boats are bristling with technology. The Magnavox Satellite Navigation Unit provides a continual readout of the boat's speed, bearing, leading latitude and longitude. To back that up there are auto pilot, radar, gyrocompass and radio direction finder.

If a spotter plane wants to pinpoint a boat the pilot radios the skipper who can give him a latitude and longitude fix immediately from the satellite navigation unit.

The *Angelica* is owned by an Italian family based in Ulladulla. She is three years old this season. The skipper and owner, Mario, has been fishing for 25 years and this is the fourth boat he has owned. Named after the daughter of a Roman emperor, she is the biggest poling boat fishing out of NSW. At 85 feet long she weighs 378 tonnes when fully loaded. The V16/960 horse power Detroit diesel can push her through the water at 11 knots. She has five cabins to accommodate her 10-man crew and a private cabin and saloon for the skipper behind the bridge. The galley is equipped with stove, oven, fridge and freezer. The mess comes complete with a color TV bolted to the wall. The *Angelica* can stay at sea for a month and carries enough fuel to give her a range of nearly 5000km.

This luxury fish killer represents an investment of $900,000. When Mario puts to sea it's serious business. An average season should yield 500 tonnes of tuna for the *Angelica*, 300 tonnes of which will evaporate in running expenses. Fuel, insurance, maintenance and workers compensation insurance runs out at around $170,000 a year.

She is built to follow the fish, and the fish go where the water is cool, southwards, away from the warm currents coming down from tropical Queensland. So the season which began off Ulladulla will end off Port Lincoln in South Australia. It's a long, hard grind but for some, it's well worth it.

The going rate for tuna polers is $20 to $25 per tonne of fish caught by the boat you're on.

That rate could earn you between $12,000 and $15,000 in an average season if you pick a good boat. Not bad money for seven months' work with food and accommodation thrown in.

And, as Animal would say: "It's good sport mate. . . bloody good sport!"

QUEENSLAND

(continued from page 67)

Lester's big one in the little issues stakes was undoubtedly The Toilet Door Furore, which made international news.

him in the city when he's driving, George looks away, snubs us dead.”

A case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Ride? We don't know. All we know is that this man of mystery has driven himself into northern folklore. Silently slipping by the kerb, he leaves a trail of speculation like smoke from the FX exhaust.

One theory is that on a night just after he acquired the Holden, George spotted a curvaceous angel by the roadside, smiling like she would love a ride in a cream FX. George spun around the block and cruised back. . . but the angel had flown. The street was tragically bare — and Grandfather Bodgie has been looking for that vision ever since.

●

When Eddie Matthews was a boy, he kept asking people where all the young men had gone. To war, they told him, so Eddie waited for them to come home. A few did. . . but many never returned, and some who did looked so old Eddie didn't recognise them.

Eddie was just a kid, but it seemed wrong to him that men could disappear without trace. There had to be *some* way of proving they once existed. So he began, right then, collecting the sad souvenirs brought home to Southport by the survivors.

He collected buckles and belts, bullets and canteens, knives, uniforms, guns, photographs, maps and packs. After a few years, Eddie had more mementos of war than most museums. And he never stopped collecting.

Now in his mid-forties, Eddie Matthews likes to tinker with the tanks, scout cars, missile-launchers, jeeps, machine guns and hand grenades (all operative) that make up his one-man private army. Dressed in full military regalia, Eddie looks like a cross between General Patton and Gomer Pyle.

But there's more to Eddie's Army than sheer firepower. As curator and owner of the Queensland War Museum on the Gold Coast, and an obsessive scholar of modern warfare, Eddie knows more than most military bigwigs about the hideous technicalities of sudden death.

He knows so much that he regularly lectures military cadets on the subject.

A shortage of storage space in his backyard prompted Eddie to open his museum. Although he has come a long way from the boy who wondered where the young men had gone, Eddie insists that his museum is primarily a tribute to the fallen.

In his flat above the museum, the commander of Eddie's Army has a massive library crammed with the latest information on nuclear, chemical, mechanical and germ warfare. When he lectures cadets, Eddie chooses a subject from a daunting range of possibilities — the library overflows with manuals on the silliest but most inevitable human folly: argument by destruction.

Now it's difficult to believe, after seeing all this, that Eddie hates war and feels that military and political leaders have always been too quick to fire the first shot. But that's what he says.

In almost the same breath, he adds: “Mind you, I'm lightning with a gun. That's my nickname, because I practise a lot and I am RAPID with a weapon.”

Eddie is equally straightforward about his ability to memorise military manuals: “I'm a human computer. I spend every spare moment cramming my brain with more information on warfare and war machinery. In my computer brain there are millions of facts and figures. . . the sum total would startle a lot of military leaders.”

Eddie smiles enigmatically. “But let's not go into that. . .”

●

One-eyed Wicky Taylor looks like the toughest hombre this side of the Black Stump — but don't be fooled. Wicky is the toughest man on any side of the Stump.

Wicky lives in outback Winton, a town where bare-knuckle brawling was once a sort of jovial recreation after work. In his day, say the old hands who prop up the bar at Winton's Australia Hotel, Wicky's savage fists ruled the fightingest town in the west.

No one, with the exception of his wife, has ever knocked Wicky flat. Now 70, Wicky headed the Taylor clan in its Montague-and-Capulet-style feud with Winton's second toughest family, the Elliots.

With barely a pause for refreshment, the Taylor and Elliot boys punched one another senseless, year after year, in dusty makeshift rings behind pubs.

Wicky took lessons from a former European boxing champ in town and became a superhuman foe, the man, it was said in hushed tones who knocked out five big Yank servicemen right after one of them punched Wicky's 80-year-old dad.

But what about Wicky's wife? All champions must fall and Wicky took the tumble the night he arrived home naked. In charge of Winton's nightsoil cart, he'd been tippling a little and had fallen into a sewer pit during his labors.

The toughest man in town ripped his clothes off and raced home for a bath. His diminutive wife saw him coming, say his mates, and brained the champ as he burst through the doors.

Not long afterwards Wicky's sister (whom he had taught to box) married an Elliot. Like they say, Wicky, nothing is more certain than change.

●

Vince Lester, MLA and Master of The Insignificant, has been dubbed the most trivial politician in the world. He wears the mantle proudly. Until a few years ago, Lester was a baker in the little town of Clermont in central Queensland.

Local gourmets say they elected him to Parliament because he baked such dreadful pies. The truth about how Lester got into Parliament is that he walked in. . . *backwards.*

When he was still a baker, Lester went to a Clermont football club meeting to demand payment for some of those godawful pies. The footballers told Lester they were broke, and challenged him to get them out of debt. That night Lester walked out of the club as president.

He knew nothing about football, but he did have a master plan for reversing the club's financial situation. Lester announced he would walk 20km backwards into Clermont, raising money through sponsorship.

And he did, played into town by the school band. In one afternoon Vince Lester had become the central Queensland hero. He was soon out of the bakery and into Parliament.

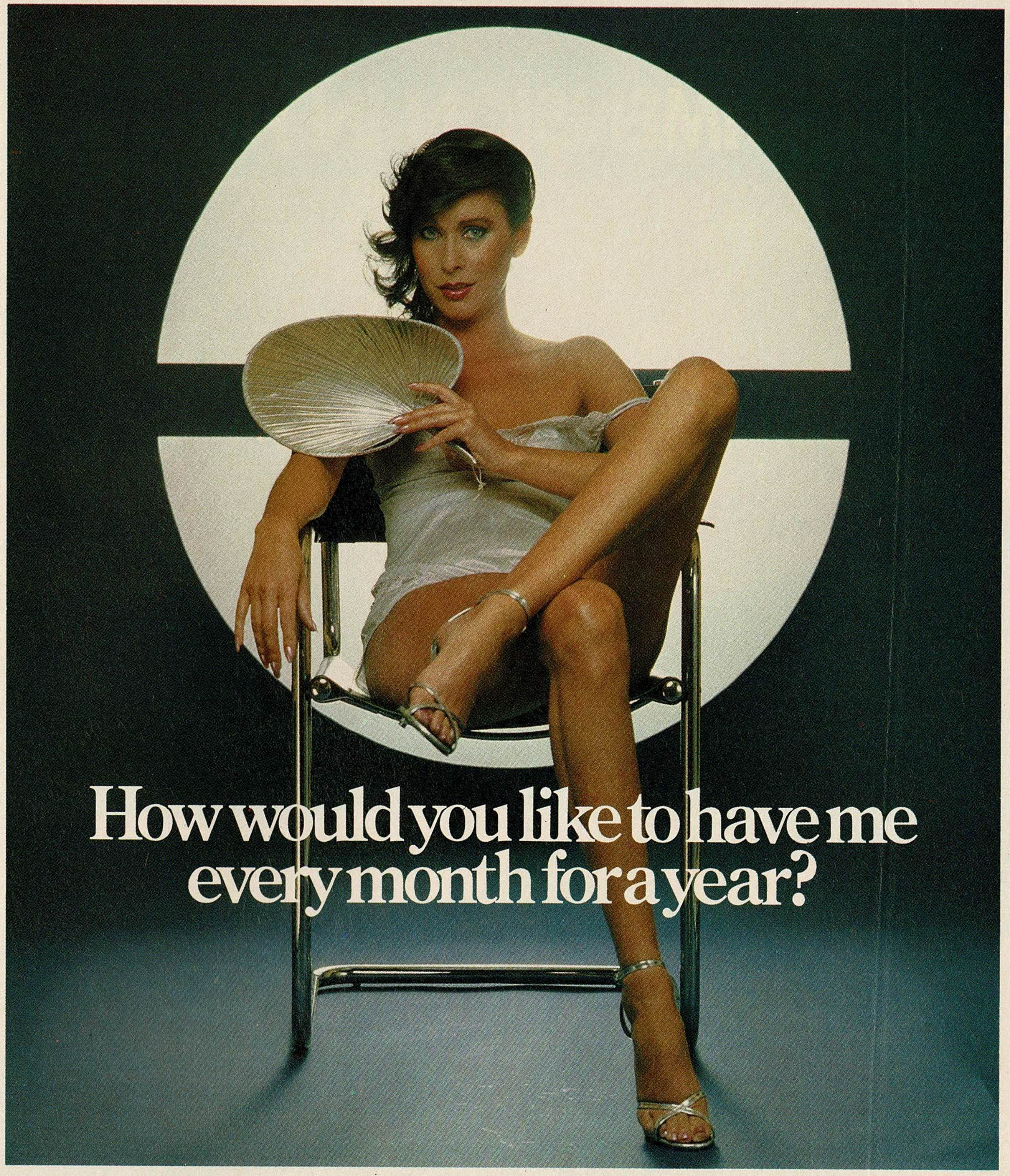
The town began to enjoy meat pies. . . and the campaign style of a man who has always known that infinitesimal issues are important. Lester's eye for tiny detail is nothing short of miraculous — he's a sort of urban Harry Butler, in and out of the wild.

He had barely warmed the back benches in Parliament when he began to agitate to have Brisbane retailers make their little address numbers bigger, and to have politicians fly economy, as he does.

But his big one in the little issues stakes was undoubtedly The Toilet Door Furore. Lester, claiming that heart attack victims could be trapped in toilets indefinitely, succeeded in having all the State's public toilet doors changed from inward opening to outward opening. Lester made national and international news with this issue, even featuring in that genteel repository of civilised trivia, *The Times.*

Every career has high and low points, and since the mighty toot turmoil Lester has settled down to more mundane matters — the fight for non-skid mats in slippery bathtubs, the battle to have more people fly the Queensland flag, pressure to have reflective green and white rego plates introduced, and several smaller problems.

For the record, Lester has won nearly all his dinky campaigns. It may be that no one else in public life knows how to fight small anymore. The results show in the ballot box; Lester's vote gets bigger and bigger as his range of political interests shrinks to the truly diminutive.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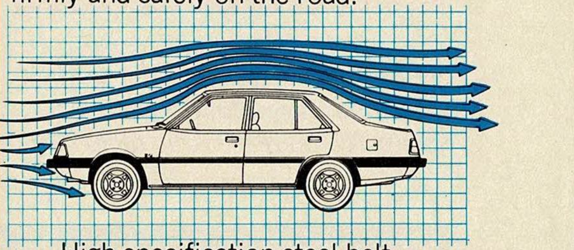
If you prefer, a three-speed automatic transmission is available for both engines.

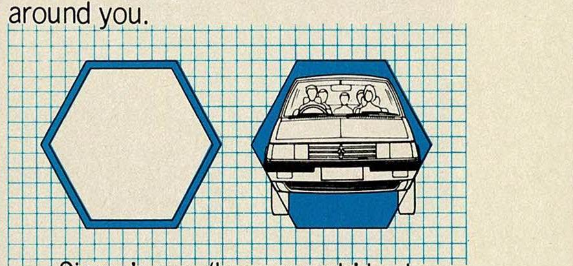
Through devilishly tight corners or along endless highways, Sigma's sleeker, aerodynamic styling plants you firmly and safely on the road.



High-specification steel-belt radials and four-wheel disc brakes grip strong, while Sigma GSR's refined suspension; including a rear sway bar, delivers a smooth, controlled ride.

NEW DIMENSION LUXURY.

As you sit comfortably in sports-cloth reclining front bucket seats, look around you.



Sigma's new 'honeycomb' body shape means greater interior room. There is ample space for the heads, legs and shoulders of five adult passengers.

Behind the soft-grip, sports steering wheel, you'll discover an AM/FM/MPX radio and stereo cassette with four speakers, a digital clock and comprehensive instrumentation, including tachometer.

Beneath its bold, matte-black exterior trim, wide side-protection mouldings, twin side stripes and styled mudflaps, Sigma GSR is the new dimension in a luxury four-cylinder sports sedan.

Explore the New Dimension now at your Mitsubishi Dealer.

MITSUBISHI MOTORS

Y&R AVG594

FAT CATS

new perspectives on pussy power — a ragtop rager and the world's first twin turbo coupe. an exclusive review by rob luck

"Canomat Jag" is an open-and-shut case for drop-top motoring.

"FREEDOM," she sighed, and slipped behind the wheel. She was young and lithe and lovely, a wild spirit trapped in a mortal frame. She flicked the key, snicked the gear-lever in, and lurched out of the car-lot. Freedom. For $6500. A choppy little drop-top, open to the breeze. I remember what she said earlier: "It has to be red and it has to be a convertible. I don't care what it is."

●

There's glamor and there's perceived glamor. And there's status and assumed status. But in the automotive equation, nothing blends the pure elements as perfectly as the convertible. It's a device that transcends the normal metresticks of status and glamor, price and performance. For in no other automobile type are these factors so utterly irrelevant. The convertible offers the driver the opportunity to touch base with the environment. To touch the wind, smell the speed. The sights and sounds of motoring in a different dimension.

There is no premium on the experience. Fresh air is still fresh air. For five grand (a second-hand midget), or for 250 (a Roller Corniche convertible). The primary sensation remains the same. Only the numbers have been changed to compliment the ego. Or to provide the extra (secondary) perceptions — subtle escalations in prestige or performance.

Even so, the rules are blurred. Example — in a race for the sidewalk strutters, a wildman in a Jeep with the screen laid flat will probably out-macho a toff in a Targa Ferrari, even with the upholstery done in bank notes.

Yet there are peaks and valleys in this thing. The Goggomobile Dart was a valley. Perhaps the bottom of the valley. The Morgan is a definite peak. Even older in origin, but unmistakably evocative of individuality.

And the XJS Spyder is a peak. An especially symbolic one since it is a born-again convertible. A monument to the revival of a design that was murdered by motoring legislators. For it is true that like its predecessor, the replacement for the E-Type was hatched in the styling studio as a convertible. The safety bureaucrats put the lid on it and sealed its fate: condemning it to a life of relative mediocrity compared with its formerly famous sister.

Even so, its creators flew one defiant flag in the face of the oppressors — the "S" can be taken for Spyder, the Italian definition used exclusively for convertibles. Such a vehicle was always in the master plan. This Spyder was conceived by Lynx, a small specialist coach-building firm located in London, tolling a handful of D-Type Replicars and D-Type restorations each year.

Considering the relative perfection of the convertible hood conversion, it seems inconceivable that there was not some guidance/assistance from the Coventry plant which mothers and fathers every production Jaguar and which drew the XJS as a convertible before the US legislators closed it up.

The hood is simple in the extreme, cantilevering up from a cubby-hole behind the rear seat on sturdy electric powered struts, and sweeping majestically forward to latch onto the windscreen cant rail in one smooth, swift movement. It is absolutely elegant when in place — trimmed in navy mohair fabric (German-woven for Rolls-Royce), padded and insulated, snug, neat and true to the natural lines of the body. Perhaps truer than the original metal cabin that America promoted on to the car.

It is well-finished inside and out. And well-fitted — defeating the best attempts of wind, water and noise from getting inside. And when stowed under its lowline

PHOTOS BY BILL FORSYTH

clip-over half-tonneau, it opens up the cabin and exposes the real style and grace of the original sheetmetal from ground to waistline. Dropping the hood makes the car look longer and lower. In this guise, the whole sidewalk grinds to a halt as you glide past. It is simply stunning.

Lynx has been building these things since the prototype ambled out of the doors of their Lexham Mews plant in May, 1979. Yet the car you see here is indexed Number 29. Exclusivity is guaranteed. Especially as this is the one and only sighted so far in Australia. The importer, Richard Barton, plans to change all that, and has earmarked almost that many for the first year's sales in Australia. Nine are reputedly on the water.

Faced with a firm geared to somewhat different capacity, he recognises that achieving the sales target will not be easy, and plans to enter into a licensing arrangement with Lynx, switching to local installation of the conversion as soon as possible. In real terms, that is likely to be around March 1983. Encouraged by an order book that is allegedly swelling with deposit cheques, he is surfing along on the crest of a wave of consumer demand that is swelled-out by dealer orders for conversions on brand new cars already on showroom floors.

The premium for this is around $18,000, and it is not the normal procedure. Indeed, all Spyders built so far have been constructed out of second-hand vehicles. The reason for this is that initially the Poms seem to have lacked courage when it came to attacking shiny new Jags with electric can-openers. In the Australian instance, it is for an altogether different reason — cars more than five years old do not require import licences (a substantial cost, if available) and attract a 78 percent duty instead of as much as 105 percent (new cars). There may be some additional trade-off benefits at the motor registry too.

The good news is that this shortcut can put a Spyder in your driveway for $44,000, or not much more than a standard new XJS Coupe. The bad news is the lack of full warranty. Richard Barton Agencies counters this with a claim for superb workmanship, complete restoration of the trim and mechanical components, and low initial mileage cars (cars under 52,000 kilometres are allegedly bought). Plus a sort of "gentleman's agreement" warranty on the mechanical bits, and a 12-months warranty on the hood.

Spares may not be a problem as the company shelves $60,000 worth of replacement hood bits, comprised chiefly of items like the rams which are precision devices extracted from a type of German dental chair. Service should be straightforward. The current detailing/pre-delivery firm run by Gordon Oldfield is a Jag specialist, and Barton is sending staff to the UK to train on installation routine.

Part of the objective will be to get the roll-in roll-out time for the 220 man-hour conversion down from 12 weeks (UK) to three-to-four weeks when the local conversion starts. The conversion is mechanically professional, with such niceties as electric wind-up rear windows (converted from the XJC sedan) and incorporates safety solenoids to stop fouling and unscheduled amputations of the rug-rats in the back-seat. The reformed panelwork around the rear is masterfully executed, and the conversion actually involves laying down the sheetmetal of the "flying buttresses" on the Coupe into the open section where the hood is cut away. Considerable structural reinforcement is evident from a close scrutiny of the specification papers and the bolide itself. However, while strength does not seem to be an issue, rigidity is, and the test car demonstrated some scuttle shake on city roads.

The Twin Turbo XJS is capable of more than 320km/h.

This was the prototype, the only car in Australia, on privileged loan for this test. Race-track testing or high speed torque testing of the chassis was thus precluded. However, the flexing was evident, even at modest speeds, over uneven bitumen terrain, or through medium-pace windy curves. Richard Barton is quite forthright about this, claiming that it does not reflect vehicle weakness, and pointing to long mileages for existing conversions (reputedly 200,000km for some). There again, the vehicle has apparently passed the British and TUV (German) strength standards, two of the toughest in the world. It has also been approved for registration by local engineers. Even so, Barton is prepared to entertain further local testing, with a view to additional underbody engineering if required. Something that can be applied to the local conversions.

Others aspects of the conversion seem above reproach. Top down, the vehicle is a delight — quite turbulence free in the front compartment, even with all the windows down. Conversation was possible without significantly raising voice levels. The rear seat experience is very different: the possibility of front-to-rear conversations being blocked-out at even normal city speeds. Good place to put the kids. This can be improved somewhat by elevating all the windows, which makes the cockpit snug for rear seat passengers, and almost eliminates all breeze in the front nodule. On a sunny day, it can get so hot, you could be tempted to switch on the "air" to cool down. Old habits die hard — the real solution is to wind the windows down and take in some fresh air. It might blow the hairstyle away, but it's free.

Test car supplied by Richard Barton Agencies, 7A Ashburner Street, Manly, NSW. Tel: (02) 977 6909.

●

IN CALIFORNIA, there's an underground group of highway madmen called the Banzai Racers riding a set of rigs capable of (200mph) 320km/h, many of them lunatic escapees from some real racetrack environment.

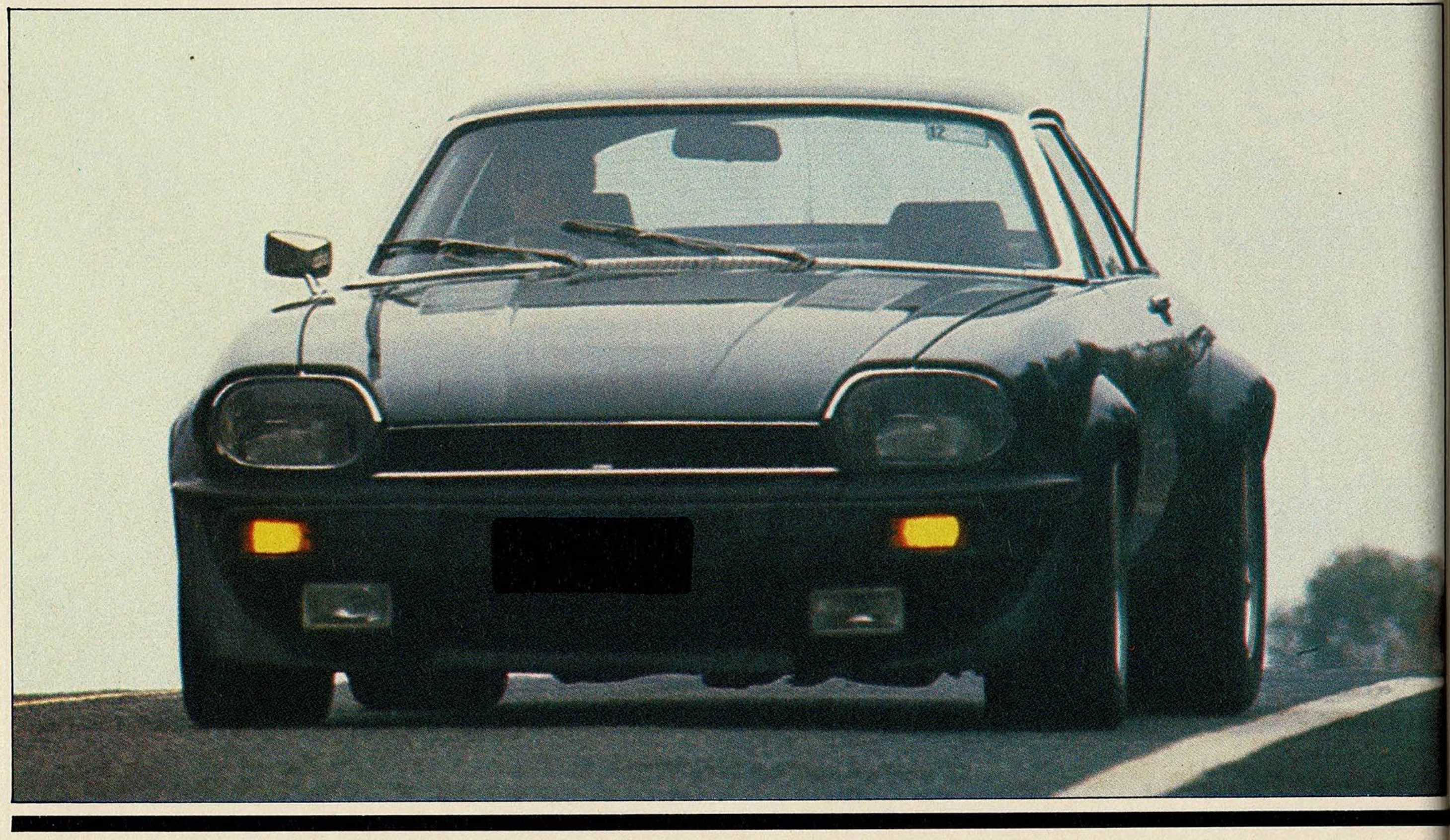
There are not many cars in Australia with the specs to rate as real Banzai Racecars, but the XJS Twin Turbo is one of them. It is capable of more than 320km/h, is capable of burning rubber all the way up there from a standing start. It will scream-spin the wheels in all the upshifts. It will turn a multi-lane highway into a narrow black band with little white dots just by pressing down hard on the right pedal. It is a gutsy, roaring, nasty, twitchy, mean, vicious animal of a machine. . . a 600hp sickle to scythe through time in a dimension new to most men.

How fast? So fast that you could reach 200km/h from a red light in a city block. So fast that you could make Canberra from Sydney in an hour on a clear road. So fast that you could race almost any light twin aircraft across the Nullarbor and win by hours. And so fast, that at top tilt, you would travel more than 90 metres in the reaction time to get your foot from the throttle to the brake. Which means using all this performance is the reserve of super-talented steerers. At this velocity there is only one mistake — the last.

The XJS Twin Turbo is from another planet. It is a device by which time and distance and velocity can be twisted through a warp into a new definition. One which most have never experienced, and probably never will.

Designed and custom-built as an exclusive one-off for a Sydney Jaguar enthusiast, this monster reflects the concept of a laboratory experiment that went wrong — an automotive horror story. Its awesome power was obtained only after tens of thousands of dollars were poured down the bottomless pit called Engine Development. The Australian turbocharger whiz-kids at Rymec Developments in Sydney tooled the job, perhaps unaware of the automotive apocalypse they were creating.

At birth, it became instantly apparent. Even as the animal growled angrily out of its cage and ran blinking into the naked light of day, it began disembowelling itself. It munched on its own wheels and spun them into shrapnel. It disgorged its own transmission. It exploded its differential. And it ripped off its arms and legs like dead twigs. Captured, bound and muffled in its workshop cage, it underwent patient reconstructive surgery. A new transmission backbone took all its angry ferocious power



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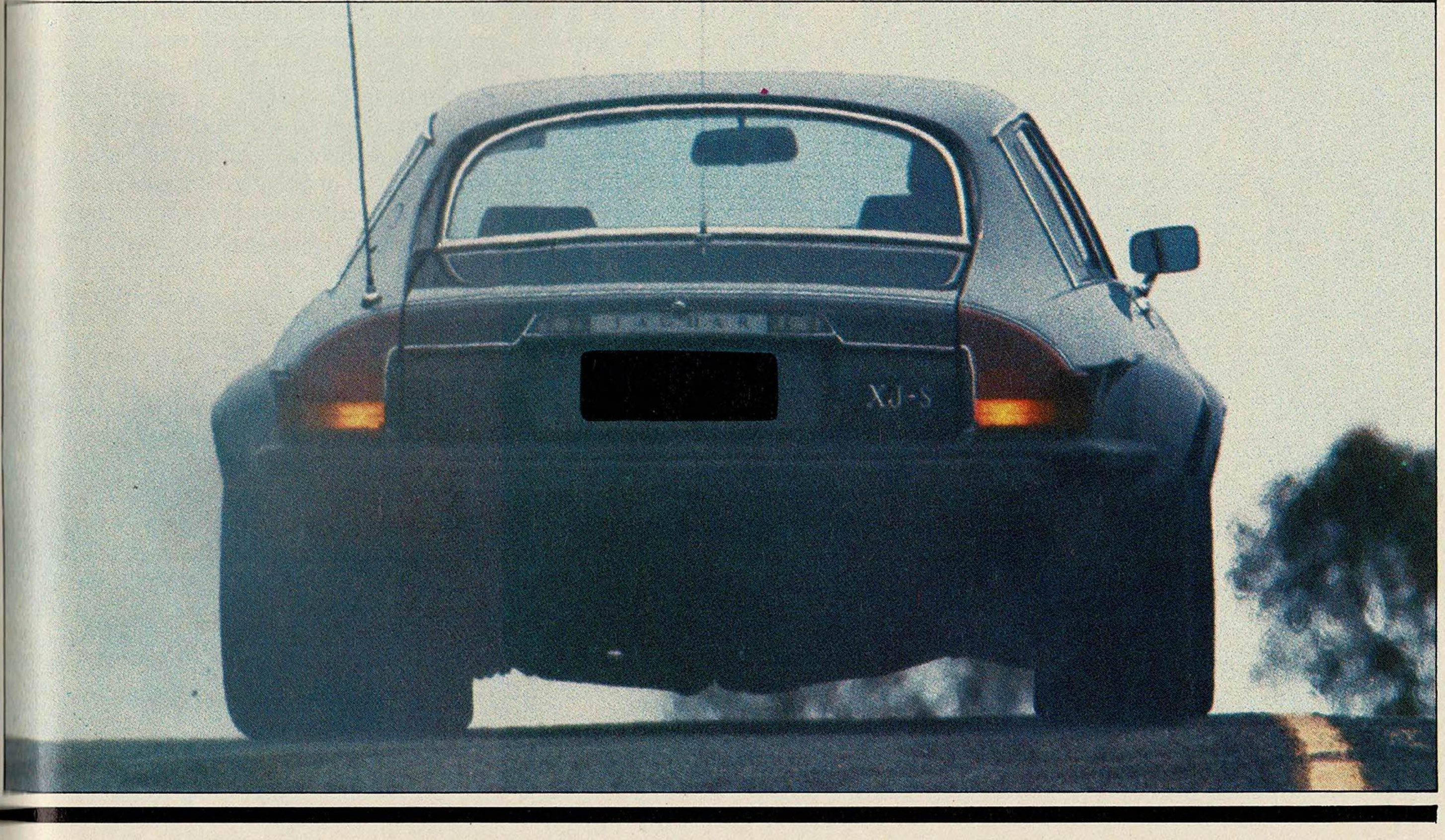

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JAGUAR XJS SPYDER

PRICE:	$44,000
CONTACT:	Richard Barton Agencies Pty Ltd, 7A Ashburner Street, Manly, NSW. Ph: 977 6909
WARRANTY:	12 months hood; three months mechanical.
ENGINE:	V12, 5345cc, SOHC per bank, 9.0 to 1 comp. Lucas fuel injection; 287 bhp @ 5750rpm.
TRANSMISSION:	GM400 three-speed automatic, 3-direct ratios.
SUSPENSION:	Fully independent: semi-trail wishbones/coils, double acting shocks, roll bar at front; lower transverse wishbones, drive shafts as upper links, radius arms, coil/shocks, rear.
WHEELS/TYRES:	7JK x 15HE alloy sport wheels; 225 x 15 tyres.
BRAKES:	Four-wheel Girling disc; ventil. front.
BODYMODS:	Strenghtening to: sill panels, door shut reinforcement front and rear; doorshut-to wheel arch member; under-wing gussets front and rear; rigid foam fill in sills, front wing tie-bar; installation of hood, modification of bodywork; modified fuel tank; modified rear windows, modified electrical system.
DETAIL:	Installation of padded, fitted electric-operated hood; complete body repainting.
PERFORMANCE:	As per standard XJS Coupe: top speed: 225km/h plus. Standing 400 metres: 16.6 secs.

XJS TWIN TURBO

PRICE:	Not for sale.
CONTACT:	Rymec-IHI Turbochargers Pty Ltd, cnr Glenmore Road and Cascade Street, Edgecliff, NSW. Ph. 357 6697
ENGINE:	V12, 5343cc SOHC per bank, blueprinted and balanced, Rymec-spec Repco 7.8 to 1 low-comp. pistons, Rymec-modified Lucas fuel injection with fuel enrichment device, twin turbochargers adjustable to 16psi, set at 10psi boost to produce 580 bhp @ 6500rpm.
TRANSMISSION:	Doug Nash five-speed, 5 direct ratios bench built, g/box dynod. comp. clutch and press. plate, Detroit Locker diff, 80%LSD.
SUSPENSION:	Re-rated coils and shocks, comp. shocks fully adjust for bump and rebound, four shocks rear, heavy duty adjust. bars fr. and rear.
WHEELS/TYRES:	Front: 10in x 15in. Symmons three-piece comp. wheels, P7 225 x 50VR15; Rear: 12in. x 15in. Symmons P7 285 x 50VR15.
BRAKES:	Competition calipers and pads.
BODYMODS:	Rymec-designed front spoiler for downthrust and airboost; wheel flares, bonnet louvres.
DETAIL:	Engine oil coolers; transmission oil coolers, high capacity Bosch fuel pumps.
PERFORMANCE:	Standing 400 metres: 11.6 secs. Top speed 320km/h plus.

down the body. The corners were trussed up and made stiff and strong. It was given some muscles to stop. And the grip on the ground was enlarged. Paws with claws. It emerged as a different feline. . . a still powerful, brutal, and instinctive killer. Yet smooth, refined. The Pussy Galore of Fat Cats.

It was fine-tuned in suspension and brakes by one of Australia's top road racers. Rymec found even more grunt for the V12 pumper, now spitting almost 650hp off the flywheel. And a whole network of plumbing was added to control its whims and quirks, to make it start and stop and run cleanly.

It's still an animal. Graceful, deceptive in repose. But vicious and unpredictable when aroused. Intimidating. Terrifying. Yet it can be taken for a trot in the suburbs without alarming the natives. It is so docile that it will pull out of the cage in first, second or third gears. It will murmur along in fourth or fifth gear at 1000rpm (22-35km/h) which is less than its normal idle (1200rpm)! It is even happy in its direct-drive slot at 1500rpm (55km/h) — less than the legal city limit.

But it can get angry quickly. Jab it in the ribs and it hunkers down on its haunches and snarls from its nostrils. As it lunges forward, a hideous whine escapes from its jowls.

On upshift, there is a fearful sucking noise as if the monster is drawing breath through fire. It sounds like a mortar shell ka-whoomping into water.

The whiskers twitch, in-built radar and multi-band radio, warning the animal of its natural predators. It rises up onto the balls of its feet, poised, ready, yet calm, controlled. Instantly able to move in any direction quickly, nimbly. Capable of astonishing banking manoeuvres, of remarkable precision. Yet possessed of such energy and momentum, still capable of over-running the target. Or broadsliding through it, paws outstretched in a skid.

It costs heavily at the food bin, and a warehouse full of Snappy Tom is required to satisfy Supercat's appetite. On the leash it will run for 30km on a gallon churn, but when lunged, it wants a new tin every 9-12km. Of course, there is some slight offset in the anticipated ETA.

It probably cost $50,000 over its initial tag ($38,000) to get right up to the pace, but even at that mark it is half the price of some supercars it will have for breakfast. . . anywhere and anytime. Yet it runs a fine line between domination and extermination. Pushed just a fraction too hard, it will spill its guts. An automotive upchuck worth megabucks. Bring on the Kitty Litter, stepping over the line can be "cat-astrophic".

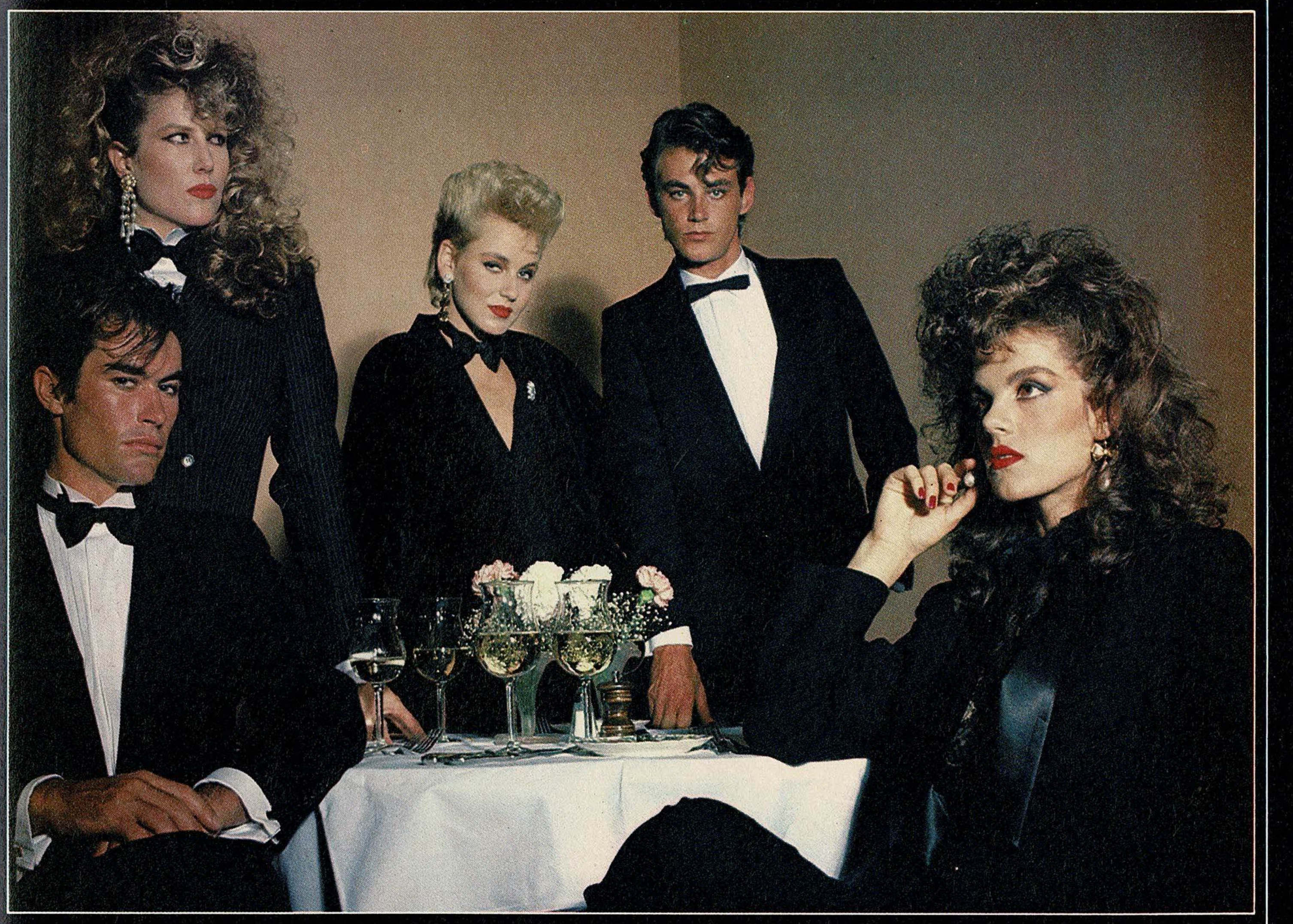
XJS Twin Turbo modified by Rymec Developments, Glenmore Road and Cascade Street, Edgecliff, NSW. Tel: (02) 357 6697.

Just A Formality

you don't have to look like a penguin when the option is black tie

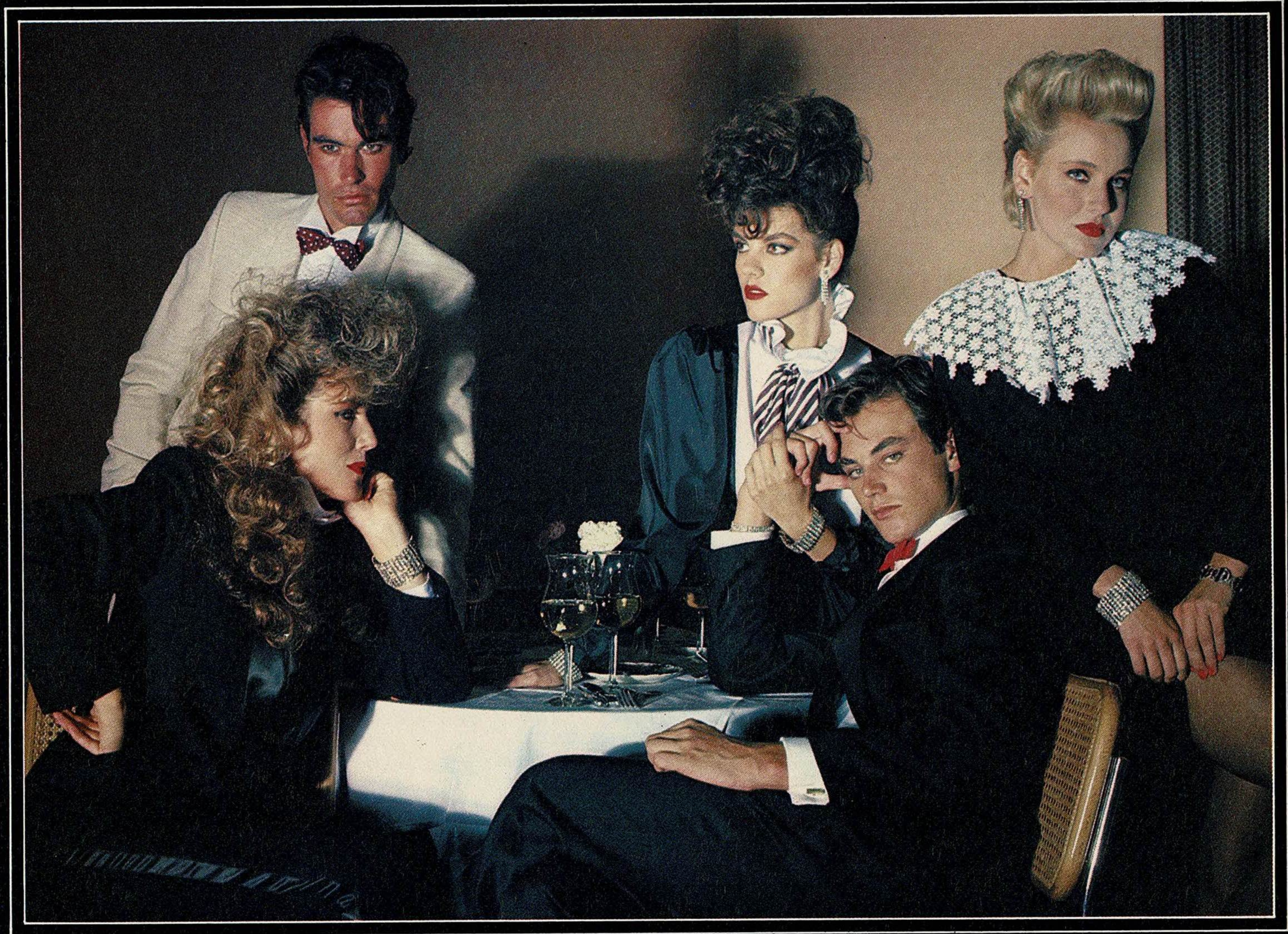
fashion and photography
by wendy adnam

If boredom is the mother of fashion invention, then black-tie bashes must have been putting guests to sleep for years. And with the current fashion renaissance in full swing, it's only logical that the classic soup-and-fish look would come under close scrutiny.



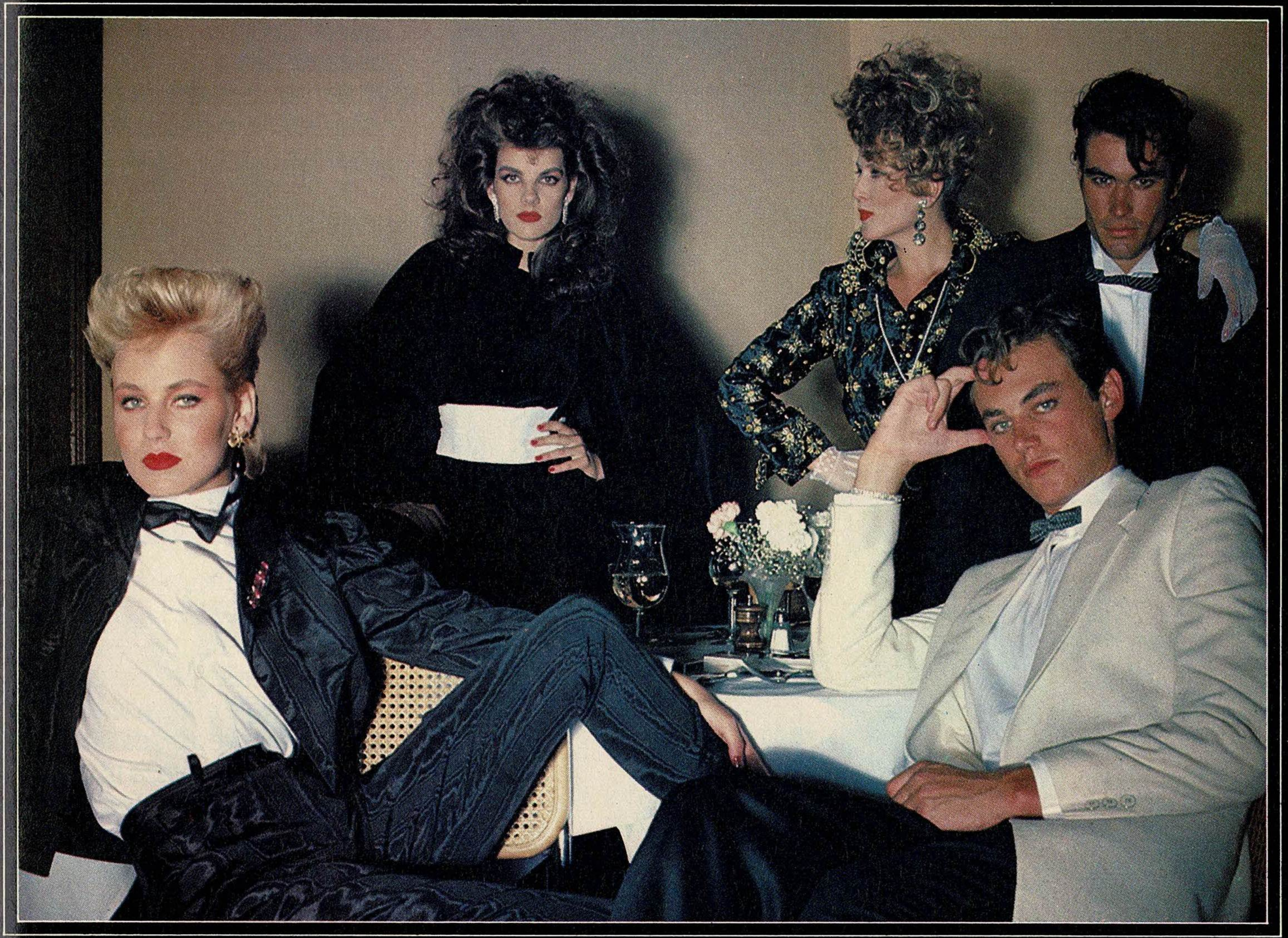
Black Zegna suit, $469; black Egon Von Furstenberg suit, $389; bow ties, $10; all from Il Tacchino, Sydney. Black wool skirt, $130; pin-stripe double-breasted jacket; $180; black knickers, $170; velvet jacket, $196; all by Robert Burton. Black tuxedo jacket and pants, $240; black lace shirt, $96; all by Covers, available from leading department stores and boutiques.

The irrepressible spirit of fashion adventure is at work, and there are now many ways to vary the classic look. But keep in mind that the key to continuing success of the black-tie look is that it reflects the idea that the occasion is something special.



Cream silk suit, $295; black wool suit, $295; bow ties, $10; all by Gary Wolff, Sydney. Black wool dress with lace collar, $196; black tuxedo, $290; white silk pin-pleated blouse, $48; black silk shirt with white insert, $96; black silk skirt, $136; all by Covers. Cufflinks from Perri's, Sydney; jewellery from Ritzy Modes, Sydney; shoes from Papoucci, Sydney.

Just as a business suit at a fancy-dress ball is inappropriately boring, so is failure to make some fashion gesture that reflects the "specialness" of the festivity. Creative dressing is good if it is tastefully done in the spirit of things. That's why we go to parties, anyway.



Black pure silk tuxedo, $425; from Five Way Fusion, Sydney. Cream wool jacket, $325; black wool pants, $125; bow ties, $25; from John Serafino, Sydney. Black moray taffeta jacket, $99; jodhpurs, $104; knickerbockers, $79; velvet cape, $138; skirt, $99; jacket, $116; all by Ink Attire, from leading boutiques. Pantyhose by Kolotex.

The Pure Malt Story.

The story of Malt is as old as the story of Whisky itself. When you drink Scotch today, you're probably enjoying a blend of thirty to forty different Scotch Whiskies. Yet the art of blending carefully selected whiskies from different distilleries was only introduced around 1860.

Historically, the original Whisky of Scotland is Pure Malt, the "Water of Life", first mentioned in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls of 1494. It is the pure spirit which has warmed the rugged Highlanders for centuries.

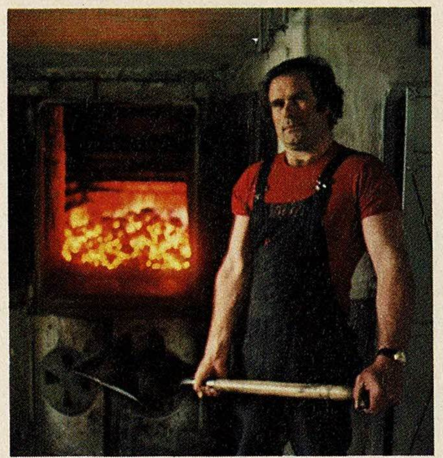
By law, Scotch Malt Whisky can only be made from pure malted barley and soft Highland water.

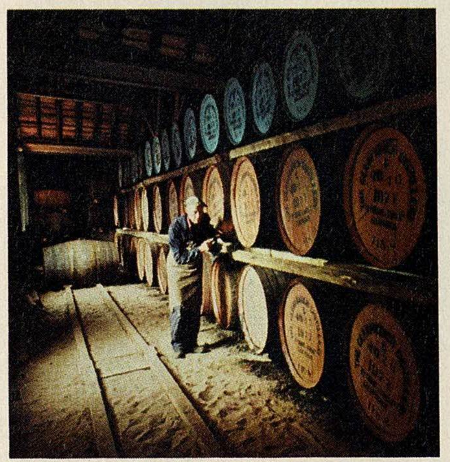
It is still made using the traditional methods – slowly, meticulously, batch by batch. The barley is steeped in pure burn water and spread out onto a malting floor to germinate. This malting barley is turned by men using wooden shovels or "shiels", unchanged in design for centuries.

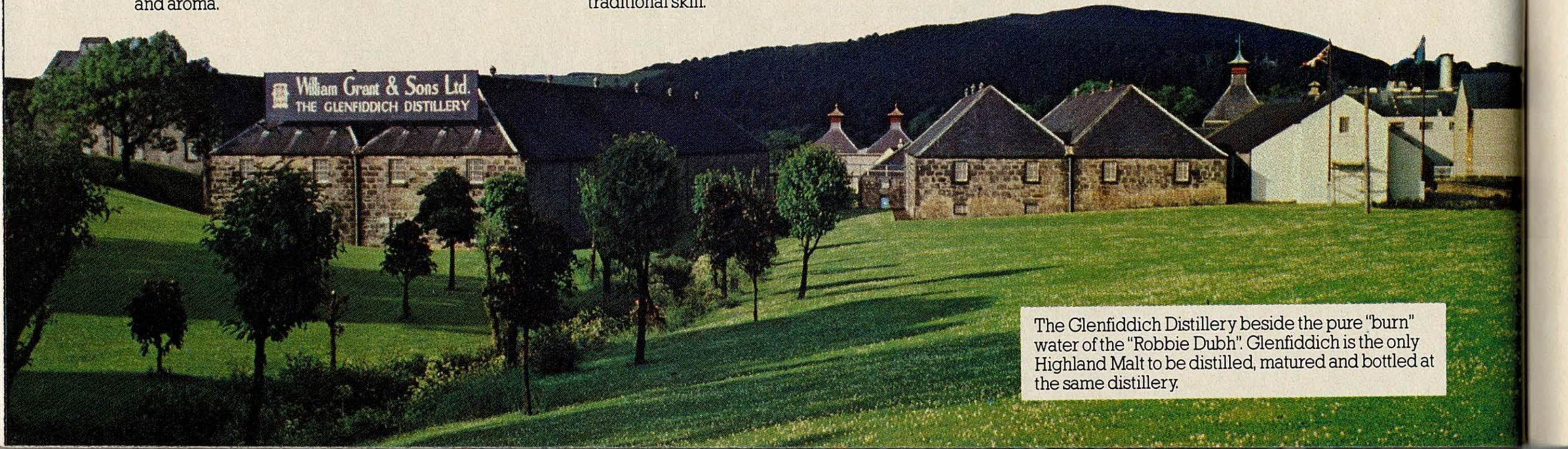
When germination is complete, it is gradually dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive aroma. Now the barley is mashed with hot water. Yeast is added and it is allowed to ferment. Distilling takes place in copper pot stills, a method used by the earliest crofters. And, finally, the young spirit is stored in hand-made wooden casks for the long, silent years of maturation.

Barley is steeped in soft Highland water and laid out onto the malting floor to germinate.

Distinctive hand-beated copper pots used for distilling. This adds to the unique character of Malt.


Malt being dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive tang and aroma.


To develop the full flavour, the young spirit is matured in hand-made oak casks – yet another traditional skill.


William Grant & Sons Ltd.
THE GLENFIDDICH DISTILLERY
The Glenfiddich Distillery beside the pure "burn" water of the "Robbie Dubh". Glenfiddich is the only Highland Malt to be distilled, matured and bottled at the same distillery.

"Glenfiddich", in Gaelic, means "Valley of the Deer".

Glenfiddich – the Pure Malt Whisky.

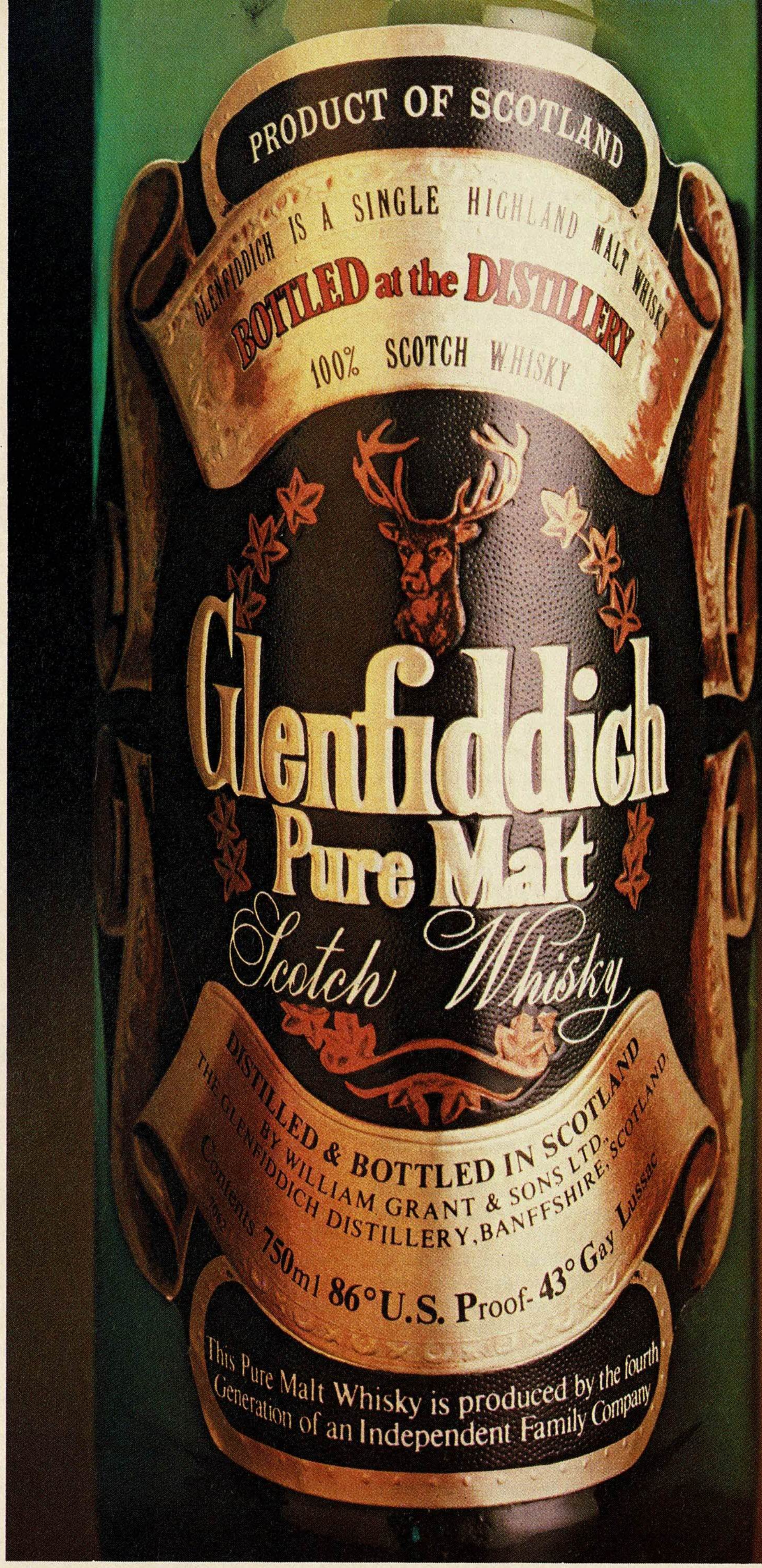
Today, there are very few Scotch Whiskies that are produced in the fine, old Scottish tradition.

One such Whisky is Glenfiddich Pure Malt. Its pure taste comes from the fact that it is 100% Pure Malt. And from the fact that it is still made in the traditional way by the fourth generation of the Grant Family, the founders of the Glenfiddich Distillery.

Right now, people are rediscovering a taste for Scotch Whisky as it used to be. And Glenfiddich, made the traditional way, is perhaps the finest single Malt that the Highlands have to offer.

It may cost a little more. But it is authentic. It is Glenfiddich – the Pure Malt Whisky.

PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BOTTLED at the DISTILLERY
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky


PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
GLENFIDDICH IS A SINGLE HIGHLAND MALT WHISKY
BOTTLED at the DISTILLERY
100% SCOTCH WHISKY
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BY WILLIAM GRANT & SONS LTD.
THE GLENFIDDICH DISTILLERY, BANFFSHIRE, SCOTLAND.
Contents 750ml 86° U.S. Proof- 43° Gay Lussac
This Pure Malt Whisky is produced by the fourth Generation of an Independent Family Company

The Pure Malt Whisky.

AB1093 · 81 GRNT0071

BLACK START

(continued from page 47)

Patching things up became the order of the day. The system was heading for a disaster.

Patching things up became the order of the day — if fuses were blowing because of machine faults, the faults were left, but stronger fuses were put in; if vibrations were causing units to trip, they simply recalibrated the gauges; anything but take generating machinery off. This of course just made the healthy machinery less healthy. The system was heading for a disaster.

●

Like many of the Commission's 10,000 employees, young Colin had joined straight from school. He liked the Commission. It had looked after him well, and the work was satisfying. After serving most of his apprenticeship out at a sub-station in Newcastle, he was transferred to Vales Point, much closer to his parent's home at Swansea, where he lived. Commission workers are, not surprisingly, energy conscious, and Colin was a member of a car pool.

On October 23, he arrived at Vales just before 7am, with four other employees. He had a long day ahead, but then, because of the 35-hour week, he would have three days off. He could look forward to a few beers with his mates down at the Swansea-Caves Surf Club, a bit of surfing, and maybe a nice sleep-in on the Monday morning.

He dumped his kit in the big change rooms just beyond the Bundy machines, and walked to his working area down past the cool greenness of the station engineer's pride and joy, the native orchid garden. Later he would pick up an access permit to work on the shutter linkages of the Station Services Board circuit breaker. A fairly simple job, but a nuisance. The working space was cramped, and the bloody linkages were always acting up.

But wasn't that always the way with the Commission? Things acting up. If it wasn't the trade unionists it was the machinery, or there was drought and the freshwater-cooled stations couldn't get any cooling water, or it was the bloody coal.

Take coal. The Commission would like someone to take its coal. About half the coal it burns each year comes from its own leases, although a significant proportion of this coal is mined by private contractors under deals worked out when Sir Robert Askin was Premier of NSW.

Power stations were built practically on top of these seams, to minimise transport costs. So when some of these seams start turning up poor coal, the Commission keeps using it. This leads to incredible wearing away of equipment. At Vales Point there are yards full of giant coal grinders: solid Ni-hard steel, worn down to uselessness; and coal-dust fan blades that look like Swiss cheese. It is just attributed to bad luck that it's the Commission's mines that have gone bad, while the private enterprise-worked mines, in the same area, still produce good coal.

But who can you blame when the earth fails to yield up its riches — the unions, the Government, God? There are some who suggest that if anything God should look with favor on the Commission, because of the preponderance of persons of the same religious persuasion in high positions in the Commission. In the mid-1970s, some union activists ran a check on two years of promotions to the ranks of grades II or III or above, which they claim revealed that almost 90 percent of those promoted were Catholics.

If this is true — and there is no way to check, the aitch/haitch test no longer considered infallible — it is more than a weird sidelight on the Commission. Preferment for reasons other than merit rarely makes for efficiency.

"There's no sign that this sort of preference has changed," a Commission worker told PLAYBOY. "But there's a lot of funny things the Commission does," he added.

He told of a conveyor belt system, manufactured locally, that could not be operated at any more than 60 percent of its specifications, and how the checking engineer responsible for accepting the system "lost" his test records, and later accepted a job with the supplying contractor.

There was the computer system for Vales Point, which he said was obsolete before it was even installed.

"We can't get parts for it anywhere in the world — even the resistors are special," he said. "So the maintenance boys have to make do with baling wire and chewing gum. The thing that intrigues me is not that we're now having all this trouble — it's why it hasn't happened long before!"

Obviously the men running the plant, and the administrators in years gone by, deserve praise for the way they pulled NSW through. But, just as obviously, they now should take some of the blame for the more avoidable errors.

"We don't run this power plant, they do," said one Assistant Power Plant operator (APPO), referring to the denizens of the "Eiffel Tower", the Commission's 38-floor headquarters in Sydney, 90 kilometres from where it all happens.

"We tell 'em what's going on, but they don't always hear us."

Another employee gave an example of head office being out of touch with the field. One of the tools regularly used by Commission electricians is a multimeter, which measures voltages. The Commission ordered a batch of new multimeters for the men, but when they arrived at the power stations they were rejected, because they had aluminium handles.

"When a 'lecko is working he's probably hunched up behind some hard-to-get-at piece of high-voltage machinery, with wires running everywhere, and the wire he's working on, probably one end is in his ear because his hands are full, and the multimeter is in his teeth or something. Now the place he's working on shouldn't have any live connections anywhere, these are the rules, but sometimes a step gets jumped — it just happens.

"Now if everything hasn't been isolated there's big bities in there — and here's this bloke with aluminium in his mouth! Electricity loves aluminium, and it'll arc a long way to get to it. You learn that sort of thing in school! So the bloody Commission goes ahead and buys all these stupid fuckin' things, which could kill us!"

We all make mistakes — some big ones, some small ones; some can be deadly, others just expensive. One notable screw-up involved the installation of flow pipes and ducting for a massive boiler. It was discovered later the plumbing should have been installed *after*, not before, the boiler.

So a few million dollars' worth of work had to be ripped out.

The really big mistake however was letting the system get to the point it reached last June, when it couldn't supply enough electricity. Power restrictions were almost inevitable, critics say, and the public should have been warned. The inability of the Snowy to maintain load for anything more than a few days was obvious, which left only the coal-fired plants to maintain supply to meet extended peak demand. Warnings that some equipment was about to give were being relayed from the power stations to the head office, but were ignored, just as the operators' remonstrations about the neglect of certain maintenance procedures had been overruled.

Throughout the winter of 1981, the Commission was sailing close to the wind, with operating capacity just meeting demand.

Eventually, breakdowns in some of the bigger units wiped out the margin altogether, and the Snowy was run till they got down to the mud. The critics argue that the safety margin of installed capacity over foreseeable demand should never have been allowed to drop; that if equipment was going to be run flat out, thereby increasing prospects of breakdown, there should have been an increase in excess capacity, not the steady decrease that has occurred in the last decade.

The blame for this decline in the safety margin must be sought in the past. It takes a couple of years to work out where to put a power station (not many people are clamoring for them next door), and another six years to build it. Another delay was introduced when environmental legislation became tougher. Yet, although the construction program did get behind by about one generating unit in the Seventies, by late-1980, the program had caught up when the 500MW unit at Wallerawang was brought in ahead of schedule. So perhaps the planners could be blamed.

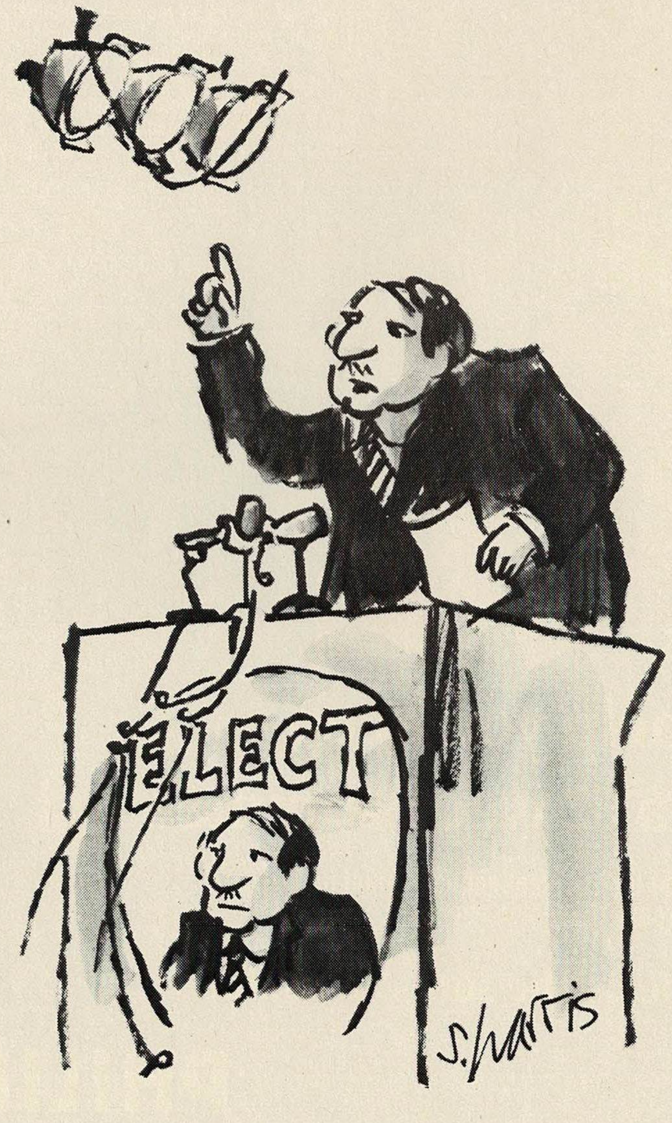
But, says one Commission spokesman, it would cost. Had the Commission had another 2000MW plant standing by for the unlikely event of, say Liddell falling over (which is exactly what happened), the Commission would have had to have tied up a few hundred million dollars in unused plant, and interest being what it is, etc etc. Nevertheless, the orderly commissioning of new plant, faster than planned, could have been of assistance.

It is possible to detect an air of self-satisfaction creeping into the annual reports of the Commission in the early 1970s, as if, having solved the post-war crisis, and having done such a splendid job in the next 20 years, the Commission felt (if such institutions can be said to have feelings) it had things down pat, that everything was under control.

In 1972, when the Commission was still working out plans for the 1980s, it noted that the rate of increase in demand for electricity was declining. The next year this was again noted, and the Commission was still to firm-up plans for the next decade. It starts to retire old power stations (all but one since brought back into service), and some of the old hands are retiring. In 1975, A.W.B. Coady, one of the original commissioners, and an old power station engineer, hands over the reins, and later there are more changes at the top, and some of the engineers notice the accountants and bureaucrats — "blokes with clean fingernails" — have more say.

During this period, too, the cost of electricity is no longer falling — it's rising. It is the time of "Energy Crisis" in the rest of the world, but in Australia, we are told there is no energy crisis. And there isn't. The Commission announces things will be sweet until 1980 at least — and it's right.

Come 1981 and the Energy Crisis finally hits, eight years after the rest of the industrialised world. But still the Commission is playing it down as a nine-day wonder, an aberration. It knows that with a bit of luck it will get through the 1982 winter, and then there'll be plain sailing until 1986/7, beyond which it has not yet announced any plans.



"Not only am I against evolution, but I'm not so sure about gravity and relativity, either."

However, unless demand for electricity slows down, or even more plants than now planned are built, by 1987 the safety margin, to allow for breakdowns and drought, will not be great enough to cope with any major plant failures like those happening with sickening regularity this last year. This margin is even further reduced by the Wran Government's plans to turn the Hunter Valley into an antipodean Ruhr. Further ahead, assuming a growth rate in peak demand of 7.5 percent (which some engineers say is an overestimate, but last year peak demand grew by 12 percent!), the State will be needing something like 34,500MW, about four times what it produces today.

The Commission doubts energy demand will grow at such rates as it has in the past. It argues that household consumption rates must surely be close to peaking; and cites the trend of the economy away from energy-intensive industry into the less power-hungry services sector, although where the Hunter Valley industrialisation fits into this trend I don't know, and I don't think anyone else does either.

As for household demand, the domestic consumer today uses almost four times as much electricity as he did in 1954, and there are still a lot of homes without freezers, microwave ovens, blenders, dishwashers, or reverse-cycle air conditioners. Also, the electrification of railway lines proceeds apace. But, as Mr Micawber used to say, something will turn up.

We are only just beginning to pay for our officially encouraged past profligacy and, because of the multi-billion dollar capital requirements, we'll be paying through the nose. You watch your electricity bill double. That still leaves us with the present. At time of writing, the NSW Department of Energy was unable to talk much about the future. "We're into crisis management here," a spokesman said.

That's just jargon for "Don't panic!" Which the Government isn't, not visibly anyway. The county councils have put away their "Live Better Electrically" and "Trade in your old gas stove now" pamphlets, there's an advertising campaign with a buxom brunette advising us to eat bread, not toast, industry is going easy, and the Commission has been working flat out on repairs and new equipment. There's even a new Minister for Energy, "Larry" Landa, something of a Mr Fixit in the Wran Government. He showed his faith by having a gas heater installed in his Woollahra home for winter. Mr Landa is saying the State should get through the winter without blackouts, but he's not

(continued on page 146)

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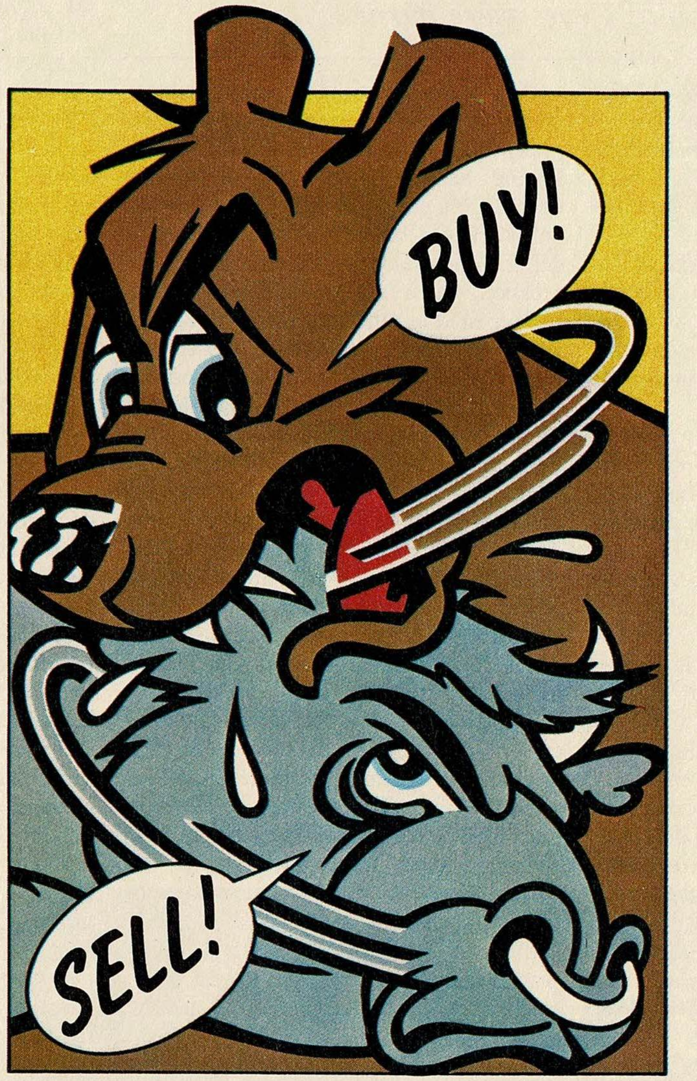
PS 170

PLAYING THE MARKET

how to make share investments work



THERE is an investment rule that states: When the "little man" buys, the clever investor sells, and when the "little man" sells, it's time to start buying. Although the little man in question is you, me and everyone else who is not a pension fund, bank or multinational, this law is neither as snobbish nor as unreasonable as it sounds.

The logic goes something like this. By the time the average person finds out about a good deal, usually by reading about it in his morning newspaper, it is old news to experts. The item — gold, shares or whatever — will already have increased in price, and the little man will be buying at the top. Thus, when everyone is buying, it is time to do the opposite and sell.

The converse to this rule is equally true. That is, by the time the small investor gets around to selling (frightened, usually, by a drop in prices) the market has already reached bottom and it's time to start buying again. Many professional investors make their decision by opposing the crowd. Right now, these professionals are buying shares.

Why shares? Because, for many months, the stock market has been in decline. Small investors who hoped to cash in on Australia's resources boom are currently selling at a loss shares acquired at great expense just a few years ago. This is a disaster for them, but for those who practise the "contrary opinion" strategy, the small investors' panic is an omen for good times ahead.

Shares, purchased at a depressed price, are one of the best investments anyone can make. Unlike bank accounts for bonds, shares have the potential to keep up with inflation, they make it possible to benefit from productivity increases and (provided that they are held long enough) sale profits will probably be treated as tax-free capital gains. This does not mean that the stock market is the sure road to riches. As in any other investment medium, you must know what you are doing.

When you buy shares (also called stocks), you get more that just an engraved certificate. You also become part-owner of the company. Although you cannot expect to retire on your holdings (most companies issue millions of shares so that even those who own 10,000 shares actually control less that one percent of the total stock), you are entitled to a share of the company's profits. These profits are distributed to shareholders in the form of dividends several times each year; the amount you receive is determined by the number of shares you own.

Not all companies pay regular dividends each year but, eventually, every company must declare a dividend or its stock will suffer. As owners of a limited company, shareholders are not responsible for company debts. On the other hand, should the company go broke, the shareholders would be entitled to part of whatever assets remained (if any) after the tax collector, workers, banks and bondholders collect what is owed to them first.

As a shareholder, you also get to vote in company elections. This means you have a say, albeit a small one, in company policies and in who gets to be a director.

To buy shares, you will have to deal with a stockbroker. There are brokerage firms in every large city; most are members of several exchanges. Although they are all in the same business, not all brokers are alike. Perhaps the most important difference between them is their attitude toward small investors. Many brokers prefer to deal with large institutions, such as insurance companies, where the rewards are greater; they give private investors little attention. Some brokers refuse to deal with private investors entirely. Obviously, you should look for a broker willing to service small accounts. An inefficient or inattentive broker can cost you money.

When you have decided on a purchase, let your broker know the company whose shares you wish to buy, the number of shares, and the price you wish to pay.

Generally, it is preferable not to specify a precise limit but to order at the current "market" price. The broker will then contact his representative on the market floor who will try to negotiate the best possible deal. Although it is wise to start with small purchases, there are stock exchange rules specifying minimum order sizes. These vary from a minimum of 2000 shares for stocks priced under 25 cents to a minimum of 50 shares for stocks priced over $10.

In addition to paying for the shares, you will have to pay a commission which will vary with the size of your purchase. The commission on a $2000 transaction is about $60 including stamp duty; on a $500 purchase, the commission is about $20 including stamp duty. Since a similar commission is payable when you sell, it is important not to buy and sell too often or you will wind up giving most of your money away to your broker.

Now may be a good time to buy stock, but not all shares can be expected to be winners. Brokers are willing to advise clients on what shares to buy. Generally, they can be expected to be correct about 50 percent of the time (but then so is a coin toss). Advice is also available from the investment advisors at the various stock exchanges.

After you have made your purchase, sit back and relax. Be prepared to hold on to your shares at least one year (to avoid paying income tax), perhaps longer. Just remember the contrary opinion rule: when your barber, milkman and newsagent begin talking about buying shares themselves — it will be time to sell. — STEVEN SCHWARTZ

BLACK START

(continued from page 143)

The current travelled from ear to ear, burning them off. The nerves in one of Colin's eyes were burned.

giving any guarantees. He has been speaking to engineers, and they know.

More than anyone, the technologists know about limits; know that Murphy's law is as inescapable as the laws of thermodynamics they use to keep the lights on; and they know that when you start exceeding limits, exceeding tolerances, as the Commission has been forced to do since the June 1981 blackouts, or even before, the likelihood of things going wrong increases, sometimes exponentially.

Which is why they thought they'd better check out a few theories, dust off a few hallowed beliefs, and see whether they really could cope with the ultimate disaster, total system shutdown. And that brings us, eventually, to young Colin, the 23-year-old electrician at Vales Point. At one end are we, the consumers, who simply plug in the TV and turn it on; at the other end, via the 240 Volt lines and substations and county councils and billing clerks and aldermen and transformers and 330kV lines and relays and circuit breakers and engineers and purchasing officers and public relations men and safety officers and union delegates and coal conveyors and boiler attendants, "Pippoes" and foremen, and all the bosses and equipment that churn out enough electricity to run 4,000,000 one bar radiators every day all year — at the end of all this there's the humble worker, the bloke just doing his job.

●

Colin's job that day in October was to prepare the switchboard at Vales Point in readiness for taking load from Wangi power station nearby: in particular, fix the mechanical linkages on the shutters over the busbar spouts (busbars are high-voltage connectors, made of either wire or pipe) on the circuit breaker (a sort of tap, which lets electricity through or shuts it off) connecting into the Station Services Board. There are a number of these circuit breakers at Vales Point, all the same, except for this one — it carries an extra load, the load from Wangi. Thus the steps taken to isolate it from live load are slightly different.

Normally, a 'lecko working on high-voltage equipment needs an access permit, and an access permit is not issued unless certain defined steps have been taken to make the area safe. This is done by tagging switches in the control room, and by physically locking off and tagging the actual switches that shift the current. The electrician can even ask that the APPO show the isolations, show the physical breaks in the live lines, show the busbars (high voltage connectors) are dead. That's if he's fussy, or wants to be a nuisance.

Despite the high voltages and work done, power stations have good safety records. Many more people suffer accidents from fraying bedside lamps than Electricity Commission employees suffer high voltage burns. These blokes know what they're doing. And what they were doing on this occasion, was trying out the impossible.

Suggested was the nightmare: the Snowy was dry, Victoria was flat out and so was NSW. Somewhere, a falling boulder collects, say, a main transmission line, and the second line can't handle the load. Frequency relays cut off power to ICI and Alcan (who pay a reduced rate for the privilege of losing power whenever power drops), but are not quick enough, and the relays on some power stations operate before them, tripping the units off line.

Apart from the already blacked-out areas, demand is still there, but supply, because of the units tripping out, cannot meet it.Voltage surges and the frequency of the current is all over the place. Electric machines throughout the State, including those in power stations, start to 'hunt' (ie the magnetic North/South polarity in their windings shift from where they are supposed to be, causing the machines to vary running speeds). It's like a Southerly Buster in the bay: the electric waves, which carry power, become choppy.

Units are tripping and breakers opening all over the State. The boys at System Control at Carlingford in Sydney are working like crazy to stabilise the load, but this can take hours, as county council men have to drive out to sub-stations to physically turn the power off, or on. In the power stations still going, the operators are frantically trying to synchronise drum levels, boiler demand, the balance in the auxiliaries, the fire in the boiler, and a dozen other things. If anything gets too far out of kilter, the automatic devices cannot handle it, and trip the unit out. And more units out they *don't* need. These blokes are paid four or five hundred dollars a week, before shift allowances, to act quickly in such circumstances. But even a jumbo jet pilot, whose job has certain similarities, is going to have trouble when the wings fall off.

The object of the exercise was to assume all this, and more, had happened. Vales Point was down, and so was the rest of the system. The problem was, seeing the power station needs electricity to run itself, how to get generating again: "black start".

The theory is that the 30-year-old Wangi Power Station (just across the lake from Vales Point), which uses old-fashioned boilers, could have sufficient residual heat in the boilers left after total system shutdown to maybe put out 10 to 15 minutes of Megawatts, or at least enough to get Vales Point going again. The new stations need electricity to carry the coal, grind it to dust, and blast it into the boiler; they also need electricity to pump the water into the boiler and pump the steam to the turbine; this can't be done off battery power.

Power from Wangi comes via the station services board, which is why Colin was sent down to make sure it was working. As one electrician said, the board is perhaps the most important in the station, yet "it's dilapidated and rusty — electrically unsafe".

He said one of the busbars, that should have been at 20,000,000 Ohms above earth, was around 2 x 5000, which he said was impossible, but. . . That was the busbar that should have been dead.

What actually happened is yet to be determined. There is a Commission document stating that operator training has been inadequate; there are other, unofficial, statements to the effect that because of higher wages in the coalfields, many skilled personnel are leaving the Commission; the technology is so complex and individualised that a top man must train for three months before he can shift to another power station; and there is also sufficient information to show that things can go wrong in power stations, despite all human effort, and still nobody will know why.

Even the voltage the kid copped is unclear. What is clear is that he got bitten. . . by a big one. Behind him were two transformers and then the entire grid — two States and the Snowy's worth of electricity. He was wearing earmuffs against the roar of the plant. The insulated plastic over each ear was joined by a metal spring to keep them in place.

Metal — conductor. Plastic — insulator. The human body — poor conductor.

Colin was working in a corner of the cubicle. He opened the shutter to manipulate the linkages, and an arc of electricity leaped out at his earmuffs. Tzzt. There was a hole burned through his skull. The current travelled from ear to ear, burning them off. Nerves in one eye were burned.

He was wearing a plastic windjacket, which shrivelled and burned his neck, chest, arms, and part of his thigh. His mate behind him copped some too. The kid's doctor said the boy had tremendous spirit. He could very well have been dead. The kid is still undergoing skin grafts and reconstructive surgery.

The black start exercise was cancelled. The Commission still doesn't know whether the coals in the Wangi boilers can get Vales Point back on deck in time of system shutdown.

You can still buy an electric toothbrush, if you want one.

LYNDA STONER

(continued from page 63)

I think you'd have to be very sick to get engaged just to promote some kind of publicity.

won't appear in a film without my clothes on, although I did do a naked rear shot in *Turkey Shoot* which comes out later this year. Because there is still a lot of doubt in people's minds as to my ability as an actress I think it would be detrimental to my craft to appear nude. I've worked too damn hard to get some respectability as an actress. If I appeared nude in a film, even if I put in a stunning performance, the only thing that would come out in the publicity would be that Lynda Stoner had appeared nude. If I appear on a beach topless, the press will be on to it like a shot.

32.

PLAYBOY: So we're not likely to see a nude photospread of Lynda Stoner?

STONER: No, never. Because of my feminist beliefs and my career. Look, if a girl wants to take her clothes off for PLAYBOY, that's entirely her business and good luck to her. But it's not for me. I've been offered $35,000 to do nude shots. Some friends have said I'm bloody mad not to do it for that kind of money.

33.

PLAYBOY: Your much publicised engagement to Derryn Hinch lasted just over a month. Do you think the pressure of a public romance contributed to the breakup?

STONER: It certainly didn't help. We wanted to keep it quiet but a former female friend of Derryn's told the press all the details. I was aghast at that. Then we felt it best to hold a press conference to put all the facts straight. The press were actually really lovely and supportive. Then for reasons I don't intend going into, we did break up. And I wouldn't talk about it because I was going through so much hurt and confusion myself at that stage. I didn't know where my head was at. I was liable to burst into tears at the drop of a hat. It was a very private thing and I just didn't want to talk about it. A breakup is traumatic enough without having all Australia in on it. So then a lot of people said it was all a publicity stunt. I think you'd have to be very sick to get engaged just to promote some kind of publicity. That attitude was very hurtful and very destructive. Derryn is one of the most loving, gentle, kind men I've ever met in my life. And one of the most honest as well. We're still very good friends.

34.

PLAYBOY: Does fame have its drawbacks?

STONER: Yes. The lack of privacy. Being stared at in restaurants when you just want to have a quiet meal with friends, and people sticking books under your face when you're eating and saying "sign this" in an aggressive way. But if it's kids or old people who come up to you in the street and just want to have a chat then I think it's terrific! I love it.

35.

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes feel like you're the creation of the media?

STONER: In terms of this sex symbol image, yes. The press really fostered that.

36.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any regrets about your career?

STONER: Only about all that cheesecake stuff I did about five years ago. It's hard to get rid of that image. But I guess whatever you do in life is for a reason, and it makes you the kind of person you are.

reviewed
T.S.T. 3 star
★★★★★
An excellent brandy.
A younger style with
clean fresh character.
Vigorous. Displays good
wood character, new,
and lovely blended pot
still flavors.
Cha
TOLLEYS
TST
BRANDY

Three star brandy wins five stars.

Australia's national wine magazine, Winestate, recently asked leading wine-makers to taste and review a range of brandies. Tolleys T.S.T. Three Star scored impressively and not merely by a nose.

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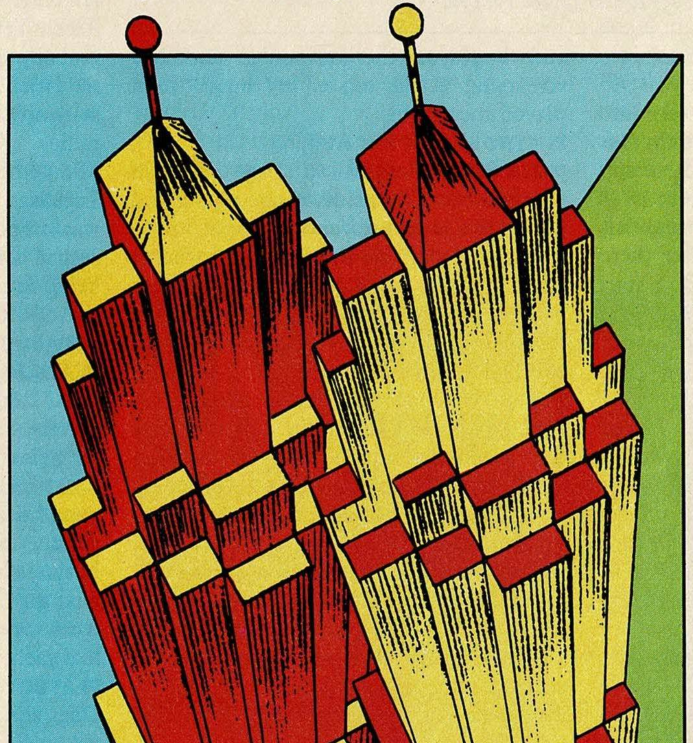

THE CHINESE are nothing if not enterprising, and Hong Kong is larger-than-life testimony to their canny commercial awareness and enviable ability to get things done. One of the most visible signs of this initiative, particularly to the visitor, is in the area of hotels. Every great tourist centre has good places to stay — colonial charmers, glossy Hiltons and Holiday Inns, cosy pension-style inns and efficient motels — but nowhere else will you find quite so many luxury establishments operated with quite as much dedication.

A couple of years ago, Hong Kong was in a spot of bother with hotels being run at peak capacity most of the year, and real problems arising in the April/May and September/October periods when businessmen flock through Hong Kong on the way to China's giant biannual Canton Trade Fair. But lack of space in an already overcrowded city was never considered to be a real problem: more land was simply reclaimed from the harbor foreshores, some small unspectacular buildings demolished, and the hotel heavyweights and property developers zoomed in.

I visited Hong Kong in February this year; two years since the last time but my 10th visit in all. I always feel a bit smug stepping off the plane at Kai Tak, blinking in the neon glare and comfortably gliding into Kowloon by hotel limousine. It's a city I claim to know well: I'm not your average tourist bedazzled by foreign sights, stumbling around in a whirl of new Nikon experiences. But this year it was different. I was booked into the Shangri-la, one of the new breed of Hong Kong hotels. I fondly imagined it sandwiched between all those well-known landmarks: just a slight ripple in the familiar Kowloon streetscape.

I should have known better. Ten minutes into buzzing Kowloon and I didn't have a clue where I was. I scuttled into my hotel, checked in and dived for the nearest tourist map. Angry that an old friend had given herself such a dramatic facelift, I spent a wretched night wrestling with the complexities of Hong Kong's money scene in James Clavell's bestseller, *Noble House.* Venturing out next morning, I didn't feel so contrite as even the most experienced old Hong Kong hand would have trouble recognising the East Tsim Sha Tsui district of Kowloon. There's a thicket of sparkling new hotels representing one of the most densely built-up areas of accommodation in the world.

And, when talking about hotels Hong Kong style, I should really define what is meant: we're looking at grand edifices that make our Hiltons and Wentworths look like the corner pub. Each one attempts to outrival the next. With the Regent, it's location — slapbang on the waterfront, oozing with expense account travellers and co-ordinated luggage, and boasting the romantic and expensive Plume restaurant. The Shangri-la, just a few minutes walk away, has extra-large rooms, miles of marble and the sumptuous Shang Palace restaurant for Chinese cuisine. Holiday Inn Harborview is based on the slick and successful formula of this international chain, and its Mediterranean-style restaurant, Mistral, even has camel chops on the menu, for those so inclined.

Across from these three, on Ching Yee Road, The Royal Garden is pure Las Vegas with its atrium bulging with indoor gardens, ponds and embellished glass bubble elevators. Its superbly designed Art Deco restaurant, Lalique, is one of Hong Kong's finest. The Air France Meridien group is putting the finishing touches to two properties — one at Kai Tak airport and the other amid the parade of new pubs in East Tsim Sha Tsui. The emphasis here is on French flair and restaurants inspired by Paul Bocuse. The Peninsula Group is well advanced with its Marco Polo property down near the Kowloon Star Ferry pier, and this company still operates The Peninsula, Hong Kong's pub plenipotentiary: the first Western-style hotel in the British territory, grand, immutable, dwarfed but not diminished in importance by its neighboring novices.

Contrary to many other metropolises, the most sophisticated action is usually to be found in the hotel discotheques and cocktail bars. The restaurants in the top hotels are also considered to be the best in town for Western cuisine. Which brings us back to consider just how remarkable is the Hong Kong hotel phenomenon. Health clubs, pools, conference and business facilities, average staff ratio of one to every five guests (with a staggering 1.36 employees per room in high tariff hotels), and luxury-class double rooms from around HK$400 (approx. A$65) per night plus 10 percent service charge and four percent tax.

Current predictions show that by the end of 1984 there will be 19,227 hotel rooms in Hong Kong (compared with 8,567 in 1970 and 14,989 in 1980). No one seems concerned that the 99-year lease from China for Hong Kong's New Territories and outlying islands expires in 1997. One hotelier I spoke to merely smiled and said: "Most hotel developers in Hong Kong expect to return their investment within the first five to 10 years of operation. . . 1997 is a long time away."

The hotels will continue to spring up like towering triffids out of ground that probably wasn't even there on your last visit. And I'm not nearly as smug about Hong Kong these days. I'll just be exactly like the rest of the bewildered new arrivals on my next visit. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

BILLY JOEL

(continued from page 39)

I don't worry about being satisfied all the time. All I'm looking for is a little relief now and then.

PLAYBOY: When did rock'n'roll come into the house?

JOEL: My sister and her friends were into Fabian and Elvis stuff. Pop music didn't hit me until the Righteous Brothers and Ronnettes — the Phil Spector records — and Sam and Dave, Wilson Pickett and Otis Redding. That's the first music I *felt:* there was passion in it, intensity. I didn't start buying records until the Beatles in 1964. I saw them on *The Ed Sullivan Show* and it knocked me out. They didn't look like Fabian. They didn't look like they were manufactured in Hollywood. They looked just like me and my friends. That's when it all took shape. I said: "That's what I want to do."

PLAYBOY: Were you a musical prodigy?

JOEL: No. I practised a lot. I learned to play piano by ear because I got tired of reading the music the piano teacher gave me.

PLAYBOY: That was the late Sixties. Any involvement with drugs?

JOEL: We all had long hair and looked like drug addicts, but I hadn't even smoked pot then. People *assumed* we were on drugs, but I missed it somehow.

PLAYBOY: Those were also the days of the Vietnam War and the draft. What were your feelings?

JOEL: I wasn't very political, because Hicksville was pretty much blue-collar. A lot of guys from Hicksville volunteered because they wanted to fight for America, but something about it bothered me. I didn't understand the reasons for going to Vietnam and killing those people. I didn't know why I should go over and shoot them because the government said so. It was another system to rebel against.

PLAYBOY: So you opposed the war?

JOEL: Yeah, but it was a very important time in my life as a musician.

PLAYBOY: How did you avoid the draft?

JOEL: I lied. I could have gone to Canada, but I told them: "I'm my mother's sole support," so I got a temporary deferment. Then when I was 20, they instituted the lottery. My number was 197, and the draft went to 196. That's how I got out. When amnesty was declared, I felt a pang of relief. I'm not particularly proud of it, though.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

JOEL: The group I was in, The Hassles, continued to appear in clubs but we never put out an album. We just broke up. John [Small] and I decided to form a two-man group, really heavy Led Zepplin stuff. I'd figured out a way to wire the Hammond organ to amplifiers and make it sound like a guitar, and also to play the bass on keyboards. I played the organ, the guitar sound, my left hand was playing the bass, and I played the harmonica and was screaming at the top of my lungs. John played the drums.

PLAYBOY: That was Atilla?

JOEL: Right. Atilla — destroy-the-world amplification. We released one album and played five or six gigs, and I thought: "This is insane; I can't do this." Finally, when I was 20 or 21, Atilla split up. I had been going out with this girl, and *we* split up. I felt really sorry for myself. That's when I checked into a nut house.

PLAYBOY: What made you go that far?

JOEL: My life was very scary. I didn't have a high school diploma. Nothing was working out for me musically. My big, heavy romance had broken up. I had no money, no place to live. I was sleeping in a laundromat and sneaking into empty houses whenever I could. In winter in New York, when it gets really cold, the only places that are warm on Long Island are all-night laundromats, so I checked into a nut house.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever actually try to kill yourself?

JOEL: No, but I was thinking of doing it. The institution was a version of *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. I went there and said: "Listen, I'm going to do myself in. You'd better check me over." Once you check in, you have to stay for three weeks. You have to take your clothes off. They give you a smock to wear with your arse hanging out, and they give you Thorazine all the time. You can't carry matches or razor blades, no personal possessions, and you sleep in a big room with all these other guys. They keep you sedated all the time while they observe you. I'd walk over to the nurse's station and knock on the window and say: "Hey, I'm okay. These other people are crazy, so can I get out of here?" And they'd say: "Sure, Mr Joel. Here's your Thorazine," and they would shut the gate.

PLAYBOY: How did you get out?

JOEL: At the end of the three weeks, I told the shrinks: "I'm fine. I did a real stupid thing." They showed me ink blots and asked: "What do these look like?" I said: "Like smeared ink," so they let me out.

PLAYBOY: What did you do then?

JOEL: I decided at that point, instead of being hung up making it as a performer, I was going to be a songwriter. The guy who managed Atilla got me a deal somehow to make a record. I know now that to get that record deal, I signed away all my publishing, all my copyrights, most of my royalties. It was a real screw job. I didn't know what I was signing, but I probably would have signed anything to get a deal. I got an advance so I could buy a piano and pay the rent. I prepared a record thinking the best way to get people to record my songs was to get them to listen to them. And if you want to get people to listen to your records, you go on the road.

PLAYBOY: So you recorded *Cold Spring Harbor*?

JOEL: Yes. We toured for six months. Nobody got paid, we ate peanut-butter sandwiches and I never saw the record in a store anywhere. I never even heard it on the radio. After six months, I said: "Something's not right here." That's when I realised I'd blown it. When I got home, I was supposed to get a rent cheque from the record company, but it didn't come. I hate being in debt. I hate owing money. So we moved to California to start over and straighten things out.

PLAYBOY: "We" means you and Elizabeth?

JOEL: Right.

PLAYBOY: Elizabeth has quite a reputation for being tough.

JOEL: That comes from the fact that she's a good business person. She's very soft and gentle, but when she's protecting her business interests, she can be as tough as the next guy. I kinda expect her to be good at what she does. That's part of the reason we like each other. There's mutual respect.

PLAYBOY: Is she a critic of your music? Does she inspire your songs?

JOEL: Yes. Sometimes, it's specific and sometimes, she represents women to me. I use her as a model like painters use their wives and mistresses. She represents all women.

PLAYBOY: So you moved to California?

JOEL: We put everything in Elizabeth's station wagon and drove across. I was going to get out of a bad business deal and get myself a lawyer and different management. I knew I got screwed. The people who did it were in LA, and I figured they weren't going to look for me right under their noses, so I used a pseudonym.

PLAYBOY: Billy Martin.

JOEL: Right. I got an agent to book me, and I got a job at the Executive Room in the Wilshire district. They put up a little sign in the window: Bill Martin at the keyboards.

PLAYBOY: What was it like?

JOEL: It was six months of being the "piano man". I wrote the song there.

PLAYBOY: Are the people in the song real?

JOEL: Yeah. John *was* the bartender. There was this guy Davy, who was in the navy, and Paul was a real estate broker, but he wanted to be a novelist.

PLAYBOY: What happened then?

JOEL: They renegotiated my deal and I got signed to Columbia. I was finally on a good label. Clive Davis was the president, and had seen me play before. When word leaked out that Bill Martin at the Executive Room was actually Billy Joel, he came down and heard me there. So we were offered a deal.

PLAYBOY: And Piano Man became a top 20 hit?

JOEL: It took a while. Piano Man was pretty uninteresting, melodically. The lyrics are probably stronger than the melody. It surprised me that it was a hit. The album eventually went platinum. Since Piano Man was the single, I got pegged right away. A lot of people confused it with Taxi, the Harry Chapin song. But the album had a lot of other things, like Worse Comes To Worse and Captain Jack which were very different. I wrote it when drugs were in full flower. A lot of useless, wasted deaths. Friends of mine were killed. Drugs can be fun, but they can kill, too.

PLAYBOY: You didn't take drugs when you were young. How about later?

JOEL: I smoked pot when I lived in California. For some reason, it made sense. It was just part of what they call "the mellow life". Everything was laid back. We got into natural foods, the whole thing. When I got back to New York, I stopped. It just didn't make sense any more, and I was eating too many chocolate chip cookies. I smoked a joint and walked on stage *once*. It was the worst. After a show, I'll have a smoke sometimes. I'll have a couple beers, some Scotch, but that's it. Nothing to excess, though I've tried everything once. I tripped on acid when I was in California. I saw rocks move. It scared the hell out of me.

PLAYBOY: Cocaine?

JOEL: Yeah. I've tried that.

PLAYBOY: Heroin?

JOEL: Even heroin.

PLAYBOY: Back to the early years. When did you start touring?

JOEL: In 1971, for eight or nine months a year. Slowly we built up sort of a cult. Well, maybe there's a better word — when I think of a cult I think of people with black capes and incense out killing babies or something. But we built up an audience around the country. People came to hear us. First it was small clubs, then we started doing some better clubs, and then I was opening for the Beach Boys or Doobie Brothers or Eagles or Linda Ronstadt — just about everybody. Half the time we didn't even get billing. We were just "special guests."

PLAYBOY: You haven't toured for a year or so. Is touring over for you?

JOEL: Oh no. We just won't tour for nine months a year. We've got families now. I'll never stop playing, but touring is a young man's gig. I'm 32 now. It's a 19-year-old's thing.

PLAYBOY: Tell that to Mick Jagger.

JOEL: Yeah, well, he only does an hour show; we do a two and a half hour show. I'm the only singer and I have to play the piano and jump around and sing all the time.

PLAYBOY: But do you miss touring?

JOEL: When you're on the road too long, you want to go home; when you're home too long, you're itching to play. I'm comfortable being just me off-stage as long as I get the chance to get the wildness out. That's why I'll write these pretty songs and sit down and play a nice ballad on the piano, then go out and scream on my Harley. I don't want to give up either one. It's not a matter of having the financial ability to do it. We don't need money to jump from one world to the other. I did it when I was a kid, too. I played make believe, let's pretend. Even sitting here being interviewed for PLAYBOY is kind of a fairy tale for me, like what am I doing here? I'm really waiting for somebody's parents to come home and kick me out.

PLAYBOY: How did it feel to have an artist of Barbra Streisand's stature record New York State Of Mind?

JOEL: Amazing. She sent me an album and inscribed it: "Dear Billy, thanks for the song, hope you like it. Love, Barbra." I still have it in a frame. My mother came over and saw it. All of a sudden, I became legit in her mind. The fact that Barbra did the song made other people pay attention.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that also the time Elizabeth became your manager?

JOEL: Yes. I was with different management companies and always being told what to do. Nothing much was happening, so there wasn't much to lose. One day, I turned to Elizabeth half-jokingly and said: "Why don't you manage me?" and the very next day, there were phones and shelves and typewriters and secretaries.

PLAYBOY: Was she experienced at management?

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JOEL: She knew what had to be done and if you can't trust your wife, who can you trust? And I figured this would be the first case of Artist Screws Manager. Really, I knew she was smart; I knew she could do it.

PLAYBOY: And it worked?

JOEL: It was funny. A lot of people underestimated her, but they didn't know what hit them. It worked to our advantage. She did a really good job while they were thinking she was this dumb chick who could be conned and not know it.

PLAYBOY: What did she do?

JOEL: She renegotiated my contract with Columbia, and renegotiated my publishing copyrights, and a better record royalty rate. Since my albums hadn't done much, everybody sort of wrote me off. Then Elizabeth got me together with Phil Ramone. I wasn't a good producer at that time. I couldn't translate things correctly on to a record, and I couldn't really work with other producers who wouldn't let me use my own band. Elizabeth knew we would hit it off. She put us together, and it was magic. Also, Elizabeth set things up so we could be booked properly. Once somebody put us on a tour with Olivia Newton-John. We called it the Snow White and Lenny Bruce Tour. It didn't make sense at all. She was playing the big coliseums full of Sunday-go-to-meeting crowds, and I'd be doing Captain Jack. Instead of singing: "You just sit home and masturbate," in Captain Jack, I would sort of slur the words: "You just sit at home and contemplate."

PLAYBOY: Didn't Elizabeth's work on your career interfere with your personal relationship?

JOEL: Not really. We kept business out of bed — that was a rule. She wasn't going to manage me forever, just long enough to straighten things out. She did it for two and a half years.

PLAYBOY: Which is when things really started to happen?

JOEL: Right. We made *The Stranger* in the summer of 1977 with Phil Ramone. Phil liked my guys right off the bat. He heard them play and said: "Don't play any different than you play on the road — be the rock'n'roll animals you are."

PLAYBOY: Somehow, you don't appear to be very content with all your success.

JOEL: I'm *not* content. I'm content, though, not being content. I have a theory: I don't think you ever are really satisfied. I don't worry about being satisfied all the time. All I'm looking for is a little relief now and then.

PLAYBOY: So that's rock'n'roll to you — relief from dissatisfaction, anger, rebellion?

JOEL: *Some* of rock'n'roll is rebellion; some rock'n'roll is acceptance.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

JOEL: Well, there is passion in surrender, too.

Just looking and accepting — there's beauty and passion in that, too.

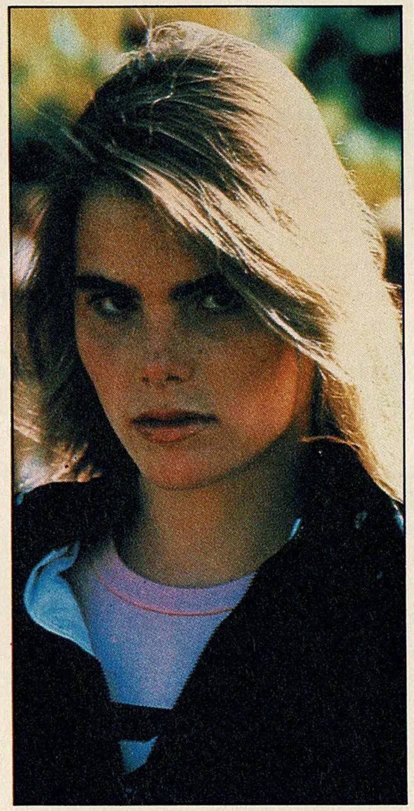
PLAYBOY: At least you're no longer trying to get out of Hicksville.

JOEL: I'm *always* trying to get out of something.

PLAYBOY: What will you find to rebel against next?

JOEL: It will present itself, I'm sure. It will loom large, and I'll take a mighty swing at it.

NEXT MONTH



MARIEL GETS PHYSICAL — REMEMBER THE GORGEOUS TEENAGE BRUNETTE WHO SWEPT WOODY ALLEN OFF HIS FEET IN *MANHATTAN?* REMEMBER MARGAUX HEMINGWAY'S KID SISTER? WELL, MARIEL HEMINGWAY HAS GROWN UP TO BE A STAR OF A SENSATIONAL NEW MOVIE AND A REVEALING PICTORIAL.

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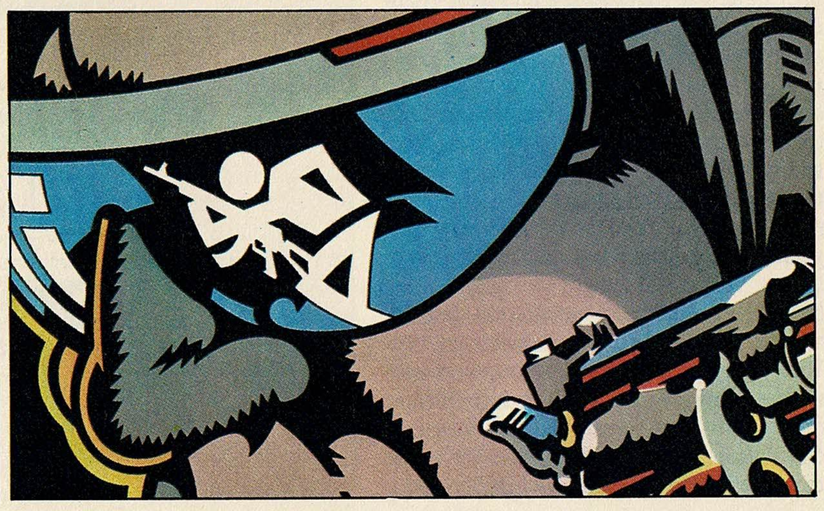

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